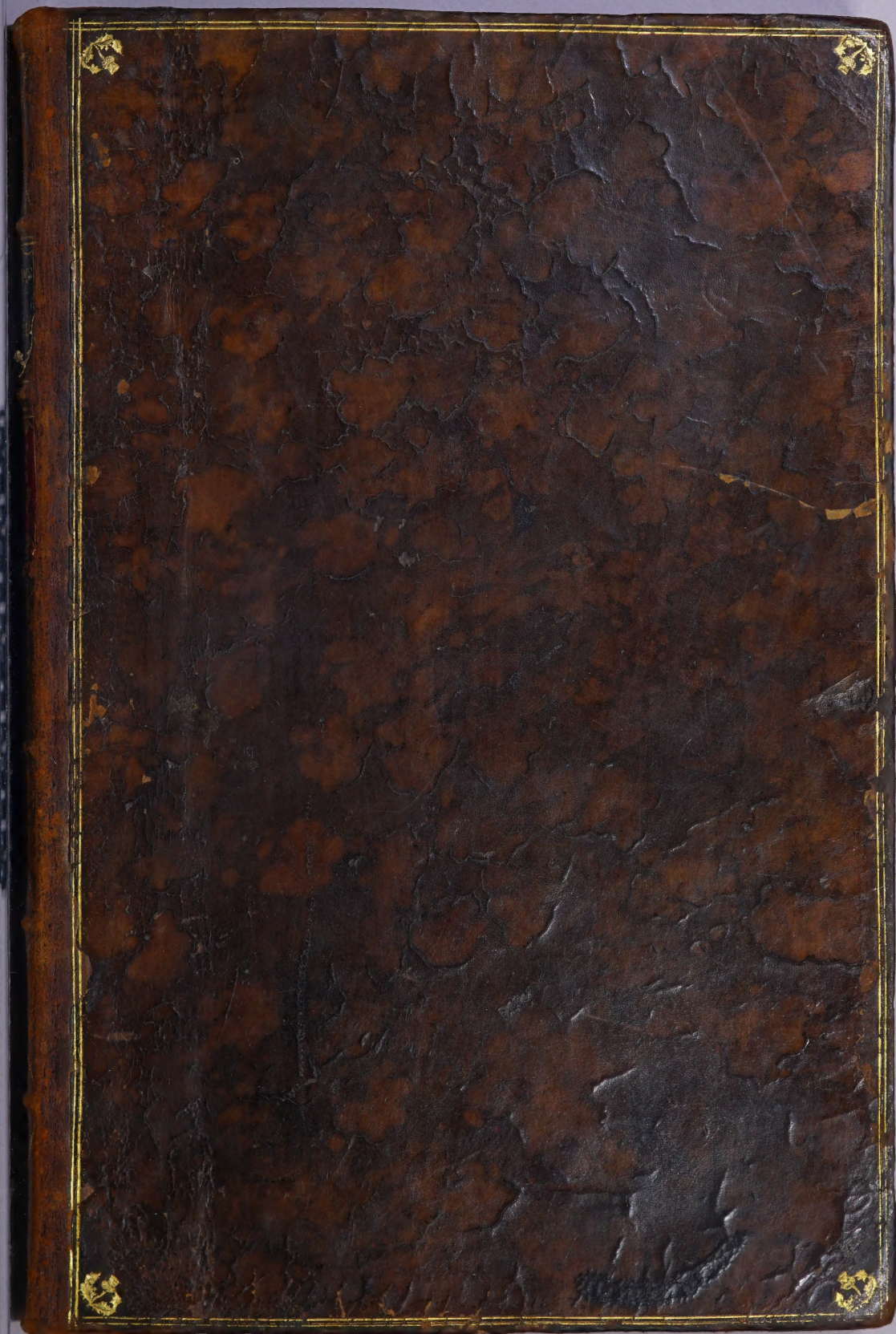




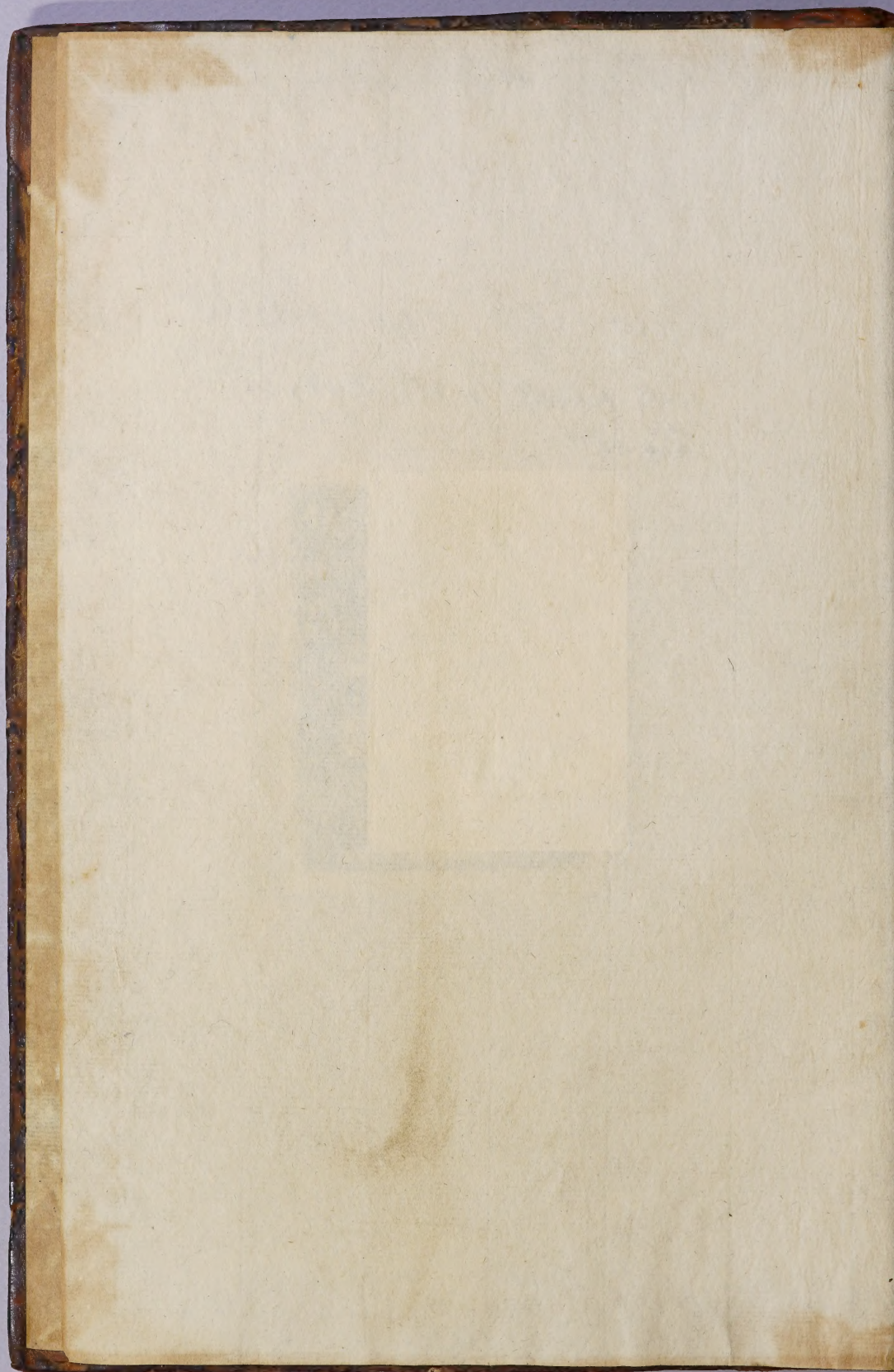
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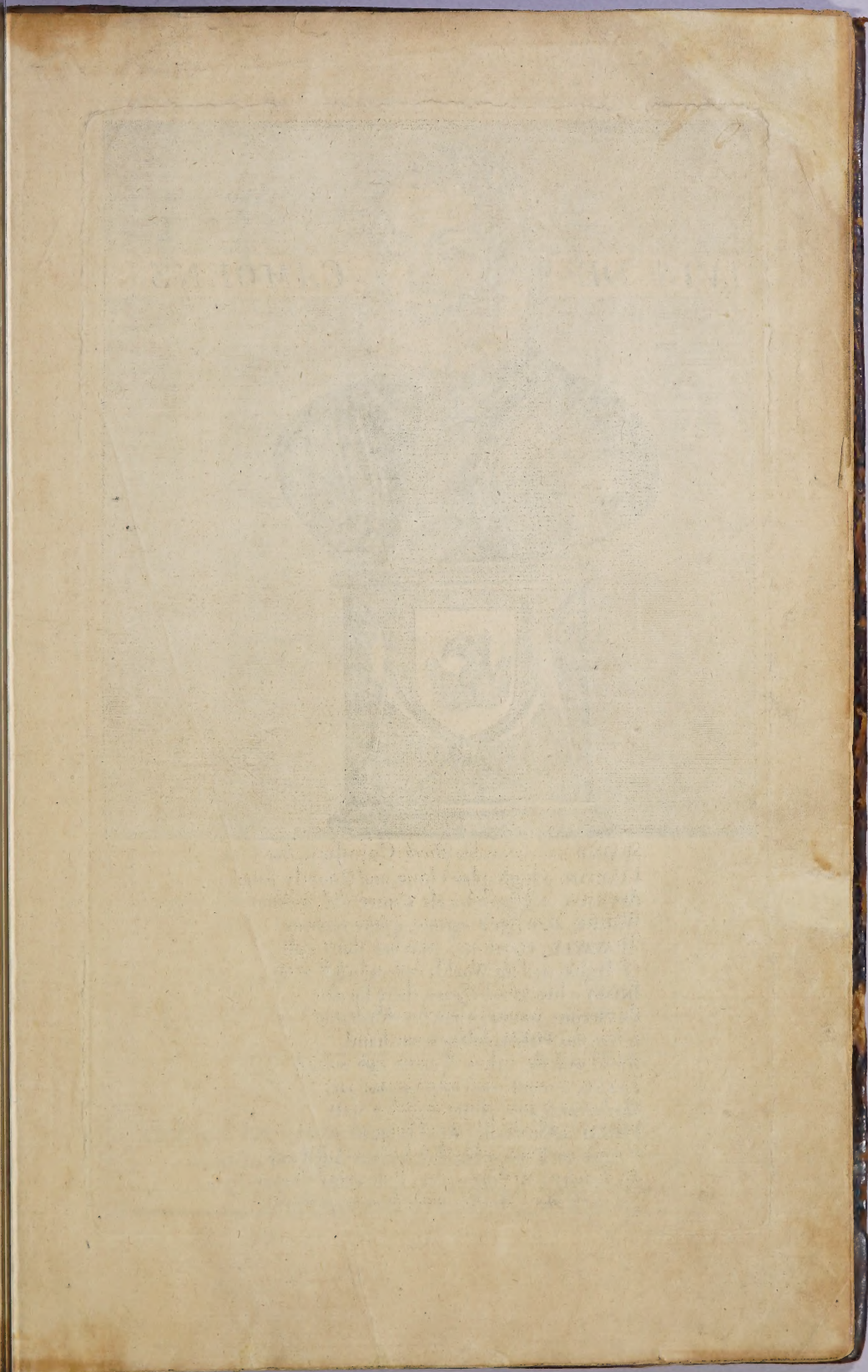


Large Paper. original calf gilt
neatly, rebacked in old style.
Very rare



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LVIS DE

CAMOENS



SPAIN *gaue me noble Birth: Coimbra, Arts:*
 LISBON, *a high-plac't loue, and Courtly parts:*
 AFFRICK, *a Refuge when the Court did frowne:*
 WARRE, *at an Eye's expence, a faire renowne*
 TRAVAYLE, *experience, with noe short sight*
Of India, and the World; both which I write
 INDIA *a life, which I gaue there for Lost*
On Mecons waues (a wreck and Exile) tost
To boot, this POEM, held up in one hand
Whilst with the other I swam safe to land.
 TASSO, *a sonet; and (what's greater yit)*
The honour to giue Hints to such a witt
 PHILIP *a Cordiall, (the ill Fortune see !)*
To cure my Wants when those had new kill'd mee
 My Country *(Nothing — yes) Immortall Prayses*
(so did I, Her) Beasts cannot browze on Bayes.

THE
LUSIAD,
OR,
PORTUGALS
Historicall Poem:

WRITTEN
In the PORTINGALL Language
BY
L V I S D E C A M O E N S;
AND
Now newly put into ENGLISH
BY
RICHARD FANSHAW Esq;

HORAT.
*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori;
Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine digna facit.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Prince's-
Arms in *St Pauls Church-yard*, M. DC. LV.

THE
ILLIAD

OF
POETICAL
HISTORICAL POEM:

WRITTEN
In the Iliad of Homer

BY
JOHN DE CAMOENES

AND
Now newly translated into English

BY
RICHARD BAYLY ESQ.

HOKAT
Pigment found upon walls of the most
ancient and famous City of the world

LONDON
Printed for J. Baskett, at the Prince's
Arms in St Pauls Church-yard, M.DCC.LV.



To the Right Honorable

WILLIAM

EARL of

STRAFFORD, &c.

My good Lord,



Can *not* tell how your Lord-
ship may take it, that in so
uncourted a language, as that
of PORTUGALL, should
be found extant a *Poet* to ri-
val your beloved TASSO,
How *himself* took it, I *can*;
for he was heard to say (his
great JERUSALEM be-
ing then an *Embrio*) HE

FEARED NO MAN BUT

CAMOENS: Notwithstanding which, he bestow'd a
Sonet in his praise. But, admitting the TUSCAN Su-
perior; yet, as *He* (with some anger) of GUARINI,
when he saw, by the unquestionable *Verdict* of all ITA-
LY, so famous a LAUREATE as *himself* by that man's
PASTOR FIDO outstript in the *Dramatick* way of Po-
etry; SENON HAVUTO VISTO IL MIO AMIN-
TA — (because indeed the *younger*, for a *List* in this
kind, was *beholding* to the *Elder*): So, and for the same

cause,

The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

cause, might my PORTINGALL have retorted upon Him with reference to his own *Epick* way; IF HE HAD NOT SEEN MY LUSIAD, HE HAD NOT EXCELL'D IT.

Since then I find, HORACE, in the days of old, held himself accountable to his potent friend LOLLIO for the profits of those vacant hours, which he past in his proper Villa, whilst LOLLIO lay Ledger in ROME about that which was the great *Domestick* glory of the ROMAN NOBILITIE of those Times;

Hor. lib. 3.
Epist. 2.

*Trojani belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum Tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi :*

Whilst thou (Great LOLLIO) in ROME dost plead,
I, in PRÆNESTE, have all HOMER Read :

How much more obliged am I to bring unto your Lordship this TREASURE-TROVE, which (as to the second life, or rather *Being*, it hath from me in the *English-Tongue*) is so truly a *Native* of YORKSHIRE, and holding of your Lordship, that, from the hour I began it, to the end thereof, I slept not once out of these Walls ?

And, if the same HORACE proceed;

*Qui, quid sit pulebrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plinius ac melius Chrysippo & Crantore, dicit :*

Who, what is Right, what not, what brave, what base,
Clearer and better then the STOICKS, says :)

Whether this Poet also (however *disfigur'd* in the translating, yet still retaining the old materials, both *Politick* and *Moral*, on a truer and more Modern Frame of Story and Geography then that of HOMER

— *Et, quamvis plebeio tectus Amictu,
Indecilis privata loqui)*

Shall

The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

shall not be valuable upon the like account, I appeal to
your Lordship, whose *devoted* (since he turn'd *English-*
man) he *is*, by the *title* I have already mentioned, and by
as many more, as I am

*From your Lordships
Park of Tankersley
May 1. 1655.*

MY LORD,

Your Lordships

humble servant

RICHARD FANSHAW.

Petronii



Petronii Arbitri SATYRICON:

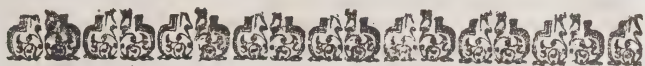
pag. 48. 164.



Ultos, inquit *Eumolpus*, O juvenes, *carmen* decepit. Nam ut quisque versum pedibus instruxit, sensumque teneriorem verborum ambitu intexuit, putavit se continuò in *Helliconem* venisse. Sic forensibus Ministeriis exercitati, frequenter ad carminis tranquillitatem, tanquam ad portum faciliorem refugerunt: credentes facilius *Poema* extrui posse, quam *controversiam* sententiolis vibrantibus pictam. Cæterum neque generosior spiritus vanitatem amat, neque concipere aut edere partum mens potest, nisi ingenti flumine literarum inundata. Effugendum est ab omni verborum (ut ita dicam) utilitate, & sumendæ voces à plebe summatæ, ut fiat, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo*. Præterea curandum est, ne sententiæ emineant extra corpus rationis expressæ, sed intexto Vestibus colore niteant. *HOMERUS* testis, & *Lyrici*, Romanusque *VERGILIUS*, & *HORATII* curiosa felicitas. Cæteri enim aut non viderunt viam quâ iretur ad carmen, aut versum timuerunt calcare. Ecce *belli civilis* ingens opus! quisquis attigerit, nisi plenus literis, sub onere labetur. Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages Deorumque ministeria, & fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides: Tanquam si placet hic imperus etsi nondum recepit ultimam manum.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat:
Qua mare, qua terræ, qua sidus currit utrumque:
Nec satiatus erat. Gravidis freta pulsa carinis
Jam peragrabantur. Siquis Sinus abditus ultra,
Siqua foret tellus quæ fulvum mitteret aurum,
Hostis erat: fatisque in tristia bella paratis
Quærebantur opes. Non vulgò nota placebant
Gaudia: non usu plebeio trita voluptas.
Æs Ephyræum laudabat miles: in udâ
Quæsitus tellure nitor certaverat ostro:
Hinc Numidæ lapides, illinc nova vellera seres,
Atque Arabum populus sua despoliaverat arva.
Ecce aliæ clades, & læsa vulnera pacis.
Quæritur in Sylvis Mauris fera: & ultimus Hammon
Afrorum excutitur: ne desit bellua dente
Ad mortes pretiosa: fames premit advena classes:

Tygris



Out of the Satyr of Petronius Arbitr, pag 48. *vid. K. 6. 63. pag. 83. part. 2.*

Young men, young men, (said Eumolpus) this something called Poetry hath deceived many: for if a man have but set a Verse upon it's feet, and swathed his weaker matter with a winding about of words, he thinks himself presently over head and eares in Helicon. Therefore, those who have got the practise of pleading or declaiming in publike, have frequently fled to the tranquillity of versifying, as to a gentler port: believing it easier to compile a Poem, than an Argument embelish'd with little sparkling Sentences. But neither doth a more generous spirit affect a tympany, nor a mind conceive, or can be delivered of this birth, that overflows not with a mighty torrent of learning: There must be a flying all cheapness (as I may say) of words, and such language cull'd out as is above the common people. This is to hate the lay vulgar, and to make them know their distance. Moreover there must be a Care that the Sentences do not hang out like tassels from the body of the matter, but shine woven thereinto like gold into a silken-garment; witness HOMER, and the Lyricks, and Roman VIRGIL, and HORACE his curious felicity. For others either saw not the way of Poetry, or (seeing) feared to tread it. Behold a great Task, THE CIVIL WAR: Whoever will touch that burthen (unless abounding with letters) shall sink under it. For not things done should be comprehended in verse, (which is much better performed by Historians) but the free spirit must throw it self headlong in digressions, and in personatings of Gods, and in fabulous ornaments upon the rack of invention: that it may seem rather an ebullition of some prophetick truths, amidst a world of pleasant extravagancies, from a breast inflamed with fury; than a deposition, as of sworn witnesses to tell the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth: As for example, this rapture, though it have not received the last hand.

Now conquering Rome did all the world controule,
From East to West from one to th'other pole:
Yet was not satisfied. The plough'd-up Sea
With brazen keels, was made her common way.
If any nook were hid, if any Land
(Which yellow Gold afforded) lay beyond,
It was a foe, and covetous anger seiz'd
Whatever wealth. No vulgar pleasure pleas'd:
No worn plebeian joy. The Soldiers dight
Their meat in Silver: and (from Rivers fish)
The Purple of the Land rivall'd the Sea's.
Here Lybian stones, there silks (the new disease)
And their perfum'd fields, ARABIANS fleece.
No other spoils and wounds of injur'd Peace!
In woods is sought the Mauritanian beast,
And AFRICK's farthest Hammon hunted, least

That

Furor Petronienſis.

Tigris, & auratâ gradiens veſtatur in aulâ,
Ut bibat humanum (populo plaudente) cruorem.
Heu pudet effari, perituraque prodere fata !
Perſarum ritu male pubeſcentibus annis
Surripuere viros, exactaque viſcera ferro
In venerem fregere : atque ut fuga mobile ævi
Circumſcripta mora properantes differat annos :
Quærit ſe natura, nec invenit : omnibus ergo
Scorta placent, fractique enervi corpore grefſus
Et laxi crines, & tot nova nomina veſtis,
Quæque virum quærunt. Ecce Afris eruta terris
Citrea menſa, greges ſervorum, oſtrumque renidens
Ponitur, ac maculis imitatur vilibus aurum :
Quæ turbant cenſum, hoſtile, ac male nobile lignum
Turba ſepulta mero circumvenit, omniaque orbis
Præmia correptis miles vagus extruit armis.
Ingenioſa gula eſt : Siculo ſcarus æquore merſus
Ad menſam vivus perducitur : inde Lucrinis
Errant littoribus condunt conchyliæ cænæ :
Ut renovoent per damna famem : jam Phafidos unda
Orbata eſt avibus, multoque in littore cantum
Solæ deſertis aſpirant frondibus auræ.
Nec minor in campo furor eſt : emptique Quirites
Ad prædam ſtrepitumque lucri ſuffragia vertunt.
Venalis populus : venalis curia Patrum :
Eſt favor in pretio : ſenibus quoque libera virtus
Exciderat : ſparſiſque opibus converſa poteſtas :
Ipſæque majeſtas auro corrupta jacebat.
Pellitur à populo victus Cato : triſtior ille eſt
Qui vicit, falcesque pudet rapuiſſe Catoni.
Namque hoc dedecus eſt populi, morumque ruina.
Non homo pulſus erat, ſed in uno victa poteſtas,
Romanumque decus : quare tam perdita Roma
Ipſa ſui merces erat, & ſine vindice præda.
Præterea gemino deprenſam gurgite prædam,
Fænoris ingluvies, uſuſque exederat æris.
Nulla eſt certa domus : nullum ſine pignore corpus :
Sed veluti tabes tacitis concepta medullis,
Intra membra furens, hiris latrantibus errat.
Arma placent miſeris, detritaque commodo luxu
Vulneribus reparantur : inops audacia tuta eſt.
Hoc merſam cæno Romam, ſomnoque jacentem
Quæ poterant artes ſanâ ratione movere,
Ni furor, & bellum, furoque excita libido ?
Tres tulerat fortuna duces, quos obruit omnes
Armorum ſtræ diverſâ feralis Enyo.
Cræſſum Parthus habet : Libyco jacet æquore Magnus :
Julius ingratam perfudit ſanguine Romam.
Et, quaſi non poſſet tot Tellus ferre Sepulchra,
Divicit cineres : hos gloria reddit honores.

Petronius his Rapture.

*That Monster should be wanting, which is slain
Because his tooth sells deare, instead of Graine:
Armenian Tigers our Corn-fleets import,
To be led stalking in a gilded Court:
And quaffe (the people clapping) humane blood.
I blush to speak, and broach Fates violent flood.
In Persian guise (yeares ripening to their harm)
They grub man up, and with a knife disarm
The apt for Venus wars: and, whiles this checks
Time's horse in his full speed, lost nature seeks
And cannot find her self: so all approve
Male Concubines, and which, like Geldings move
Broke to a pace: Love-locks and Cloaths which speak
All Countreys, and no man. Behold they break
Numidian ground: a Citrian board comes out
On painted Carpets plac'd, and round about
A Troop of waiters stand: and, drown'd in wine,
Upon the floore wallows an herd of Swine:
A Tree which did a Patrimony cost,
Fetcht (for the ruine of a Land) to boast
A new Nobility, did counterfeite
With spots the cheaper gold: On which were set
By the Earth-rounding-Soldier (that now hurl'd
His Arms aside) the spoils of all the world.
His throat had wit. A Terbot, that did dive
In Corfick Seas, rose at his Board alive;
There Oysters pull'd out of the Lucrine lake,
Onely for Sawce to lure his hunger back.
Now Phasian Waves are of their birds bereft:
And the dumb banks (save winds) have nothing left
To sing amongst the widowed leaves: As dire
Is the field's fury: The base Romans hire
Their votes out for the chime, and touch of Gold:
A venal people: venal Senate sold
Favour: even Age let her free vertue fall,
And right by bribes was justled to the wall:
And Majesty lay flat, with gold sought out,
Cato himself repuls'd was by the rout.
He that o'recame more sad, who blusht to see
That Cato should have fewer votes than he.
For 'twas the people's, and the time's disgrace:
'Twas not a man, but virtue lost the place,
And the old Roman honor: here then lyes
Rome her own Merchant, and own merchandise:
Besides now use on use, mens principals
So swell'd, it overwhelm'd them. No man calls
His house his own. None anningag'd: but debt
Like to a lingering disease, doth fret
Into their barking bowels, being pain'd
They cry to Arms: and wealth with ryot drayn'd
Must heal with wounds: safe W A N T sets on fire.*

Furor Petronienſis.

Est locus exciſo penitus demerſus hiatu,
Parthenopen inter, magnæque Dicharchidos arva,
Cocytâ perſuſus aquâ, nam ſpiritus extra
Qui furit effuſus funeſto ſpargitur æſtu.
Non hæc Autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Cespitæ lætus ager : non verno perſona cantu
Mollia diſcordi ſtrepitu virgulta loquuntur :
Sed chaos, & nigro ſquallentia pumice ſaxa
Gaudent ferali circumtumulata cupreſſu ;
Hæc inter ſedes Ditis pater extulit ora,
Buſtorum flammis & canâ ſparſa favillâ :
Ac tali volucrem Fortunam voce laceſſit.

Rerum humanarum, divinarumque poteſtas,
Fors cui nulla placet nimium ſecura poteſtas,
Quæ nova ſemper amas & mox poſſeſſa relinquis :
Ecquid Romano ſentis te pondere victam ?
Nec poſſe ulterius perituram extollere molem ?
Ipſa ſuas vires odit Romana juventus,
Et quas ſtruxit opes, male ſuſtinet, aſpice latè
Luxuriam ſpoliorum & cenſum in damna furentem.
Ædificant atro ſedeſque ad ſydera mittunt.
Expelluntur aquæ ſaxis : mare naſcitur arvis,
Et permutatâ rerum ſtatione rebellant.
En etiam mea regna petunt, profeſſa dehinc
Molibus infanis tellus, jam montibus hauſtis
Antra gemunt : & dum varios lapis invenit uſus,
Inferni manes cœlum ſperare jubentur.
Quare age, Fors, muta pacatum in prælia vultum
Romanosque cie, ac noſtris da funera regnis.
Jam pridem nullo perfundimus ora cruore,
Nec mea Tiſiphone ſitientes perluit artus,
Ex quo ſullantis bibit enſis & horrida tellus
Extulit in lucem nutritas ſanguine fruges.

Hæc ubi dicta dedit dextræ conjungere dextram
Conatus, rupto tellurem ſolvit hiatu.

Tunc Fortuna levi deſudit pectore voces :

O genitor, cui Cocyti, penetralia parent :
Si modo vera mihi fas eſt impune proſari,
Vota tibi cedent, nec enim minor ira rebellat
Pectore in hoc, leviorque exurit flamma medullas.
Omnia quæ tribui Romanis arcibus, odi,
Muneribusque meis irarcor : deſtruet iſtas
Idem, qui poſuit moles Deus, & mihi cordi
Quippe cremare viros, & ſanguine paſcere luxum.
Cerno equidem geminâ jam ſtratos morte Philippos,
Theſſaliæque rogos, & funera gentis Iberæ.
Jam fragor armorum trepidantes perſonat aures.
Et Libyæ cerno tua Nile gementia clauſtra
Actiacosque Sinus, & Apollonis arma frementis.
Pande age terrarum ſicientia regna tuarum ;

Petronius his Rapture.

*Cast in this sleep, and rowling in this mire
What reasons can make Rome, but war and blood :
Which till th' are felt, are never understood.*

*Fortune had rais'd three Captains, all which feel
In several ways Enyo's mortal steel.*

*In Asia Crassus ; Affrick Pompey slain :
Ungrateful Rome great Julius blood did stain
And Earth, to poize her load by portions just,
(Greatness found this respect) divides their dust.*

*A wide-mouth'd vault descends to Hell's black-hall,
'Twixt great Dicarchis fields, and Naples wall,
Lav'd with Cocytus streams, whence all the heath
About is blasted with a Sulph'rous breath :
Where Autumn is the mother of no fruits,
Out of the Summers Turf no glad herb shoots,
No tender sprigs, inspir'd by vernal songs,
Are heard to warble with melodious tongues :
But Chaos, and rocks sweating with black dew,
Delight in Canopies of fatal hue.*

*Here Pluto rose in funeral flames and smoke,
And with these words light Fortune did provoke ;
Divine-and-humane-things-commanding-Power,*

*Fortune, that likest no height that's too secure,
That lov'st new things, and (gain'd) discard'st them straight,
Shrink'st thou not yet beneath the Roman weight,
Unable longer to support the Tower*

*Of Rome's recoyling Greatness ? Their own Power
The Roman youth abhor, nor bear the piles
Of wealth they rais'd. See their vast Lux of spoiles,
And riches curs'd into a punishment !
They build in Gold, and to the Firmament
Exalt their seats. Here Seas with stones expel,
There let them in with Sluces, and rebel
Against inverted Nature. Not I'scape :*

*The earth delv'd through for their wild Heaps doth gape ;
The Mountains shovell'd down : the caves now groan
There, whilst for several uses they dig stone.
Th' Internal Ghosts are bid to hope for day :*

*Then Fortune turn thy smiles to dreadful frowns :
Possess with rage the Roman breasts, and throng
Our Realms with funerals. Methinks 'tis long
Since these black jaws have been with Gore imbrew'd,
Since my Tisiphone hath bath'd in blood*

*Her thirsty limbs : since Sylla's sword was drunke,
And horrid Earth nurs'd fruits from humane trunk.*

*This said, and striving to give her his hand,
With reaching up he brake the cleaving Land :*

Then Fortune thus from fickle bosome says,

O Sire, whom all on that side Scyx obeys,

If without danger I the truth may tell,

Thy wish is granted thee : nor to rebel

Furor Petronienſis.

Atque animas arceſſe novas. Vix navita Porthmeus
Sufficiet ſimulacra virum traducere cimba,
Clafſe opus eſt. Tuque ingenti ſatiare ruina
Pallida Tiſiphone, conſiſſaque vulnera mande.
Ad Stygios manes laceratus ducitur orbis.

Vix dum finierat, quum fulgure rupta coruſco
Intremuit nubes, eliſoſque abſcidit ignes.

Subſedit pater umbrarum, gremioque reducto
Telluris, pavitans fraternos palluit iſtus.

Continuo clades hominum venturaque damna
Auspiciis patuere Deum, namque ora crueuto

Deformis Titan vultus caligine texit.

Civiles acies jam tum ſpirare putares.

Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus,

Et lucem ſcleri ſubduxit. rupta tonabant

Verticibus laſſis montis juga, nec vaga paſſim

Flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.

Armorum ſtrepitu cœlum furit & tuba Martem

Sideribus tranſmiſſa ciet, jamque Ætna voratur

Ignibus inſolitis, & in æthera fulmina mittit.

Ecce inter tumulos atque oſſa carentia buſtis

Vmbrarum facies diro ſtridore minatur.

Fax ſtellis comitata novis incendia ducit;

Sanguineoque recens deſcendit Juppiter imbre.

Hæc oſtenta brevi ſolvit Deus. Exiit omnes

Quippe moras Cæſar, vindictæque actus amore

Gallica project, civilia ſuſtulit arma.

Alpibus aëriis, ubi Graio nomine pulſa

Deſcendunt rupes, & ſe patiuntur adiri,

Eſt locus Herculeis aris ſacer; hunc nive dura

Claudit hiems, canoque ad ſydera vertice tollit:

Cœlum illinc cecidiſſe putes. non ſolis adulti

Manſueſcit radiis, non verni temporis aura:

Sed glacie concreta rigens, hiemiſque pruinis

Totum ferre poteſt humeris minitantibus orbem.

Hæc ubi calcavit Cæſar juga milite lato,

Optavitque locum, ſummo de vertice montis

Heſperiae campos late proſpexit, & ambas

Intentans cum voce manus ad ſidera, dixit:

Juppiter omnipotens, & tu Saturnia Tellus

Armis lata meis, olimque onerata triumphis:

Teſtor ad has acies invitum arceſſere Martem,

Invitas me ferre manus, ſed vulnere cogor,

Pulſus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum ſanguine vinco,

Dum Gallos iterum Capitolia noſtra petentes

Alpibus excludo: vincendo, certior exul:

Sanguine Germano, ſexagintaque triumphis,

Eſſe nocens cœpi, quanquam quos gloria terret,

Aut qui ſunt, qui bella volunt: mercedibus emptæ,

Ac viles operæ; quorum eſt mea Roma noverca,

Petronius his Rapture.

Have I less mind then thou: or boyles my womb
With a less rage. All I bestow'd on Rome
I hate, and am fallen out with my delight:
The God that rais'd these walls, the same shall slight.
The sweet of burning Towns, of sucking blood,
Is by me also fully understood.
I see Philippi with two Chiefs there slain:
Theſſalian tombs: and funerals of Spain.
The clash of Arms now strikes my trembling eare:
The groans of Libya: and her Nile I heare:
And Actian waves: and SOL cry, on. Expand
The thirsty Kingdoms of thy silent Land:
And get more Furys help. A boat's too small
For Charon to waft o're his souls withal:
It asks a FLEET: and pale Tifiphone
With the great ruine do thou gorged be:
With ragged tushes chaw the tender wounds:
The mangled world descends to Stygian sounds:

Scarce had she spoke, when (cleft with lightning sheen)
Trembles a cloud, and darts squeeze'd, fire between.
The King of Shades into earth's bosome sunk:
And from his Brother's thunder frighted, shrunk.
Forthwith the fates of men, and ills to come
Heaven shows by signes: for the deformed Sun
Veils with a mist his blushing face, as far
From giving count'nance to a civil war.
The Moon at full (to leave them groaping) pops
Her light out too. The palsey'd Mountain-tops
(Supported with weak necks) come thundring down.
Nor wand'ring Rivers run in channels known,
To dye a natural death. Armies appeare
In th'Ayre, and Trumpets (even in his own speare)
Alarum Mars. Now hotter Ætna burns,
And thunderbolts for thunderbolts returns.
Lo! 'Mongst the Tombs and disinterred bones,
The Gasty shadows send up baleful groans!
A blazing-Star draws an unusual train:
And a new Jove descends in bloody rain:
Heav'n soon these signes expounds: for Cæsar drove
With his own speed, and sweet revenges love,
Threw down the Gallick, Civil Arms took up.
On cloudy Alps, where, winding to the top,
The rocks made passable by Græcian hands,
A Temple sacred to Alcides stands.
'Tis thatch'd with cruſted Snow, and blends its gray
Head to the Stars: how like the milky way!
It thaws not with the Sun's Meridian rays,
Nor with the Spring's warm breath: but pav'd with lays
Of Ice and feathered Rain, the Heaven it beares:
For it both threatens and supports the speares.
When He (the Soldier glad) these cliffs did tread,

And

Furor Petronienſis.

Ut reor, haud impune; nec hanc ſine vindice dextram
Vinciet ignavus. victores ite ferentes,
Ite mei comites, & cauſam dicite ferro.
Namque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una
Impendet clades. reddenda eſt gratia vobis:
Non ſolus vici. quare, quia poena trophæis
Imminet, & ſordes meruit victoria noſtra,
Iudice fortuna cadat alea ſumite bellum,
Et tentate manus, certe mea cauſa peracta eſt.
Inter tot fortes armatus neſcio vinci.

Hæc ubi perſonuit, de cœlo Delphicus ales
Omnia læta dedit, pepulitque meatibus auras.
Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte ſiniſtra
Inſolita voces flamma ſonare ſequenti.
Ipſe nitor Phœbi vulgato lætior orbe
Crevit, & aurato præcinxit fulgure vultus.
Fortior ominibus movit Mavortia ſigna
Cæſar; & inſolito grefſu, prior occupat hauſtus.
Prima quidem glacies, & cana juncta pruina
Non pugnavit humus, mitique horrore quievit:
Sed poſtquam turmæ nimbos fregere ligatos,
Et pavidus quadrupes undarum vincula rupit,
Incaluere nives, mox flumina montibus altis
Vndabant modo nata: ſed hæc quoque juſſa putares.
Stabant & vincta fluctus ſtupere pruina:
Et paulo ante lues jam concidenda jacebat.
Tum vero maleſida prius veſtigia luſit,
Decepitque pedes. paſſim turmæque virique,
Armaque congeſta ſtræe deplorata jacebant.
Ecce etiam rigido concuſſæ flamine nubes
Exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti
Deerant aut tumida contractum grandine cœlum:
Ipſæ jam nubes ruptæ ſuper arma cadebant,
Et concreta gelu Ponti velut unda ruebat.
Viſta erat ingenti Tellus nive, viſtaque cœli
Sidera, viſta ſuis hærentia flumina ripis:
Nondum Cæſar erat: ſed magnam nixus in haſtam
Horrida ſecuris frangebat grefſibus arva:
Qualis Caucaſea decurrens arduus arce
Amphitryoniades, aut torvo Juppiter ore,
Quum ſe verticibus magni demiſit Olympi,
Et periturorum diſjecit tela Gigantum.
Dum Cæſar tumidas iratus deprimit arces:
Interea volucer motis conterrita pennis
Fama volat, ſummique petit juga celſa Palati:
Atque hoc Romano attonito fert omnia ſigna:
Jam claſſes fluitare mari, totaſque per Alpes
Fervere Germano perſuſas ſanguine turmas.
Arma cruor, cædes, incendia, totaque bella
Ante oculos volitant, ergo pulſata tumultu

Petronius his Rapture.

And touch'd his wishes, from the Mountains head

Stretching his voice, (the Latian fields survey'd)

And both his hands to Heav'n, thus Caesar said.

All powerful Jove, and thou Saturnian Land

Triumphant oft, safe always by my hand,

Witness I come unwilling to this warre,

Unwilling Clash : but such my proud wrongs are,

Expuls'd my Country, whilst I paint with blood

The Rhine, whilst I the Galls the Alps exclude,

Threat'ning again the Capitoll. Exil'd

Farther by conquering more : the Germanes foy'd'd,

And sixty triumphs are my crime. But who

Denounce this war ? Blind with our beams a crew

Of trading Soules step-children to my Rome,

But they (I think) shall know too upon whom

Nor shall mechanick hands bind these with cords.

Go mine : Go victors : plead the Cause with Swords.

We all are in one fault : one shame threatens all :

You conquer'd too. If punishment must fall

On them that beat, if this our triumph be,

Let the Dye fall, and Fortune judge for me.

Take up the war they throw you : try your force :

If overcome, my case can be no worse.

But arm'd, and with such men, that ne're can hap.

This said, the Delphick bird her wings did clap,

(An Omen good) and in a wood beside

A Bay-tree crackling in strange fire was 'fpy'd.

A P O L L O's self shone brighter then he us'd,

And had a golden glory circumfus'd.

Stronger then Omens, Caesar did advance,

And with unwonted pace first snatch'd a Lance.

First bound with ice, and candied with the driffe

The earth was quiet with dull horror stiffe :

But when the Troops the clouds gives off, did take,

And trembling horses the waves fetters brake,

The heat snows melted, streight new rivers burst

Out of the hills : these also freight were forc'd

To make a stand : whilst (lo) new ice appears,

And liquid late make work for Pioneers.

Then first deceiv'd the feet the slipp'ry ground,

And tript them up, Men, Arms, and whole Ranks, (round,)

In heaps deplor'd : big clouds with tempest's stroke,

Their burthens threw. Nor blasts with whirle-winds brake,

Were wanting there, or volleys of gross haile.

The concrete raine fell rattling on the Mayle,

Like showres of Arrows from a Parthian bow :

The Earth was overcome with a deep snow :

The Lamps of heaven o'come, with Christal bit

The Rivers overcome, Caesar not yet :

But leaning on his speare, that would not yield,

With secure steps he brake the horrid field :

Furor Petronienſis.

Pectora per dubias ſcinduntur territa cauſas.
Huic fuga per terras illi magis unda probatur.
Et patria eſt Pontus, jam tutior eſt magis arma
Qui tentata velit: fatiſque iubentibus actus.
Quantum quiſque timet, tantum fugit: ocyor ipſe
Hos inter motus populus, miſerabile viſu,
Quo mens iſta iubet, deſertâ ducitur urbe.
Gaudet Roma fugâ, debillatique Quirites
Rumoris ſonitu mærentia teſta relinquunt
Ille manu trepidâ natos tenet, ille penates
Occultat gremio, deploratumque relinquit.
Limen, & abſentem votis interficit hoſtem.
Sunt qui conjugibus mærentia pectora jungant,
Grandevoſque patres: oneriſque ignara iuventus
Id pro quo metuit tantum trahit omnia ſecum
Hic vehit imprudens, prædamque in prælia ducit.
Ac velut ex alto quum magnus inhorruit Auſter,
Et pulſas evertit aquas non arma miniſtris,
Non regimen prodeſt: ligat alter pondera pinûs,
Alter tuta ſinu tranquillaque littora quærit:
Hic dat vela fugæ: Fortunæque omnia credit.
Quid tam parva queror? Geminum cum conſule Magnus
Ille tremor Ponti, ſavi quoque terror Hydæſpis
Et piratarum ſcopulus: modo quem ter ovanthem
Juppiter horruerat, quem fracto in gurgite Pontus,
Et veneratus erat ſubmiſſâ Boſphorus undâ
Proh pudor! Imperii deſerto nomine fugit,
Ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videret.
Tergo tanta lues Divûm quoque numina vidit;
Conſenſitque fugæ cæli timor, Ecce per orbem
Mitis turba Deûm, terras exoſa furentes
Deſerit; atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen
Pax prima ante alias niveos pulſata lacertos
Abſcondit galeâ victum caput, atque relicto
Orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.
Huic comes it ſyncera Fides, & crine ſoluto
Juſtitia, & mærens lacera Concordia palla.
At contra, ſedes Erebi quâ rupta dehîſcit,
Emergit latè Ditis chorus horrida Erynnys,
Et Bellona minax, facibuſque armata Megæra:
Læthumque Inſidiæque, & lurida, mortis imago.
Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis
Sanguineum latè tollit caput, oraque mille
Vulneribus conſoſſa cruentâ caſſide velat.
Hæret detritus lævâ Mavortius umbo,
Innumerabilibus telis gravis: atque flagranti
Stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.
Sentit terra Deos, mirataque ſydera pondus
Quæſivère ſuum, namque omniſ regia cæli
In partes diducta ruit: primumque Dione

Petronius his Rapture.

*As when Alcmena's son march'd apace,
Down Caucasus : or with an angry face
When Jove descended the Olympian hill,
With Giants blood Phlegrean plains to fill.
' Mean while swift Fame is born with frighted wings,
And perching on the Capitol, sad things
Tells the affrighted Romans : that the Maine
Is swarm'd with ships : The Alps of a light flame
With Troops, yet recking with Sicambrian gore,
Arms, Blood, Death, Fire, and War is drawn before
Their eyes from head to foot : which makes them erre,
And see their danger double through their feare.
This flies by land, this by, and that to Sea,
So for no land his native changes he.
He's safest now, the Chance of war that tryes,
And follow fates instinct : He farthest flies
Whose feare is longest winged : (A grief to say !)
The people led by wild amazement, stray
They know not whither : Rome delights in flight,
And scar'd Quirites their sad mansions quite ;
At the bare rumour of approaching Arms,
Those clasp with trembling hand their tender barnes :
These in their bosomes hold their Houfhold-Gods :
And hurry from their desolate aboads :
And in their prayers kill the absent Foe :
There are that to their wives sad bosomes grow,
And bedrid parents : youths impatient heat
Takes onely her, on whom his soul is set.
Some all, and to the war unwisely sweep
The prey, for which 'tis made. —*

— *As when the deep*

*Is plough'd up by Northwinds, and her roul'd hills
Are knock'd together : And the Seamen's skills
Avail not now, one binds the splitting mast,
Another to the quiet shore dotb fast,
A third to Sea and Fortune trusts with all.
What talk I of small things : the Generall
With both the Consuls The great Pompey, He
Terror of dire Hydaspes, and the Sea,
The Pyrates rock, whom (thrice triumphing late)
Jove trembled at, lest he should shake his state :
Whom Pontus (having crush'd it's watty braves)
And Bosphorus ador'd with crouching waves :
(Oh shame) deserting the State's rudder, fled :
That sickle Fortune might have seen be sed
Ev'n Pompey's back. A flight authoriz'd so,
Involv'd the Gods, and Heaven his back did show :
See a mild troop of Gods (loathing the rage
That regins in mortals) take a pilgrimage,
From a damn'd crew of Earthlings : And first Peace
(Beating her snowy Arms) her vanquish'd face*

Furor Petronienſis.

Cæſaris acta ſui ducit. comes additur illi
Pallas, & ingentem quatiens Mavortius haſtam:
Magnaque cum Phœbo ſoror, & Cyllenia proles
Excipit, ac totis ſimilis Tyrinthus actis.
Infremuere tubæ, ac ſciſſo Diſcordia crine
Extulit ad ſuperos Stygium caput. hujus in ore
Concretus ſanguis, contuſaque lumina flebant.
Stabant ærati ſcabra rubigine dentes;
Tabo lingua fluens, obſeſſa draconibus ora
Atque intertorto laceratam pectore veſtem
Sanguineam tremula quatiebat lampada dextra.
Hæc ut Cocyti tenebras, & Tartara liquit,
Alta petit gradiens juga nobilis Apennini,
Unde omnes terras, atque omnia littora poſſet
Aſpicere, ac toto ſuittantes orbe catervas:
Atque has erumpit furibundo pectore voces:
Sumite nunc gentes accenſis mentibus arma;
Sumite, & in medias immittite lampadas urbes.
Vincetur quicumque laret, non foemina ceſſet,
Non puer, aut ævo jam deſolata ſeneſtus.
Ipla tremat Tellus, lacerataque teſta rebellent.
Tu legem Marcelle tene: tu concute plebem
Curio, tu fortem ne ſupprime Lentule Martem.
Quid porro tu Dive tuis cunctaris in armis?
Non frangis portas? non muris oppida ſolvis,
Theſaurosque rapis? neſcis tu Magne tueri
Romanas acies? Epidauria moenia quære,
Theſſalicoſque ſinus humano ſanguine tingue.
Factum eſt in terris, quicquid Diſcordia juſſit.

Petronius his Rapture.

Hides with a cask, and flying from the light,
seeks the hush'd mansions of eternal Night :
With Her pure FAITH, and JUSTICE, (her sword broke)
And CONCORD in a rent and mourning Cloak.
On th' other side where Hell's wide jaws respire,
Grim Pluto's train springs rife : Erinny's dire,
And fierce Bellona, and flame-girt Megeare,
And Death, and Fraud, and multiplying Feare.
Amongst whom Rage, like Bacchus (his reins broke)
Runs headlong, and with bloody helm doth Cloake
A thousand ugly faces digg'd with wounds
With heavy shafts : a Martial Target sounds
Worn with his left, and from his right hand hurl'd
A blazing fire-brand terrifies the world.
The stars are pos'd : light-headed Atlas reels,
Wond'ring to mis's the weight that poys'd heaven's wheels.
The factious Gods come down on earth to side,
And Venus first her Cæsar justify'de,
Pallas with her, and Mars that shakes a whole
Oak for a speare ; and with his Sister, SOL :
And ATLAS GRANDSON and Alcides (found
Like him in all his acts) The trumpets sound,
And DISCORD with torn hair, her Stygian head
Advances from a dell, her dim eyes shed
Instead of tears a blotted show'r of blood :
Two tire of brazen grinders rusty stood :
Her tongue o'reflows with gore : her snaky locks
Hang down over her face : and through her Frocks
Wide-gaping Rent, thrusting a bloody hand
About her head she tost a flaming brand.
She leaving Hell, and where sad rivers joyne,
Touch'd the high top of noble Appennine :
From whence each realm and sea she might command,
And view the Troops that roule on every Land :
Then burst into these words, with fury warm,
Arm all the world with fell intentions : arm :
Shoot flames in midst of Towns (who e're he be
That stands a Newt'er, is the Victor's fee.)
Fight Boys, fight Maids, fight Old men neer your end,
Quake Earth, and shattered stones rebel. — Defend
The laws Marcellus. — Do thou Curio preach
Up tumults. — Lentulus do not impeach
Thy Martial spirits working. — What mak'st thou
Julius the while freezing in Armour : now
Enter the gates, or scale the walls, and break
The Roman Fisk. — Pompey art thou too weak
To keep Rome's Towers ? to EPIDAMNUM pass
The Ominous Scene, and dye Theffalian grass
With Roman blood. To all that DISCORD said,
EARTH cry'd 'Tis done : and her command obey'd.



The Translator's POSTSCRIPT.

HERE PETRONIUS breaks off abruptly, *thereby* as well as in many imperfect places of his own Copy, proving as good as his word, that he had not added *thereto the last hand*. In which thing alone I have translated him to the life, for neither have I added *mine* to the *English*: onely making so much use thereof, as to shew the *Rule* and *Model*, which (*indubitably*) guided our CAMOENS in the raising his GREAT BUILDING, and which (except *himself*) that I know of, no POET ever followed that wrought in great, whether ancient, or modern. For (to name no more) the Greek HOMER, the Latin VIRGIL, our SPENCER, and even the Italian TASSO (who had a true, a great, and no obsolete story, to work upon) are in effect wholly fabulous: and LUCAN (though worthily admired) is as much censured by some on the other side, for sticking too close to truth. As FABIVS for one; — LUCAN full of flame and vigour, and most perspicuous in his Sentences: yet (that I may speak what I think) rather to be reckoned amongst the ORATORS than the POETS. And SERVIUS for another, with less manners in his expression; That which I said, that the Art of Poetry is forbidden to set down a naked story, is certain: for LUCAN deserved not to be in the number of POETS, because he seems to have compiled a HISTORY, rather than a POEM. Amounting to the same which is objected above in the Introduction to this Essay (which glanceth particularly at LUCAN) and mended (as the Author thereof conceived) by the Essay it self, which is of a mixt nature between Fable and History.



VASCO DE

GAMA



Engr. fecit

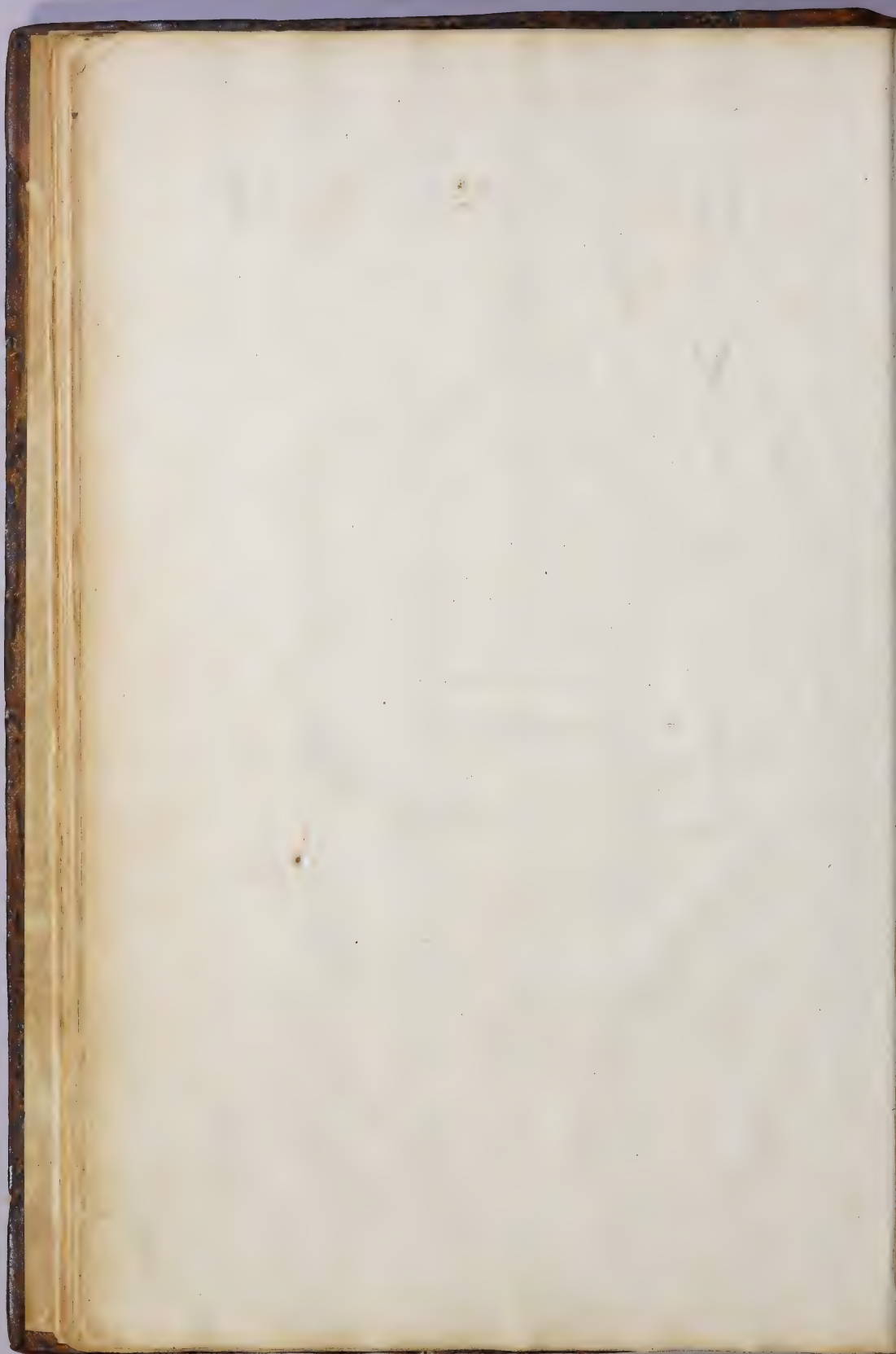




TORQUATO TASSO. in his 6 Part.
fol. 47.

VASCO, te cui felici ardite Antenne
Incontro al Sol, che ne riporta il giorno,
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà Ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne :
Non piu di Te per aspro mar sostenne
Quel, che fece a CICLOPE oltraggio, & scorno:
Ne chi turbo l'Arpie nel suo soggiorno,
Ne diè piu bel Subgetto. a Colte penne.
Et hor quella del colto, e buon LUIGI
Tant' oltre stende il glorioso volo
Che j tuoi spalmati Legni andar men lunge.
Ond' a quelli, a cui S'alza il nostro polo,
Et a chi ferina incontra j suoi vestigi,
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

VASCO, whose bold and happy ships against
The Rising Sun (who freights them home with day)
Display'd their wings, and back again advanc'd
To where in Seas all Night he steeps his Ray:
Not more then Thou on rugged Billows felt,
He that bor'd out the Eye of POLYPHEME;
Nor He that spoyl'd the HARPYES where they dwelt,
Afforded Learned Pens a fairer Theam.
And this of Learn'd and honest CAMOENS
So far beyond now takes it's glorious flight,
That thy breath'd Sailes went a less Journey, Whence
To Those on whom the Northern Pole shines bright,
And Those who set their feet to ours, The boast
Of thy Long Voyage Travails at his Cost.





THE
L V S I A D
OF
Lewis Camoens.

First Canto.

STANZA. 1.



Rmes, and the Men above the vulgar File,
Who from the *Western Lusitanian* shore
Past, ev'n beyond the *Trapobanian-Isle*,
Through *Seas* which never *Ship* had sayld before,
Who (brave in *action*, patient in long *Toyle*,
Beyond what strength of *humane* nature bore.)
'Mongst *Nations*, under *other Stars*, acquir'd
A *modern Scepter* which to *Heaven* aspir'd

2.

Likewise those *Kings* of *glorious memory*,
Who sow'd and propagated where they past
The Faith with the *new Empire* (making dry
The *Breasts* of *ASIA*, and laying waste
Black *AFRICK's* vitious Glebe); And *Those* who by
Their deeds at *home* left not their names defac't:

My *Song* shall spread where ever there are *Men*,
If *Wit* and *Art* will so much guide my *Pen*.

B

Cease

3.
 Cease *man* of TROY, and cease thou *Sage* of GREECE,
 To boast the *Navigations* great ye made;
 Let the high Fame of ALEXANDER cease,
 And TRAIAN'S Banners in the EAST display'd:
 For to a *Man* recorded in this *Peece*
 NEPTUNE his *Trident* yielded, MARS his *Blade*.
 Cease *All*, whose *Actions* *ancient Bards* exprest:
 A brighter *Valour* rises in the *West*.

4.
 And you (*my* TAGUS's *Nymphs*) since ye did raise
 My *Wit* t'a more then ordinary flame;
 If I in *low*, yet *tuneful Verse*, the praise
 Of your sweet *River* always did proclame:
 Inspire me *now* with *high* and *thundring* lays;
 Give me them *cleer* and *flowing* like *his* stream:
 That to your Waters PHEBUS may ordaine *say; Run,*
~~They do not envy those of HYPERCRENE~~
And leave behind you those of Helicon.

5.
 Give me a *mighty Fury*, Nor rude *Reed's*
 Or rustick *Bag-Pipes* sound, But such as *War's*
 Lowd Instrument (the noble *Trumpet*) breeds,
 Which fires the *Breast*, and stirs the *blood* to *jars*.
 Give me a *Poem* equal to the *deeds*
 Of your brave *Servitors* (Rivals of MARS)
 That I may sing them through the *UNIVERSE*,
 If, whom *That* held not, can be held in *Verse*.

6.
 And you, a present *Pawn* to PORTUGALE
 Of the old *Lusitanian-Libertie*;
 Nor the less certain *Hope* t'extend the *Pale*
 One day, of narrow *CHRISTIANITIE*:
 New *Terrour* of the *moorish Arsenale*:
 The foretold *Wonder* of our *Centurie*:
 Giv'n to the *World* by *GOD*; the *World* to win,
 To give to *GOD* much of the *World* agin:

7.
 You, fair and tender *Blossom* of that *Tree*
 Belov'd by *Him*, who dy'd on *One* for *Man*,
 More then whatever *Western MAJESTIE*
 Is styld *MOST CHRISTIAN*, or *CÆSAREAN*;
 Behold it in your *Shield*! where you may see
ORIQUE'S Battaile, which *ALPHONSO* wan,
 In which *CHRIST* gave for *Arms*, for you *embos*,
 The same which *He himself* bore on the *Cross*:

8.

You (pow'rful King), whose Empire vast the Sun
 Visits the first as soon as he is born,
 And eyes it when his Race is half-way run,
 And leaves it loath when his tyr'd Steeds adjourn:
 You, who we look should clap a yoke upon
 The brutish ISHMAELITE, become your scorn;
 On th'Eastern TURK, and GENTIL who still lies
 Sucking the stream which water'd PARADISE:

9.

That Majestie which in this Brow appears
 (This tender one) suspend for a small time,
 Already such, as in your perfect years
 When FAME's immortal Temple you shall climb:
 Those milder eyes, with which you banish Feares,
 Bend to the ground; on which, by num'rous Ryme,
 You'll see in me a Passion overgrown,
 To make the Portuguese Atchievements known.

10.

You'll see a strange love to my Native-soyle,
 Not mov'd with vile, but high immortal Meed:
 For, to be compted is a Meed not vile,
 The Trumpet of the Nest where I was bred.
 By That, their names drawn great, and laid in oyl
 You'll see, of whom you are the Sov'raign Head:
 And judge, which is the greater Honour Then,
 To be King of the World, or of such Men.

11.

Hear me, I say, for not for Actions vaine,
 Fantastick, Fabulous, shall you behold
 Yours prais'd, though forraigne Muses (to obtaine
 Name to themselves) have ev'n feign'd names extold.
 Your Subjects true Acts are so great, they staine
 And credit all the Lyes of others told:

Stain RHODOMONT, that puffed ROGERO too,
 And MAD ORLANDO, great their deeds were true.

though

12.

For These, I give you a fierce NUNNIO
 Who King and Country propt, almost alone,
 AN EGAS, a DON FUAS, whose worths to show
 I wish my Voice could reach great HOMER's tone.
 For the twelve Peers, I other twelve bestow
 That past to ENGLAND, and MAORIZZO one.

Th'illustrious G. A. in the Reare I name,
 Who rob'd the wandering Trojan of his Fame.

13.

Then (if to Match with **CHARLS THE GREAT** of **FRANCE**,
 Or one you seek to rival **CÆSAR**'s name)
 The first **ALPHONSO** see, who with his *Lance*
 Eclipses whatfoe're. *outlandish* Fame!
 And *Him*, who by successful *Valiance*
 Rescu'd and snatcht his *Realm* from *civil* Flame!
 The second **JOHN**, unconquer'd by the sword!
 The *Fourth*, and *Fift*, **ALPHONSO**s; and the *Third*!

14.

Nor shall my Verses in Oblivion leave
 Those **CHIEFS**, who, in the *Kingdoms* of the *Morn*,
 Their name in *Armes* unto the *starres* did heave,
 By whom your ever-conqu'ring *Flag* was born:
 Matchless **PACHECO**: Two **ALMEYDA**'s brave,
 Whom weeping **TAGUS** will for ever mourn:
 Terrible **ALBURQUERQUE**: **CASTRO**' bold:
 And more, whom *death* had not the pow'r to hold.

15.

And whilst I *These* do sing, and dare not *you*,
 Great *King* (for I aspire not to that height)
 Take *you* your *Kingdoms* reynes your *Hand* into,
 And furnish matter for a loftier flight,
 Whilst your new *worth* may meet a *Vein* as new.
 Your num'rous *Fleets*, and *Armies* pond'rous weight,
 Let the *World* groan with, and their *terror* seize
 The **AFRICK-LANDS**, and **ORIENTAL-SEAS**.

16.

On you with fixed eys looks the cold **MOORE**,
 In *whom* he reads his ruine prophecy'de:
 The barb'rous **GENTILE** (viewing *you*) is sure
 You'l yoak his neck, and bows it to be ty'de.
 The silver **THETYS** offers you in dow're
 All her *blew* *Realm*, and doth the same provide.
 Took with your *Face* (where *love* is mixt with *Awe*)
 She seeks to buy you for her *Son-in-Law*.

17.

In *you*, out of their Blissful Bow'rs *Above*
 Your *Grandfires* souls (both famous in their way,
 The *one* in golden *peace*, which *Angels* love,
Tother in bloody *War*) themselves surway.
 In *you* they hope their *glories* shall improve,
 Their *Virtues* be recoynd with less *Alay*:
 And wide they sit, to keep for *you* a room
 In *Heav'n's* eternal *Temple* 'gainst *you* come.

But

18.

But now, because your time creeps slowly on
To rule your People, who much wish it so;
Play with the new Attempt of a bold man,
That up with *you* this Infant-muse may grow;
And you shall spye ploughing the *Ocean*
Your ARGONAUTS, that they may also know
You see them tost upon the angry *Brine*:
And use your self to be invoc'd betime.

19.

They now went sayling in the *OCEAN* vast,
Parting the snarling Waves with crooked Bills:
The whispering *Zephyre* breath'd a gentle Blast,
Which stealingly the spreading *Canvas* fills:
With a white foam the *Seas* were overcast,
The dancing *Vessels* cutting with their *Keels*
The Waters of the *Consecrated DEEP*,
Where *PROTHEUS*'s Flocks their *Rendezvous*es keep.

20.

When in the *HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS* the *Deities*,
That have of humane things the Government,
Convene in glorious *Council*, to advise
On future matters of the *ORIENT*.
Treading in Clusters the *Diaphane* skyes
Thorough the *Milky way* their course they bent,
Assembled at the *THUNDERER*'s command
By *Him* That bears the *Caduceian Wand*.

21.

They leave the *patronage* of the *Seav'n spheres*
Which by the *HIGHEST POWR* to *them* was giv'n:
The *HIGHEST POWR*, who with an eye-brow steers
The *Earth*, the raging *Ocean*, and the *Heav'n*.
There, in a moment, every one appears;
Those, where *BOOTES*'s *waine* is slowly driv'n,
Those, who inhabit *South*, and where the *Sun*
Is born, and where his golden *Race* is don.

22.

With an austere and high *Majestick* grace
Upon a *Chrystal Throne*, with *stars* imbost,
Sublime *THE FATHER* late (worthy that place)
By whom the Bolts, dire *VULCAN* forg'd, are tost.
An Oderiferous Ayre blew from his face,
Able to breathe new life in a pale *Ghost*:
A Scepter in his *Hand*, and his *Head* crown'd
With one stone, brighter than a *Diamond*.

23.

On glitt'ring *chairs* (imbroyd'ed richly o're
 With infinite of *Pearles* and finest *Gould*)
 The other *Deities* were placed low'r,
 As *Reason* and the Herald *order* would:
 The *Seniours* first, to honor them the more,
 And after *them* those who were not so ould:
 When thus the most high' *JOVE* the silence brake,
 With such a voice as made *OLYMPUS* shake.

24.

Eternal dwellers of the *Tow'r divine*,
 And *Impirean-Hall* with *starred Vault*;
 If the much *Virtue* of the valiant *Line*,
 Of *LUSUS* be not worn out of your *Thought*;
 You needs must know what the great *FATES* design
 To crown the former *Wonders* *Those* have wrought,
 That they shall darken with their *evening-Glory*
 Th' *Affyrian*, *Persian*, *Greek*, and *Roman* story.

25.

Your selves were witnessess, with what a poor
 And naked *Army* it was giv'n to *Them*
 To take from the well-fix't, and num'rous *MOOR*
 All that sweet *TAGUS* waters with his stream.
 Then 'gainst the stout *Castilian-Warriour*
 Heav'n still beheld them with a fav'ring beam:
 And still in fine with glory and Renown
 The *hanging Trophies* did their *Churches* crown.

26.

I speak not (*Gods*) of that more ancient name
 Which with the *Queen of Nations* they did get
 When (led by *VIRIATUS*) so great fame
 They wan, whilst They and *hostile ROME* were met.
 I pass their other *Clash* with that proud *Dame*
 (Which 'tis impossible you should forget)
 When a *Bandito* did their *Truncheon* bear,
 Who feign'd himself inspir'd by a tame *Deave*:

27.

See now, how trusting to uncertain *Waves*
 In a fraile *Barke*, through ways untrod before
 (Fearless of horrid *Boreas*, and the *Braves*
 Of the fierce *Southern wind*) they throw at more!
 How (having yoak't before that *Sea* which laves
AFRICK'S North-side, and yoakt her *Southern-shore*)
 They bend their purpose and their forces turn
 To win the *Cradle* of the budding *MORN*.

28.

To *Them* is promis'd by eternal FATE
 (Whose high decrees no Power can ere revoke)
 To be perpetual Porters of that Gate
 Through which the *Sun* first guides his silver spoke.
 They've spent at Sea the bitter Winter's date;
 The men are haraft, and with Travaile broke.
 'Tis now high time (as it appears to me)
 To shew them that new Land where they would be.

29.

And therefore, since they have (as you have seen)
 So many dangers in this Voyage past;
 Toft through so many Seas and Clymates been;
 Of so sharp adverse Winds felt many a Blast;
 I purpose now they shall as friends bein
 The AFFRICK-Land refresh't with some Repast;
 And, having victual'd there their wearied Fleet,
 Proceed in their long course as it is meet.

30.

Thus JOVE: when in their course of Parliament
 The Gods reply'd in order as they Sate,
 And to and fro by way of Argument
 Upon the matter calmly did debate.
 Then FATHER BACCHUS stiffly did dissent
 From what great JOVE propos'd; Asking, that
 His Fame ith' EAST must suffer an eclipse
 Should there arive the *Lusitanian*-ships.

31.

He of the FATES had understood, from SPAIN
 How that a warlike People was to come
 Thorough the middle of the OCEAN,
 Which all the Indian-Coast should overcome,
 And which, with modern Victories, should stain
 All old ones, whether forraign, or their own.
 It griev'd him sore, those Actions should be drown'd
 Which still in NYSA made his name resound,

32.

He looks on INDIA as his old Acquest,
 From whom nor Time, nor deeds by others don,
 Had rob'd the stile of CONQ'ROUR OF THE EAST,
 By All That taste the streams of Helicon.
 But now he fears that Glorie's neer it's West,
 In the black Water of oblivion
 To set, should their desired Port obtain
 The valiant PORTINGALLS That Plough the Main.

Faire

33.

Fair VENUS holds up the contrary Theam
 Affected to the *Lustanian-Nation*,
 For the much likeness she observ'd in Them
 To her old ROME, for which she had such passion,
 In their great hearts, in the propitious beam
 Of their to-AFFRICK-fatal constellation,
 And in the charming musick of their *Tongue*,
 Which she thinks *Latine* with small *drofs* among.

34.

These things did CYTHEREA move: But more
 Because from FATE of truth she heard it fed
 That at those LANDS her *Altars* should adore
 Where this Victorious *People* should be spread.
 So one, to keep what was his own before,
 T'other, to gain new honors to her head,
 Contest and stickle for their *several* ends,
 And Both are backt and favour'd by their Friends.

35.

As when the fierce *South-wind*, and fiercer *North*,
 Have got into the thickest of a WOOD,
 Breaking the Boughs to force a passage forth
 Through matted shades, impetuous and wood;
 The Air that yells, and all the *mountain* roar'th,
 The *Leaves* are scattred, and the strong *Rocks* mov'd:
 Such was the tumult which amongst the GODS
 Was raised then in the *Supream Abodes*.

36.

But MARS, who, with more cordialness did take
 Then any of the rest, the GODDES's part;
 Whether it were for old *Affection-fake*,
 Or for this valiant *People's own* desert
 (His look contest him vext before he spake)
 Amongst the GODS upon his feet did start.
 His heavy *Target*, at his shoulder hung,
 (Displeas'd, and dreadful) he behind him flung.

37.

Lifting a little up his *Helmet-fight*
 ('Twas Adamant) with confidence enough
 To give his Vote himself he placed right
 Before the Throne of JOVE, arm'd, valiant, tough:
 And (giving with the butt end of his Pyke
 A great thump on the floor of purest stuffe)
 The *Heav'ns* did tremble, and APOLLO's light
 It went, and came, like colour in a fright.

And

38.

And thus he said; O *Sire*, whose will (whate're)
 All which thou hast created must obey:
 If *These*, who seek another *Hemisphere*,
 Thou wouldst not have to perish in the way,
 Whose deeds and Valour once thou heldst so deare,
 And did'st of old ordain what they assay:
 Then hear no more (since thou'rt a *Judge* upright)
 Reasons, from one who sees by a false light.

39.

For if found *Reason* did not plainly show
 It self here vanquish'd by excess of *Fear*,
 'Twere proper *BACCHUS* should his pains bestow
 For *Lusus's* Race, who was his *Minion* deare.
 But let this spleen of his at present goe;
 'Tis an *ill stomach* rising at *good cheare*:
 "And *envy* never found the way in fine
 "To do *Man* right, or what the *God's* designe.

40.

And *Thou* (the Father of great *Constance*)
 From the determination thou hast took
 Recoyle not. "It is imbecility
 "When once a Thing's begun, then back to looke.
 But since in speed the winged *MERCURY*
 Outstrips the *Winds*, a *Shaft*, the swiftest *Brooke*.
 Let *Him* now shew them to some *Countrey*, where
 They may refresh, and news of *INDIA* heare.

41.

The pow'rful *Father* having said the same,
 Gave with a nod the *SOVERAIGN Assent*
 To that which *MARS* said here with greater flame,
 And over *All* his holy *Nectar* spent.
 Streight through the *milky way*, by which they came,
 The *Gods* to their respective *Stations* went,
 Making a low obeysance to the *Throne*
 As they pass'd by in Order one by one.

42.

Whilst this in the *HIGH-COURT* is passing now
 And beautiful *OF HEAV'N* Omnipotent;
 The *warlike People* the salt *ocean* plough
 Leaving the *South*, and face the *Orient*,
 'Twixt *MADAGASCAR'S* Isle, where all things flow,
 And *ETHIOPIA'S* barren Continent.
 'Twas in that month, when *SOL* the *Fishes* fries
 To which fear'd *BRONTES* turn'd two *DEITIES*.

C

So

43

So pleasantly they went before a Wind
 As those That now had got the *Heav'n* to frend.
 Serene the Ayre was, and the Weather kind:
 No Clowd, nor ought that danger might portend.
 The PROMONTORY PRASSUS left behind,
 Which antient ETHIOPIA doth defend,
 NEPTUNE disclos'd *new Isles* which he did play
 About, and with his billows danc't the *Hay*.

44.

VASCO DE GAMA (a most valiant *Guide*,
 Born and pick't out for that great *Enterprise*,
 Of a high Soul, and strongly fortify'de,
 Who FORTUNE to him by his *Boldness* tyes)
 Stands off, to leave this *Land* upon one side,
 Thinking, that uninhabited it lies;
 And on his course determines to proceed:
 But otherwise the matter did succeed.

45.

For streight, out of that *Isle* which seem'd most neer
 Unto the *Continent*, Behold a number
 Of little *Boats* in companie appeer,
 Which (clapping all wings on) the long Sea sunder!
 The *men* are rapt with joy, and, with the meer
 Excess of it, can onely look, and wonder.
What Nation's this (within themselves they say):
What Rites? what Laws? what King do they obey?

46.

Their coming, thus: in *Boats*, with finns; nor flat,
 But apt t'o're-fer (as being pinch'd and long)
 And then they'd swim like Rats. The *Sayles*, of Mat
 Made of *Palm-leaves*, wove curiously and strong.
 The Mens *Complexion*, the self-same with that
 HE gave the *Earth's* burnt parts (from *Heaven* flung,)
 Who was more brave, then wise; That this is True
 The Po doth know, and LAMPETUSA rue.

47

The *Cloaths*, they came in, were a Cotton-Plad
 With divers *Colours* strip'd, and *white* the ground;
 Which *some* cast quaintly under one arm, had;
others, about their *Middles* streightly bound;
 All else from the waste up remain'd unclad:
 Their *weapons*, *Skeyns*, and crooked *Faulchions*: Round
Terbants upon their heads; and, as they row'd,
 Resounded *Timbrels* in an antick *Mode*.

Waving

48.

Waving their hands and kerchers, *These* made signe

To those of LUSITANIA to stay:

But the swift *Prows* already did incline

To come to Anchor in the *Island's* Bay.

Land-men, and *Sea-men* in this work *All* joyned,

As all their labours should have end that day.

They haule the Roapes; *strike, strike*, the crew refoinds:

The salt Sea (stricken with the Anchor) bounds.

49.

They were not Anchor'd, when the uncouth Folke

Already by the Cordage did ascend.

Their jovial countenances *wellcome* spoke,

To whom the Lordly *Chiefe* did (courteous) bend.

Bids freight the Boards be spread, the Bottles smoke;

With that rich juice which is the *Poet's* friend.

Ours pow'r it into Bowles, and All *They* fill

The burnt by PHAETHON spare not to swill.

50.

They ask (and still the cheerie Bowle goes round)

In the *Arabick-language*, WHENCE THE FLEET?

Who, and of *whence*, the *men*; and WHITHER BOUND,

And through what Seas *It* came where now they see't?

Hereto the valiant LUSITANIANS found

Such answers as were proper, and discreet:

We are the PORTUGHESES of the WEST;

We go to seek the Countreys of the EAST.

51.

All the great OCEAN have we fail'd, and crost;

To the *Antartick* from the *Artick* Strand

Gone all the Round of AFRICK's spacious Coast;

We have felt many a *Clyme*, seen many a *Land*.

We serve a potent *King*, who hath ingroft

His *Peoples* loves so, that, at his command,

With cheerful faces, not vast Seas alone,

But we would pass the Lake of ACHERON.

52.

And 'tis by *that comand* we travel now

To seek the *Eastern Land* which INDIES laves:

By *that* this distant *Ocean-Sea* we plough,

Where none but *Monsters* say'd the horrid Waves.

But now 'tis reason, *We* should likewise know

(If *Truth* have found a Harbour in your Caves)

Who *you* are? what this *Land* in which you dwell?

Or, if of INDIA you can Tydings tell?

C 2

We

53

We are (one of the *Isle* replying said)
 Strangers unto this *People, Law, and Place*;
 The *Natives* being such, as *Heav'n* hath made
 Without the light of *Reason*, or of *Grace*.
 We have a *Law* of *TRUTH*, which was convey'd
 To *Us* from that *New-light* of *ABRAM's* Race,
 Who holds the *World* now in subjection due,
 By *Father, GENTILE*; and, by *Mother, JEW*.

54.

This little Isle (a barren healthless Nook)
 Of all these Parts is the most noted *Scale*
 For such as at *QUILOA's* Traffick look,
 Or to *MOMBASSA*, and *SOFALA*, sayle.
 Which makes *Us* here some inconvenience brook,
 To gather, for a mortal life, and frailty:
 And (to inform you in one word of All)
This little Isle Men *MOZAMBIQUE* call.

55.

And now (since you come seeking through long toyle
INDIAN-HYDASPES, and the *Spicy Strand*)
 You shall have such a *Pilot* from this *Isle*,
 As through the waves the way doth understand.
 'Twere also good, you here repos'd a while,
 And took in *fresh provisions* from the Land;
 And that *our Governour* did come Aboard,
 To see what else may need for Him t'afford.

56.

This the *Barbarian*, and retreated then
 Into his Boates with all his companie,
 Departing from the *Captaine*, and his Men,
 With demonstrations of due Courtesie.
 Mean time *APOLLO* in the Sea did pen
 The golden day, and down to sleep doth lye
 Leaving his *Sister* so much Torch to burn
 As may suffice the *World* till he return.

57.

With unexpected joy their hearts on floate,
 Blithely they pass the Night in the tyr'd *Fleet*;
 To think that in a Country so remote
 The news so long desired they should meet.
 Within themselves they ruminate, and noate
 The mens odd fashion, and admire to see't,
 Or how a People of their damned way
 Could take such root, and bear so vast a sway.

58.

The silver *Moon's* reverberated Ray
 Trembled upon the *Chrystal Element*;
 Like *Flow'rs* in a great *Meade*, at middle *May*,
 The *stars* were in the azure *Firmament*.
 The furious *Winds* all hush'd and sleeping lay
 In drowzy *Hyperborean Caves* dark-pent
 Yet those of the *Armada* do not sleep,
 But in their turns accusom'd watches keep.

59.

And when *AURORA* left her Spicy Bed,
 Shaking her dewy locks the Earth upon;
 And drawing, with a lilly-hand, the red
 Transparent *Curtains* of the waking *Sun*,
 To work go *All*, over the *Decks* to spread
 The shadowing *Sailes*, and all their *Streamers* d'on,
 To entertain with feasting and with joy
 (Advancing in his Barge) the *Isle's* *VICE-ROY*:

60.

Merrily sayling he advanc't, to see
 The *Lusitanian-Frigates* in the Road,
 With fresh provisions from the Land: For *Hee*
 Still hopes, they are of that inhumane Brood,
 Which, from their *mountains* neer the *CASPIAN SEA*,
 The fruitful *Lands* of *ASIA* overflow'd;
 And, by permission of the *POWR DIVINE*,
 Usurpt the *Empire* of *GREAT CONSTANTINE*.

61:

The *Captaine*, with a meen benevolent,
 Receives the *MOORE*, and all his company.
 Things of great price he doth to *Him* present,
 For such Occasions carryed purposely:
 Gives him *Preserves*, and gives him of that queint
 Unusual liquor which gives jollity.
 The *MOORE* receives it all in courteous part,
 But what he *Eats* and *Drinks* most glads his heart.

62.

The nimble *Lusitanian* Mariners
 Upon the shrowds in admiration hung,
 To see a *mode* so different from theirs,
 And barb'rous gibbrish of that *broken Tongue*.
 No less confus'd the subtle *MOORE* appears,
 Eying their *colour, habit, and ships* strong.
 Then, asking all things; This, amongst the rest,
 If happily they came from *TURKIE*, prest.

Moreover,

63.

Moreover, to behold desireth Hee
 The *Books* of their *Religion*, *Law*, and *Faith*:
 To see, if with his *own* the same agree
 Or *that* of *CHRIST* (as he suspects) he faith.
 And (that he *All* may note, and *All* may see)
 He prays the *Captain*, shew him what he hath
 Of *Armes*, which by his *Nation* used are
 When with their *Enemies* they go to War.

64.

To *whom* the valiant *Captaine* made reply
 By one well versed in that *Bastard-Tongue*:
Illustrious Lord, I shall to thee descry
 My *Self*, my *Faith*, and th' *Armes* I bring along.
 Neither of *Turkish-blood* nor *breed*, am I;
 Nor of a *Countrey* that delights in wrong.
 In fair and warlike *EUROPE* was I born,
 I seek the famous *Kingdoms* of the *MORN*.

65.

We worship *HIM*, who is by *every* Nature,
 (*Invisible*, and *visible*) obey'd,
HIM, who the *Hemispheres*, and *every* Creature,
 (*Insensible*, and *sensible*) hath made:
Who gave Us *his*, and took on Him *our* feature:
 Whom to a shameful death *his own* betray'd:
 And *who* from *HEAV'N* to *Earth* came down in fine,
 That *Man*, by *HIM* from *Earth* to *HEAV'N* might climbe.

66.

Of this *GOD-MAN* sublime, and infinit,
 The *Books* which thou desirest I have not brought,
 For that in *Books* we need not bring that Writ,
 Which (written in our *Hearts*) we have by rote.
 For th' *Arms*, whereof thou hast desired to git
 A fight, with all *my* heart I do allow't,
 To see them as a *Friend*; For well I know,
 Thou ne're wilt wish to see them as a *Foe*.

67.

This having said, the ready-*Officers*
 He doth command to shew the *Magaſſeen*.
 Out come the *Backs*, and *Breasts*, glittering and terse;
 Fine *Mayles*, safe *Coats*, with quilted plates between;
Bucklers, where various *Imagerie* appeares;
Ball, *Lead*, and *Iron*; *Muskets* of *Steel* sheen;
 Strong *Bows*, and *Quivers* with barbd *Arrows* wedg'd;
 Sharp *Partesans*; and *Halberts* double edg'd.

The

68.

The *mortar-pieces* come; and with *them* came
 (Confounding where they light) *Granadoes* dire;
 Yet would he not permit the sons of Flame
 Unto the dreadful *Cannon* to give fire.
 For *valiant spirits* (which are still the same
 With *generous*) to boast their utmost Ire,
 To few, and timid *soules*, cannot indure
 "To be a *LYON* among *Sheep*, 'tis poor.

69.

But now the *MOORE* from what he heard and view'd,
 (All which he did observe attentively)
 Conceiv'd within his Breast a certain *feud*,
 A root of *Envy*, and *Malignity*,
 Yet no such thing his outward gestures shew'd:
 But, with a smiling hollow *Courtesie*,
 He with himself resolves to treat them faire,
 Till he his purpose may by deeds declare.

70.

Pilots the *Captain* at his hands doth pray,
 His *Ships* as far as *INDIA* to guide:
 Assuring him they shall with ample pay
 For all their pains therein be satisfy'de.
 The *MOORE* consents; but still the poyson lay
 Close, whereit was, invenoming his side:
 For, had he pow'r of blasting with his breath,
 Instead of *Pilots*, he would give him death.

71.

So great the *hate* was, and so great the *spight*,
 Which to the *strangers* suddainly he took;
 Knowing they follow that *unerring light*,
 The *SON OF DAVID* holds out in his *BOOK*.
 "O the deep secrets of that *INFINITE*
 "Into the which no mortal eye can look!
 "That *They*, whom *THOU* to be thy *friends* hast chose
 "Should never be without perfidious *Foes*.

72.

The trech'rous *MOORE*, when he his fill had seen,
 Departeth from the *Frigates* with his *Crew*
 (As false in heart, as flatter'ing in his meen)
 And feign'd Regards on all the *Sea-men* threw.
 Through the short Traverse of the *humid Green*
 The Boats had quickly cut, when, wellcom'd to
 The shore, and met by an obsequious Train,
 To his known *House* they wait him back again.

The

73.

The famous THEBAN from th' *æthereal Hall*
 (He, in his Thigh, whom JOVE his Father bore)
 Seeing this meeting with the PORTINGALL
 Is an abomination to the MORE;
 Hath in his Brain a *Stratagem*, which shall
 (He hopes) destroy him quite upon that score.
 Now whilst this plot is forging in his head,
 Unto himself these angry words he fed;

74.

Is it already then by FATE ordain'd,
 That so great *Victories*, and so renown'd,
 Shall by the men of PORTUGAL be gain'd
 On *warlike* People, and on *Indian* Ground?
 And I (son of the HIGHEST, unprofan'd
 With *carnal* mixture, and in whom are found
 Such rare *Indowments*) must I suffer FATE
 To a meer man *my* honors to translate?

75.

Unto the son of PHILIP it is true
 Such pow're the GODS did in those parts afford,
 'Twas one with *Him*, to *See*, and to *subdue*,
 And MARS himself did homage to his *Sword*.
 But can it be indur'd, that to so *Few*
 FATE such stupendious puissance should accord,
 That *that* of MACEDON, of ROME, and MINE,
 The LUSITANIAN GLORY should *out-shine*?

76.

It must not, nor it shall not. For before
 This *Swabber* shall arrive the wished Land,
 I'll spin him such a Webb on yonder shore,
 That he shall never see the *Eastern-strand*.
 I'll down to *Earth*, and spur th'iraged MORE:
 "The Iron cooles that suffer'd is to stand.
 "And who so means a business sure to make,
 "He by the foretop must occasion take.

77.

Thus saying (next, and little less then mad)
 Upon the *Affrick*-shore he did descend,
 Where, in a humane shape and visage clad,
 To neighb'ring PRASSUS he his course doth bend.
 The shape he took on him (thereby his bad
 And false *designe* the better to commend)
 Was of a MOORE in MOZAMBIQUE known,
 Old, wife, and with the GOVERNOUR all one.

And

78.

And (entring to his *Patron* when he spy'de
 The fittest season to infuse his guile)
 He tells him; *These*, who in the Harbour ride,
 Are men That live by robbery and spoyle:
 That *Fame*, from *Nations* rang'd on the Sea-side,
 With *hue and crye* pursu'd them to their *Isle*,
 Of whom these *Vagabonds* a *Bootie* made
 When they had anchor'd with pretence of *Trade*.

79.

Moreover I would have thee know (quoth Hee)
 These bloody *CHRISTIANS* (as I understand)
 With *Flames* and *Pyracies* have fill'd the *Sea*,
 As well as with their *Robberies* the *Land*;
 And that they have it in designe, how *Wee*
 Maybe reduc't too to their proud command:
 How they may rob us of our *goods*, and *lives*,
 And take for *Slaves* our *children*, and our *Wives*.

80.

And *this I know*, to morrow by day-breake
 To come on shore for water they intend,
Arm'd, with their *Captaine*: Can Men plainer speake?
 "They mischief mean, to feare it, who pretend.
Thou, arm'd with *thine*, the same advantage take;
 Them in close *ambush* quietly attend:
 Who, thinking to catch thee at unawares,
 Will come with ease to fall into thy snares.

81.

And, should it so fall out, that by this feat
 They should not wholly be destroy'd, and slain;
 Another *Plot* (the which will give thee great
 Content, I'm sure) I have within this Brain.
 Send them a *Pilot*, skill'd so in deceit,
 And how to lay an undiscerned Train,
 That he may lead them blinded, where they may
 Be kill'd, wreckt, sever'd, or quite lose their way.

82.

This said by *Him*, who plaid so well the *MOORE*
 Whom *years* and *Fraud* made wise to obviate *Harmes*;
 Thanking him much for his advice mature,
 About his Neck the *ZEPHUR* throws his armes.
 And from that instant bids his *Bands* be sure
 To be all ready for the *Morn's* Allarmes.
 That so, when land the *LUSITANIAN* shou'd,
 He may convert their *water* into *blood*.

D

Farther

83.

Farther (t'effect that other false device)
 A *Moorish Pilot* he did ready git,
 Subtle, dissembling, and in mischief wise,
 To whom so great a Trust he might commit.
Him, through such *Seas*, where such and such *Coast* lyes,
 He bids to guide the *Lusitanian Fleet*,
 That, should the danger in one place be past,
 It may be sure to perish at the last.

84

Now visited th' *Apollinean Ray*.
 The *Nabathæan* mountains with a smile,
 When *GAMA* with his *men* themselves aray
 To go and fetch *fresh-water* from the *Isle*.
 Plac't with good order in the Boates are They,
 As he had known of the intended guile;
 And in a fort he did so: "For the *Wife*
 "Have a *divining* soul that never lyes.

85.

Moreover for the *Pilot* he had sent
 To land before, in need whereof he stood;
 To which the sound of *Warlike Instrument*
 Was all the answer he had understood.
 For *this*, As likewise, to be confident
 Of a false *Nation* being never good,
 He went as well provided as he could
 With no more people then three Boats could hold.

86.

But the keen *Moors* (pickeering on the Strand
 To keep them from the Fountain's thirsted draught,
 With Buckler on one *Arm*, and dart in *hand*,
 Another with bent *Bow*, and poyson'd *Shaft*)
 Stay for the valiant *PORTINGALLS* to land,
 In secret Ambush others hid with craft:
 And send (to make them think the business sure)
 A small *Forlorn*, as *Faulknors* throw their *Lure*.

87:

On the white Beaches the black *Warriours* prance,
 Waving and vap'ring all the *Levell* o're;
 And with heav'd *Target*, and with threat'ned *Lance*,
 Dare the bold *PORTINGALLS* to come on shore.
 The noble people have not patience
 To see the *doggs* grin at them any more.
 But spring in *Covey*, with such equal hast
 One could not say which landed first, or last.

88.

So a brisk *Lover* in the bloody *PLACE*
 (His beauteous *Mistress* by in a *Balcon*)
 Seeks out the *Bull*, and (planted face to face)
 Curvets, runs, whistles, waves, and toles him on ;
 But the stern *Bruite*, ev'n in a moment's space
 (His horned Brow low'd to the Earth) doth run
 Bellowing about like mad ; and (his eys shut)
 Dismounts, strikes, kills, and tramples underfoot.

89.

Loe, from the *ships* the *Flames* out of the hard
 And furious *Cannon* roll'd, to Heaven rise !
 The *Bullets* murder, whom the *Sound* but scar'd:
 The hissing *Aire*, struck, bandies back the noise.
 The *MOORS* hearts melt in them, they are so fear'd ;
 And the same passion chills their blood to Ice.
 Now *He*, That lay in hidden ambush, flies :
 And *He*, That ventur'd the *Incounter*, dyes.

90.

The *Lusitanian* People rest not here :
 But, following their success, destroy and slay.
 The *Wall-less-Town*, and *timber-Houses* there,
 They waste with *fire*, and flat with *Cannon* lay.
 His *sally* now the *MOOR* repents full deer,
 For which he thought a cheaper price to pay.
 Now he blasphemes the *War*, curses *ill luck*,
 Th'old *devil*, and the dam that gave him suck.

91.

The flying *MOORS* their *Javelins* backward threw
 Faintly, through feare, and haste of their Retreat.
 The *Flint*, the *Stake*, the *Stone* in *folio* flew.
 " *Anger* makes all things weapons, when 'tis heat.
 Now, to the *Victor* leaving the *Isle* too,
 Unto the *Continent* they frighted get.
 The *Sea's* small *Arm*, that doth their *Isle* imbrace,
 They cut and traverse in a little space.

92.

Some leap with their best goods into the *Boats* ;
Some with their natural *Oars* swim to the shore ;
This sinks into the crooked waves, then floats ;
That puffs the *Sea* out, he new drank before.
 The showed *Bullets* from the *Cannon-Throats*
 The brutish peoples brittle *Vessels* tore.
 Thus did the *PORTINGALLS* in fine chastise
 The falshood of malicious *Enemies*.

93.

To the *Armada* Victors they return
 With the rich spoils and booty of the War.
 Water they may have now to serve their turn
 At their own time without controle, or bar:
 The *Moors* (fresh smarting with their losses) burn
 With greater malice then before by far:
 And, seeing so much unrevenged shame,
 Set their whole *Rest* upon the *After-game*.

94.

The *Governour* of that infamous Land
 To sue for Peace (as if repenting) sent.
 Nor do the *Lusitanians* understand
 That, under shew of peace, worse war is meant:
 For the lesired *Pilot* (underhand
 Instructed in his trecherous intent)
 In token of the Peace which he did crave
 He sends to be their *Pilot* to the *Grave*.

95.

The *Captaine* (who already understood
 'Twas time to go his discontinued way,
 And that the weather and the wind are good
 To carry him for wished *INDIA*)
 Receives the *Pilot* with a cheerful mood:
 And th' *Envoy*, who did his answer stay,
 Dispatcht in haste (his minde is in the skye)
 To the large Wind lets all the *Canvas* flye.

96.

Departed in this wise, the azure Waters
 Of *AMPHITRITE* cuts the warlike Fleet,
 Attended by a Troop of *NEREUS*'s daughters
 (sweet Friends, and no less constant, then th' are sweet)
 The *Captain* (thought-less of those devilish matters
 Which in his Brain the subtle *MOOR* doth knit)
 Touching all *INDIA*, and the Coasts they pass,
 Informs himself by *Him* from first to last.

97.

But the *MOOR* well instructed in deceit
 (To whom his lesson spiteful *BACCHUS* gave)
 Prepares for Him, ere he to *INDIA* get,
 New Ills, either of *Thraldome*, or a *Grave*.
 Giving accompt of *Indian* Harbours yet,
 He shews him All that ever he did crave;
 That (judging Truth what he in *that* confest)
 The valiant People may not doubt the rest

And

98.

And then he tells him (with the same intent
With which false *SYNON* witcht the men of *TROY*)
There is an *Isle*, not far from where they went,
Which ancient *CHRISTIANS* from all times enjoy.
The *Captain* (who to all he told him lent
Attentive Eare) at *this* so sprang with joy,
That he conjur'd him with a golden spell
To guide him speedy where those *CHRISTIANS* dwell.

99.

This very thing the trech'rous *MOOR* design'd
Which the deluded *CHRISTIAN* doth intreat,
These, who possess this *Isle*, being the blind
Disciples of the filthy *MAHOMET*.
Here death, and certain Ruine, he shall finde
(As he believes) for a far more strong and great,
Then *MOZAMBIQUE*, is this *Isle*, by name
QUILOA: frequent in the mouth of *Fame*.

100.

To *It* the joyful *Fleet* he did incline.
But *Shee*, whose *Altars* in *CYTHERA* steam,
(Seeing him go astray from his right line,
To meet a death of which he doth not dream)
Permits not those in so remote a *Clyme*
To perish, whom *she* doth so much esteem:
And puts them, with contrary winds, besides
The *Place* to which the trayt'rous *Pilot* guides.

101.

Then the base *MOOR*, when he did plainly finde
He could not work the Villany he meant;
Spawning another mischief in his minde,
And always constant to his black intent:
Tells him, that, since the waves are so unkinde
To put them by the *Port* to which they bent,
There lyes another *Island* hard before,
Where mixed live the *CHRISTIAN*, and the *MOOR*.

102.

Likewise in *this* the shameless Villain ly'de
(As his *Instructions* were in fine to do)
For not a *Christian-Soul* did there reside
But *All* of *MAHOMET*'s detested Crew.
The *Captain* (who in all believ'd his Guide)
Made a short *task* to bring his ships thereto:
But (his *protecting Angel* saying, *no*)
Past not the *Bar*, and anchors in the *Bay*.

This

103.

This *Isle* lay to the *Continent* so neer
 That a small *Chanel* onely ran between:
 In front thereof a *City* did appeer
 Upon the Margent of the *OCEAN* green:
 Fair and Majestical the *Buildings* were,
 At a far distance plainly to be seen:
 Rul'd by an aged *King*. *MOMBASSA*, all
 The *Isle*; the *Town* too they *MOMBASSA* call.

104.

And neer the same the *Captain* being come
 Is much rejoyc't: *There* looking to behold
 People, That had receiv'd their *Christendome*,
 As the false *Pilot* promis'd him he should.
 When loe, Boats coming from the *King*, with some
Provisions to the *ships*! For *He* was tould
 Of such a *Fleet* by *BACCHUS* long before
 Taking the figure of another *More*.

105:

Such the *Provisions* were, as *Friends* send *Friends*,
 But there is poyson hidden in the Baite.
 Of *Enemies* their *thoughts* are and their *ends*,
 As will be too much manifested fraight.
 "O the perpetual danger which attends
 "The lot of *Mortals*! O uncertain *State*!
 "That, where our trust seems to be anchor'd sure,
 "We are not *safe*, although we are *secure*.

106.

"By *Sea*; how many *Storms*, how many *Harms*,
 "Death in how many sev'ral fashions drest!
 "By *Land*; how many *Frauds*, how many *Allarms*,
 "Under how many *wants* 'funk, and opprest!
 "Where may a fraile *man* hide him? in what *Arms*
 "May a short *life* enjoy a little *Rest*?
 "Where *Sea*, and *Land*, where *Guile*, the *Sword*, and *Dearth*,
 "Will not all arm 'gainst the least *worm* o'th' *Earth*?

End of the first Canto.

Second Canto.

STANZA. I.

NOW was the glorious *Guilder* of the *Pole*,
Who into *hours* distinguishes the *DAY*,
Come to his temp'rate and desired *Gole*,
From *Mortals* hiding his *celestial Ray*;
And *GOD NOCTURNUS* to descending *SOUL*
Of *THEBYS*'s private Chamber turn'd the *Key*:
When to the *ships* the *faithless People* row'd
Which were new-anchor'd in *MOBASSA*'s Road.

2.

Amongst them *one* (who had it in command
To *Sugar o're* the poyson) thus began.
Undaunted *Captain*, That with *Keel* haft span'd
The spaces of the briny *OCEAN*;
The noble *King* of this renowned *Land*
At thy arrival is an o'rejoy'd Man:
The sum and heighth of whose *Ambition* is,
But to behold and serve thee with what's his.

3.

And, for he longs indeed thy *Face* to see,
As *one's*, whose name *Fame* glories to repeat;
Within the *Barr*, without suspicion, *Thee*
With all thy *ships* to come; he doth intreat.
Also, because thy *Men* must wearied beee
Through so long *Toyle*, and so excessive great,
He says, thou maist refresh them on the shore
Which *humane Nature* doth delight in more.

4.

Moreover, if thou seek for *Merchandise*
Product by the Auriferous *LEVANT*;
Cloves, *Cinnamon*, and other burning *Spyce*;
Or any good or salutiferous *Plant*;
Or, if thou seek bright *Stones* of endless price,
The flaming *Ruby*, and hard *Adamant*:
Hence thou may'st *All* in such abundance beare,
That thou may'st bound thy *wish* and *Voyage* Here.

The

5.

The *Captaine* by the Bearer did return
 His humble thanks unto the *King*, and said;
 Because the Sun already did adjourn
 His Royal pleasure was not streight obeyd:
 But at the first disclosing of the *Morn*,
 Whereby the *Anchors* might be safely weigh'd,
 With all assurance he would Enter, since
 He was oblig'd to more for such a *Prince*.

6.

He asks him afterward, if in the *Isle*
 Are *CHRISTIANS*, as the *Pilot* certify'de;
 The subtle *Messenger*, (who smelt the Wile)
 Most of the *Isle* believe in *CHRIST*, reply'de.
 With this, all jealousy he did exile,
 And wife suggestion of the soul decide
 In the strange *Captaine*; Resting now secure,
 In a false *Nation*, and a *Self* impure.

7.

Yet, out of such as (having been condemn'd
 For faults and horrid mischiefs done at home)
 Had their lives giv'n them onely to the end
 For desperate services with *Him* to come,
 Two of the prime and craftiest Heads, to send
 With the deceitful *MOORES*, he pick't: By whom
 To spy the Town, and what their strength might be,
 And note those *CHRISTIANS*, whom he yearns to see.

8.

And *He* by *them* sent presents to the *King*,
 Through which the Friendship to himself pretended
 Might be soft, pure, and without wavering,
 Nothing of which was by the *King* intended.
 Now was the wicked and perfidious *Ging*.
 Gone from the ships, and through the waves contended.
 The two of the *Armada*, with a faign'd
 Alacrity, on shore were entertain'd.

9.

And when they had delivered to the *King*
 The *Presents*, with the *message*, which they brought,
 They walkt the *Town*: But no discovering
 The half of what to have observ'd they thought:
 For the suspicious *Moors*, not every thing
 Would shew to them, which They to see besought.
 "Where *malice* reigns, there *Jealousie* doth nest,
 "Which doth suppose it in Another's Brest,

But

10.

But *He*, who hath perpetual *Youth*, and *Mirth*
 In his plump *Cheeks*, ruddy with *blood* and *wine*,
 And from two *mothers* took his wond'rous birth;
 Who for the *ships* spun all this snare so fine;
 Disguis'd into a Creature of the *Earth*,
 Was in a House within the *City's* line,
 Feigning himself a man of *Christian* lore,
 And deckt an *Altar* where he did adore.

11.

On *It*, the picture of that *Shape* he plac'd
 In which the *HOLY SPIRIT* did alight:
 The picture of the *Dove* (so white, so chaste)
 On the *BLEST VIRGIN's* head, so chaste, so white.
 The *SACRED TWELVE* fate figur'd all aghast,
 More wondring at *themselves*, then at the *sight*,
 As *Those*, who knew, what onely did inspire
 Their various *Tongues*, was those *false TONGUES OF FIRE*.

12.

The two *Companions* (carried by design
 Where *BACCHUS* was in this deceitful guise)
 Their knees devoutly to the *Earth* incline,
 And raise their hearts to *Him* That's in the skies.
 Gums of the oderiferous and divine
PANCHAYA; Gums, in which the *PHENIX* dyes,
 LYEUS burnt: from whence it doth insue,
 That the *false God* came to adore the *true*.

13.

Here entertained and carest that night,
 With all good *Treatment*, and *Reception* fair,
 Were the two *Christians*: heedless of the flight
 By which with *holy shew* deceiv'd they were.
 But when the *Sun* displayd his glorious light
 (Having dispatcht before him through the Ayre
 Old *TYTHON's* youthful *Confort*, to proclame
 With *Blushes* to the world her *Gallant* came.)

14.

The *MOORS* return, who to the *City* went,
 With *Orders* from the *King* for entering There:
 With them, the *Couple* whom the *Captain* sent,
 To whom the *King* appear'd a *Friend* sincere.
 So that (assur'd there is no *Evil* meant
 To *PORTINGALLS*, which he should need to feare,
 And that *CHRIST* hath some *Sheep* amongst those *Wolvs*)
 To enter the salt *River* he resolves.

E

His

15.

His own ENVOYERS say, they saw on shore
 Religious *Altars*, and a holy *Priest*;
 That they were nobly treated, and did snore
 Till fair AURORA left her rosie nest,
 Nor ought but joy, and wellcome more, and more,
 By *King*, or *People*, could they see exprest:
 So that to doubt a thing so fair, and cleer,
 No ground of reason did to them appeer.

16.

Therefore the noble GAMA did receive
 With open arms the MOORS That came aboard:
 For wariest minds 'tis easie to deceive
 When words and deeds so seemingly accord.
 His *Ship* is cram'd with faithless folk, who leave
 The Boats which brought them, ty'de to't with long Cord.
 Blithe they are *all*, as Those that understand
 They have the *Prey* as sure as in their hand.

17.

Weapons, and Ammunition of the War,
 They have on Land prepared secretly;
 That, when the *Ships* are anchor'd past the *Bar*,
 They may invade them, bold, and suddainly,
 And, by this treachery, resolv'd they are
 To ruine Those of LUSUS totally;
 Making them (unexpected) to pay, so,
 The score which they in MOZAMBIQUE owe.

18.

Hoysting the holding *Anchors*, the ships Men
 In the accusom'd *Nautick* clamour joyn'd.
 To thrud the *Barr's Land-marke* they bord it then,
 Giving the *fore-sails* onely to the Wind.
 But fair DIONE (never absent, when
 The gallant Folk need her in any kind)
 Seeing so neer so cruel a surprize,
 From HEAV'N to th'OCEAN like an Arrow flies.

19.

She calls together NEREUS's snowy daughters,
 With all the azure Flock That haunts the *deeps*;
 (For, being born from the salt-Sea, the Waters
 In her obedience as their *Queen* she keeps)
 And, telling them the Cause that thither brought her,
 With all in Squadrons to that part she sweeps
 Where the *ships* are, to warn them come, *no nigh*,
 Or they shall perish fundamentally.

Now

20.

Now through the *Ocean* in great haste they flunder,
Raifing the white foam with their filver Tayles.
C L O T O with bofom breaks the waves in funder,
And, with more fury then of custom, fayles;
N I S E runs up an end, *N E R I N E* (younger)
Leaps o're them, frizled with her touching Scales:
The crooked *Billows* (yielding) make a lane
For the feard *N Y M P H S* to poft it through the *Maine*.

21.

Upon a *T R I T O N*'s back, with kindled Face,
The beauteous *E R I C Y N A* furious rode.
He, to whose fortune fell fo great a grace,
Feels not the Rider, proud of his fair load.
Now were they almoft come upon the place
Where a stiff gale the *warlike Navy* blow'd.
Here they devide, and in an instant caft
Themfelves about the *Ships* advancing faft.

22.

The *Goddeffs*, with a party of the reft,
Lays her felf plum againft the *Am'ral's Prow*,
Stopping her progreff with fuch main conteft
That the fwoln fayl the Wind in vain doth blow.
To the hard Oak the rivets her foft Breft,
Forcing the ftrong *Ship* back again to go.
Others (beleagu'ring) lift it from the Wave,
It from the *Bar* of *Enemies* to fave.

23

As to their *Store-Houfe* when the Houfwife *Ants*,
Carrying th' unequal Burthens plac't with flight
To their fmall foulders (left cold *Winter's* wants
Surprize them helples) exercife their might;
This tugs, *that* fhoves, *one* runs, *another* pants;
Strength far above their fize, they *All* unite:
So toyl the *Nymphs*, to fnatch and to defend
The men of *L u s u s* from a difmal end.

24.

The *Ship* (inforced *contre*) goes back, back,
In fight of thofe ſhe carries, who with *Cries*
Handle the Sayls. They fume, their wits they lack;
From fide to fide the ſhifted *Rudder* flies.
The ſkillful *Maſter* from the *Poep* doth crack
His Lungs in vain, for in the Sea he ſpyes
A horrid Rock juſt juſt before the *Ship*,
Threatning a Wreck ſhould ſhe advance a ſtep.

25.

Here the rude saylors raise a *Cry* indeed,
 As they are busie at their work. The *MORE*
 This hideous clamour strikes with such a dread,
 As when in horrid fight the *Cannons* rore.
 From *them* the cause of all this fury's hid:
 Nor whom t'approach know *They*, or what t'implore.
 They think their *treacherie* is made appeer,
 And that for *it* they must be punisht heer.

26.

Loe! in the twinckling of an Eye some dart
 Themselves into their speedy Boats agin:
 Others betake them to their swimming Art,
 Making the Sea leap up as they plump in.
 They vault o're the ship-fides from ev'ry part,
 So mainly are they frighted with the dyn:
 Advent'ring rather to the *OCEAN*, so,
 Then to the hands of a provoked *Fo*.

27.

As *Froggs* (in ancient Ages *Lycian-Folkes*,
 Confin'd to live in *Water*, they deny'de)
 If, basking heedless on the Banks, or Rocks,
 Some *Person* on the suddain they have spy'de,
 Skip back again, and fill the *Pond* with croakes,
 Flying the danger which they have descride;
 And (scaping to their *Sanctuary* known)
 Shew above *Water* their black heads alone.

28.

So fly the *MOORS*. And so the *Pilot* (who
 To this great peril had misled the *Ships*)
 Thinking *his* Treason was discovered too,
 Into the briny water, flying, skips.
 But that fixt *Rock* to scape and to exchue,
 Which the sweet life might drive out of their lipps,
 The *Admiral* threw streight an anchor out;
 And close to her the others likewise do't.

29.

Th'observing *GAMA*, seeing the great fright
 And unexpected of the *MOORS*; withal
 The *Pilot's* suddain and accusing flight,
 Found what the brittish Folke hatcht in their gall:
 And seeing, how in spight of *wind*, in spight
 Of *Tyde* (both with him). and in spight of all
 Their *Art*, the *Ship* would not advance a head:
 (Holding it for a miracle) thus sed;

30.

O great, undreamt of, strange *deliverance* !
 O *Miracle* most cleer and evident !
 O fraud discover'd by blind *Ignorance* !
 O faithless *Foes*, and *Men* devilishly bent !
 "What *Care*, what *Wisdom*, is of suffisance
 "The stroake of *Secret* mischief to prevent,
 "Unless the SOV'RAIGN GUARDIAN from on high
 "Supply the strength of frail *Humanity* ?

31.

Well into Us hath PROVIDENCE infus'd
 What little safety in *these* Ports is known :
 Well have we found how much we were abus'd
 With *shows* of *Friendship*, and *Religion*.
 But since to *humane* Prudence is refus'd
 To pierce *intent*s, and where such *masks* are on ;
 O thou (GUARDIAN DIVINE) to guard *Him* daigne,
 Who without *Thee* doth guard *himself* in vain.

32.

And since *thy* heart is toucht with so great *Ruth*
 For a poor People wandring on the Seas,
 As of thy goodness (whence alone it doth
 Proceed) to save us from such *Wolves* as these ;
 Unto some *Haven* now, where there is *Truth*,
 Resolve to lead us for a little Ease ;
 Or shew us to the long desired *Coast*,
 If for thy honour we desire it most.

33.

These *pious* words the fair DIONE heard
 And (to compassion being mov'd thereby)
 Goes from among the NYMPHS, who sad appear'd
 That they must lose so soon her company.
 Now doth she pierce the *Stars* ; now in the *third*
Sphere, she is entertain'd : whence by and by
 (Having repos'd her) she doth forward move
 Towards the *Sixt*, where is her Father JOVE.

34.

And (ruffled with her motion) now so fair,
 So fresh, so gay, so lovely is her *look* ;
 That *Starrs*, and *Heav'n*, and circumfused *Ayre*,
 And *All* That see her are with passion took.
 Her *Eyes* (the Nests of CUPID whom she bare)
 Breath'd such quick *Spirits*, and such *fire* they strook ;
 They burn the *World* again like PHAETON,
 And to the *torrid* turn the *frigid* Zone.

And

35.

And (to bewitch her *Sov'raign Sire* the more,
 Whose *dearling* she was always, and his *joy*.)
 She comes to *Jove*, as she had done of yore
 In the *Idean Grove* to *Him* of *Troy*.
 The *Huntsman* who the *Horns* (transformed) wore,
 For seeing thus that other *Goddess* coy;
 Had he seen *this*, had ne're been torn afunder
 By his own *doggs*: But di'de of *love*, and *wonder*.

36.

The golden *Tresses* on her *shoulders* fell,
 Whole *whiteness* smuts the *Fleece* of *innate* Snow:
 Her *Breasts* (and those ev'n their own milk excel)
 Playd with by unseen *Cupid*, trembling go:
 Her *Chest's* white doth mounting flames expel,
 Which, that *Boy* kindling, thole white *bellows* blow:
 Of this fair *Pyle* the *Pillars* smooth, and round,
Desires, like *Ivy*, have about them wound.

37.

Those parts, of which *Shame* is the natural *Screen*;
 In a thin *Veile* of *Sarcenet* she doth fold;
 Not wholly *shew'd*, nor wholly left *unseen*,
 Not *Prodigal*, nor *niggard*, of that *Gold*.
 But this transparent *Curtain* draws between,
 To double the *desire*, by being *control'd*.
 Now *HEAV'N* is fill'd with *jealousie*, and *love*:
This mov'd in *MARS*, in *VULCAN* that did move.

38

And then, discov'ring in her *Angels* face
 A *Sadness* temper'd with a little *smile*,
 Like some nice *Dame*, who by the rude embrace
 Of heedless *Lover* got a bruise, or soyl;
 She's *pleas'd* and *angry* in one instant space,
 And one while *chides*, and *laughs* another while:
 So spake the *Goddess* who admits no *Peer*
 Less *sad*, then *Minion*, to her *Father* deer.

39.

O *pow'rful Father*, I had always thought
 That, for such things on which my heart were set,
 Kinde I should finde thee, affable, and soft,
 Though some *opposer* should the same regret.
 But since I see, without neglect, or fault
 Of mine, thy *love* is bated in the heart;
 What remedy? let *BACCHUS* have his will:
 In fine, his *luck* was *good*, and *mine* is *ill*.

This

40.

This *People* (who are *mine*, for whom I pore
These tears out, which I see in vain distill)
The more I *love*, I seem to *hate* the more;
Thou being resolv'd to break me of my will.
For *Them* I weep to thee, for *them* implore,
And 'gainst my *Fate* in fine am fighting still.
Well then, because I *love* them they're misus'd,
I'll *hate* them, then they will be better us'd.

41.

But let them dye by brutish Peoples hands;
For since *I* was ——— and heer with pearly drops
(As when the *morning's-dew* on *Roses* stands)
Making a falt *Parenthesis*, she stops:
As if her words obey'd not her commands,
Through melting pity of the mens mishaps.
Then (going to proceed where she gave o're)
The mighty *T H U N D' R E R* lets her say no more.

42.

And, mov'd by that dumb *Rhet'rick* (which would move
A *Tygers* flinty Breast) with the same *Face*
Of cheerfulness, with which he doth remove
The Clouds from *that* of *HEAV'N*, and Tempests chace,
He wipes her Tears, and (kindling with new love)
Kisses her *Cheek*, her white *Neck* doth embrace.
Who, had he hated *P O R T U G A L* before,
Would now have lov'd it merely on *her* score.

43.

And (pressing her low'd face vvith *his*) *S H E* burst
Into fresh Tears, and faster then before:
As vvhen, a child being beat by mother curst,
The more one moans it, it vvill sob the more.
Now, to allay this Passion, He is forc't
To tell her much vvich he till then forbore:
And, vvith these vvords, out of the secret vvomb
Of pregnant *F A T E*, rips many things to come.

44.

Fair *daughter* mine, fear no adversitie
Which to thy *L U S I T A N I A N S* may betide;
Nor *Any*, to have greater povv're vvith *me*
Then the sweet Tears vvich from these cleer *Springs* glide
For, let me tell thee (*daughter*) thou shalt see
Both *G R E E K S* and *R O M A N S* (so much magnify'de)
Forfeit their *ancient Honours* by the *New*
Acts, vvich this *People* in the *East* shall do.

For

45.

For if the *Eloquent* ULYSSES fled,
 The SIRENS Song, and dire CALYPSO's spell;
 And if ANTENOR with his ship did thred
 Th'*Illyrian-Sleeve*, and reacht TIMAUS's Well;
 And if 'twixt SCYLLA, and CHARIBDIS dread,
 Pious ENEAS with his Navy fell:

How much worfe dangers pass *Thine* dayly over,
 Who, sayling round the world, new worlds discover?

46.

Thou shalt see (*daughter*) Cities, and strong Ports,
 And lofty Walls, which *These* shall build, and found;
 Thou shalt see warlike TURKS, and their proud Forts,
 By *These* destroy'd and level'd with the ground:
 The INDIAN KINGS (secure in their free Courts)
 By a more potent KING Thou shalt see bound.
He, in conclusion holding *All* in awe,
 Unto that LAND shall give a better Law.

47.

This very *Man*, who *now*, through so much fright
 And misty Errour, stumbles to the YND,
 Thou shalt see NEPTUNE tremble at his fight,
 Curling his waves without a breath of wind.
 O wonderful, nor seen by mortal Wight,
 The Winds lockt up, and yet a Storm to find:
 O valiant *People*, and for great things made,
 Who makes the ELEMENTS themselves afraide.

48.

That LAND, which *water* late to *Him* deny'de,
 Thou shalt behold it a commodious Port,
 Where in their way to rest them shall abide
 The Ships that (weary) from the WEST resort.
 All this wyl'd Coast in fine (which *now* hath try'de
 By wicked trechery to cut him short)
 Shall pay him *Tribute*, knowing they must down;
 If they withstand the LUSITANIAN CROWN.

49.

And Thou shalt see the ERYTHREAN, lose
 It's native red, and pale with Terrour look:
 And see the potent Kingdom of ORMUSE
 Twice taken, twice subdu'de unto their yolk:
 And see the furious MOOR stand in a Muze
 With his reverberated Arrows strook:
 That he may learn, if against *Thine* he fight;
 His Treacherie on his own pate shall light.

50.

The famous *Fort* of *DIO* Thou shalt see,
 Being twice besieg'd, thy People *twice* defend.
There will their prowess manifested be,
There will their name in *Arms* to *HEAV'N* extend;
There will they bring great *MARS* under their *Lee*
 With deeds which, told, would set the *Hayr* on end.
There will the falling *MOOR* blaspheming ban,
 And dam with his last breath the *ALCORAN*.

51.

Thou shalt see *GOA* taken from the *MOOR*,
GOA, That by her loss at last shall gain;
 When, on the wings of Conquest made to soare,
Shee, as the *QUEEN OF ALL THE EAST* shall reign.
 The stubborn *GENTILES* (who the *Sun* adore)
 High and triumphant *then*, she shall restrain
 With a rough *Bitt*, and *All* who in that *LAND*
 Against *thy* People dare to lift a Hand.

52.

Slenderly mann'd, and in poor order put;
 Thou shalt see held the *Fort* of *CANANOWR*;
 And shalt see won the *City CALICUT*,
 In *People* infinite, boundless in pow'r;
 And in *COCHIN* shalt see such honor got
 By *one*, shall stand in battail like a *Tow'r*,
 That never *Lyre* a *Victor* did resound,
 Who so deserv'd to be with *Lawrel* crown'd.

53.

Never was so *LEUCATE* of a flame
 With shocking *Fleets*, when gilding with their Trim
 The *Asian* waves) Hence young *OCTAVIUS* came,
 Bringing *Italian* pow'rs along with *Him*;
 Thence *ANTHONY* (with a fresh *Victor's* name
Barbarians from the *ORIENT*, from *NYLE's* brim,
 And from the farthest *BACTRIA*; and (the bane
 Of *All*!) th' *Egyptian Mistress* in the *Traine*.

54.

As thou shalt see the *Sea*, and neighb'ring *Shores*,
 Fire with *thy* Peoples Battails. Who, in bands
 Shall coupled lead *IDOLATERS* with *Mores*
 (Triumphing over many *Tongues* and *Lands*)
 And (*GOLDEN CHERSONESUS's* precious stores
 To farthest *CHINA* conquer'd by their hands
 With the *EAST's* outmost *Ilands*, in the end
 Make all the *OCEAN* to their *TACUS* bend.

F

In

55.

In so much (daughter *mine*) that, at the rate
 This *Nation's* valour passes humane bound,
 The *WORLD* hath not to match them in debate,
 From silver *GANGES*, to th'*HERCULEAN SOUND*;
 Nor, from the *Northern Ocean*, to that *straight*
 Which the *affronted LUSITANIAN* found;
 Though all the ancient *HERO'S* (deicide)
 Should rise again to have the *mastry* try'de.

56.

This having said, his *consecrated Poast*
 (The son of *MAY*) down to the *Earth* he sends,
 To finde some peaceful *Port* upon that *Coast*
 Where the *Armada* may repose with *Friends*,
 And (lest the valiant *Captain* should be lost,
 If longer time he at *MOBASSA* spends)
 He gives his *Legate* farther in command
 To shew him in his sleep that friendly *Land*.

57.

Now swift *CYLLENUS* cuts it through the *Ayre* :
 Now to the *Earth* his winged feet declin'd,
 Badge of his office, the *black Rod* he bare :
 This *HELL'S* sad *Pris'ners* doth release, and bind :
 This lays asleep the *Eye* oppress'd with *Care* :
 Whisking with *this* he doth outstrip the *Wind* :
 His *Hat of maintenance* upon his *Crown* :
 And thus he comes into *MELINDE'S* Town.

58.

With him he carries *FAME*, that *she* may tell
 The *Lusitanian* prowess, and rare parts :
 "For an illustrious *Name* is a strange *Spell*
 "To attract *Love*, and good *Report* hath darts.
 Thus he prepares their way with a sweet smell,
 And takes up *lodgings* in the *Peoples hearts*.
 Now all *MELINDE* is on fire, to see
 What kind of men these valiant souls should bee.

59.

From thence he parteth to *MOBASSA* straight,
 Where, what to do, the *ships* uncertain stand,
 To bid them, without question or debate,
 Leave that *Foes Harbour*, and suspected *Land*.
 "For wicked plottings of infernal hate
 "In vain are *Force* and *Courage* to withstand:
 "In vain, to extricate our selves, is *Wis*,
 "If *HAV'N* do not both prompt, and second, it.

Now

60.

Now fable NIGHT had finish'd half her Race,
And in the *Heav'n* the *Stars* with borrow'd light
Supply'd the *Moon's*, as *She* her *Brother's*, place;
And sleeping now was *Mortals* whole delight.
Th'illustrious *Captain* (who had all that space
Been kept awake about the last day's fright)
Gave then to his tyr'd *Eys* a little sleep:
The rest by *Quarters* did their *Watches* keep:

61:

When in a *Vision* he did *HERMES* see.
And fly (he bid him) *LUSITANIAN* fly
The Ambush of a wicked King, which Hee
Hath laid, to make thee yet obscurely dye:
Fly, for the wind and *Heav'n* Both favour Thee.
Thou hast the *Ocean* calm, serene the *skye*,
And not far of another *King*, to friend,
On whose reality thou mayst depend.

62.

Look for no better entertainment *here*,
Then what was giv'n by *THRACIAN DIOMED*;
Whose *Horses* (us'd to bloody *Provendere*)
He with the *Bodies* of his *strangers* fed.
Th'infamous *Altars* of *BUSIRIS* (where
His *Guests* inhumane *humane* *offerings* bled)
Unless thou quit it, look for in this place:
Fly a perfidious and a cruel Race.

63

Steer straight alongst the *Coast*, and thou shalt light
Upon a *Country* where more *Truth* resides;
Close there, where burning *SOL* at constant height
The *night* and *day* with equal *line* divides.
Then shall a *King* receive with much delight
Thee, and thy *men*; and give to you (besides
Safety, and Treatment worthy of a *King*)
One, who the *Fleet* shall unto *INDIA* bring.

64.

Thus *HERMES*; and the *Captain* (parting) woke.
He, row'd out of his *Nest* in a great fright,
Perceives the circumfused darkness broke
With a shot *Ray* and *stream* of *divine* light.
And (seeing it imports *Him*, and his *Folke*,
From that infamous *LAND* to take their flight)
Commands the *Master*, with a spirit new,
To hoyle the *sayles* unto the *Wind* that blew.

65.

Set *sayl* (he cride) set *saille* to the large Wind:
Heav'n is our Guide, and *GOD* our course directs.
 These Eys saw the *Express*, he was so kind
 To send from his high *Court* to guard our steps:
 At this, the *Mariners* before, behind,
 As with one motion spring upon the Decks.
 They towe the *Anchors* in to the ship-side
 With that rude strength which is the *Sea-mans* pride.

66.

The self-same time they did their *Anchors* weigh,
 (Hid in the mask of night) the trech'rous *MORE*
 Sawing their *Cables* huilt and silent lay,
 So to destroy them being run ashore.
 The *CHRISTIANS* (though there shone not the least Ray,
 Yet) in their heads the Eyes of *Lynxes* wore.
 The *other*, finding how they were awake,
 With *Wings*, and not with *Oares*, away did make.

67.

But now did the sharp *Keels* go cutting through
 The liquid *Element* of silver pure:
 The *Wind* ('twas a *side-wind*) gently it blew
 With motion calm, and steddly, and secure.
 Discoursing, on their dangers past they chew
 As they sayl on: for 'tis not easie sure.
 To pass in silence a *deliverance*
 So great, and brought about as 'twere by chance.

68.

The burning *Sun* had finisht *one* Career,
 Began *another*, of his *annual* Race;
 When, as far off as they could *ken*, appear
 Two *Vessels* creeping on the *Water's* face.
 Knowing they must be *MOORS*, who coast it there,
 Forthwith ours *veer* their *Sayles* to give *those* chace.
One (as more nimble, or as frighted more)
 To save her *People* ran *herself* ashore.

69.

Her *Fellow* (not so light to make away)
 Into the hands of those of *LUSUS* falls,
 Without or *MARS* to board her, or, to play
 On her bruiz'd sides black *VULCAN'S* horrid Balls:
 For (she being weakly man'd, nor built for Fray)
 At sight of his own Men the *Master* falls.
 His *courage*, and his *sayles* (His wisest course)
 Had he resisted, he had far'd the vvorse.

Then

70

Then GAMA (who did this but to procure
A *Pilot* for the *INDIES* so long fought)
Amongst those *MOORS* thought to have found one sure,
But found he was deceived in that thought.
There's not a man of *them*, That can assure
Under what part 'tis of the *heav'nly* Vault.

This *All* can tell him; That *MELINDE*'s nigh,
Where he may finde a *Pilot* certainly.

71.

The *goodness* of that *KING* the *MOORS* extol,
His *bounteous* nature, and his *Breast sincere*,
The *greatness* like the *goodness* of his *Soule*,
With other *parts*, which win him *love*, and *fear*.
The *Captain* easily believes the whole,
Concurring with that very *Charactere*.

HERMES had given in his sleep before:
So goes, bid by the *dream*, and by the *MORE*.

72.

That gladfome season 'twas, in which returns
Into *EUROPA*'s *Ravisher* the *Sun*;
Putting new lights in both his gilded Horns
Whilst *FLORA* pours out *AMALTHEA*'s *one*.
And now that glorious *Planet* turn'd the *Morn*'s
Red finger, to that *moving Feast*; whereon
HE, who was *dead* the *soul-sick world* to heal,
To it's *Redemption* rose to put the *Seal*:

73:

When, to that distance from the which their Eys
Might reach *MELINDE*, the *Armada* came;
Adorn'd with *Tapistrie* triumphant-wise,
As that *day's holiness* it well became.
The *Standart* trembles, and the *Streamer* flies,
The *Scarlet-Waft-cloaths* at a distance flame,
The *Drums* and *Timbrels* sound. Thus they that *BAR*,
Like *CHRISTIANS* enter, and like *MEN OF WAR*.

74.

With *People* hid is the *Melindian* shore,
That come to see the joyful *Fleet*. More kind
Are *These*, more *humane*, and of *truth* have more,
Then *Those* of all the *Countries* left behind.
The *Lusitanian Navy* drops, before,
The heavy *Anchors*, which fast rooting find.
One, of the *MOORS* they took, is sent on *Land*:
To let the *KING* their coming understand.

The

75.

The KING (who was already by report
Of those of Lusus's gallantry possest)
The Captain's so frank entrie in his Port
Takes as a favour from so brave a Guest:
And with *true* heart, and in most *courteous* fort
(Both individual from a noble Brest)
Bids the man pray them much to come on *Land*,
Where they shall have his *Realms* at their command.

76.

Th'offer as real is as it appears,
The words full of unfeign'd *Sinceritie*,
Which the KING sent the noble *Cavaleers*,
Who had past so much *Land*, and so much *Sea*.
He sends them more, *Live-sheep* aboard, fat *Steers*,
And *Poultry* cram'd by Housewives industrie,
With all such *Fruit* as then in season was:
And the *good will* the *Present* did surpass.

77.

The well-pleas'd *Moor*, who with this *Errand* went,
The Captain pleas'd receiv'd, with what he brought;
And instantly another *Present* sent
Unto the KING, far fetcht, and dearly bought:
Illustrious *Scarlet* (colour of content)
Brancht *Coral* fine, for *Nobles* greatly fought:
Of double nature under water soft
And *velvet-horn'd*, *hard-pen'd* when 'tis aloft.

78

Sends more, one dext'rous in th' *Arabick-Tongue*,
To treat a firm *League* with the ROYAL *MORE*,
Excusing him he did not leave his strong
And lofty *Ships*, to kits his hand on shore.
Unto the noble KING, led through a Throng
Presents himself the fit *Ambassadore*;
And with these words (which *PALLAS* herself dips
In her own *Nectar*) disunites his lips.

79.

Most high and mighty King, to whom the pure
And incorrupted *JUSTICE* from Above
Gave, to restrain the rough and haughty *MOOR*;
Nor more to force his *Feare*, then win his love:
As to the strongest Port, and most secure
Of all the *EAST*, Hither we flye, to prove
What *FAME* reports, and find in *It* and *Thee*,
A certain Port in our necessitie.

We

80.

We are not Men, who, spying a weak *Town*
 Or careless, as we pass along the shore;
 Murther the *Folks*, and burn the *Houses* down,
 To make a *booty* of their thirsted store:
 But (by a *KING* we have, of high renown,
 Sent from fair *EUROPE*, never to give o're
 Our compassing the *World*, till we have found
 The wealthy *INDIA*) thither are we bound.

81.

How *stony* yet some Race of People was!
 What *barb'rous* guize! what stile of a *Man-Hater*!
 To bar not their *Ports* onely (let that pass)
 But the cold *Hospitalitie* of *Water*!
 To whom have we done wrong? wherein (alas!)
 Have we discover'd such a *savage* nature,
 To make so many of so few afraid?
 That *Traps* and *Pitfalls* should for us be made.

82.

But *Thou* (O gracious *KING*) from whom, to have
True dealing we are sure; and *hope*, we may
 That certain help too, which *ALCINOUS* gave
 Unto the wandering *Prince* of *ITHACA*:
 To *Thee* secure we come, as boldly crave
 Of *Thee*, conducted by the *Son* of *MAY*:
 For, since *JOVES* Harbinger was *ours*; 'tis cleare,
 Thy *Heart* is large, is humane, is sincere.

82.

Nor think (O *KING*) our noble *Chiefe* declin'd
 Coming, to see and serve thee pers'nally,
 For any thing he scrupled of unkind;
 Or hollow dealing possible in *Thee*:
 But the true reason, why he stayd behind,
 Was, that in *all* he might obedient be
 Unto his *KING*; who gave him this command:
 In *Port*, or *Road*, never to go on Land.

84.

And, because *subjects* are the self-same Thing
 With *Members* governed by the *Head*, or *Crown*;
 Thou, bearing here the *Office* of a *KING*,
 Wouldst not that *Any* disobey'd his own.
 But, he doth promise an *acknowledging*
 Of thy great *Grace* and *favours* now bestown,
 With *all* That can by *Him* and *His* be done,
 So long as *Rivers* to the *Sea* shall run.

Thus

85.

Thus He *harangu'd*: And, with one Voice, the whole
Presence (comparing notes there where they stand)
 The matchless courage of the *men* extol,
 Who traverse so much *Sea* and so much *Land*.
 But the wise KING (revolving in his Soul
 The PORTINGALLS's obedience to command)
 In Scales of *wonder* and of *reverence* weigh'd
 A KING, who so far off could be obey'd.

86.

Then answers (gracious) with a Brow serene
 Th' *Ambassadour*, to whom inclin'd he seem'd:
 Wipe all suspicion from your Bosoms cleane;
 Let no cold Fear be harbour'd there, or reem'd:
 For such your *worths* are, and your *deeds* have been,
 To make you over all the *world* esteem'd.
 And *They* who injur'd *you*, We will be bold,
 Know not what price *Virtue* and *Honor* hold.

87.

That all your People do not come on shore
 Observing the respect due to our *Port*,
 Though in our *own* regard it grieve us sore,
 Yet our esteem of *them* is greater for't.
 For if *your Rules* permit it not, no more
 Shall *we* permit, that (onely to comport
 With *our desires*) such *loyal* excellence
 Should lose it self, or suffer Violence.

88.

But when to morrows light shall come, to *greet*
 And *shew*, the *WORLD*; with our own Barges, *Wee*
 Shall go in person to the warlike *Fleet*,
 Which we so many days have long'd to see.
 And, if it need any convenience meet,
 Through shatt'ring storms, and keeping long at *Sea*,
 A *Pilot* it may have, and *Victuals* here,
 And *Ammunition*, with intention cleere.

89.

This was his language, And LATONA's Boy
 Into the *Ocean* div'd. The *Messenger*
 (Returning with this *Embassie* of joy)
 To the *Armada* rows with merry cheer.
 Out of all Breasts is banisht black Annoy,
 Seeing the proper remedie is heer
 To find the *Land* whereof they sayl in quest:
 So all that night they keep a double *Feast*.

There

90.

There wants not *there* the *artificial star*
 Like trembling *Comet* (nor less cause of wonder)
 The *Gunners* do *their Part*, making the *Ayre*,
Water, and *Earth*, resound with *Mortalls's Thunder*.
 The *CYCLOPPS* (practising for t'other War
 On *JOVE*) with *Bullets* rend the *Clouds* in sunder.
Others on lofty *Cornets* (singing) playd:
 And *These* with *Musick* did the *SPHERE'S* invade.

91.

They answer from the *shore* at the same time
 With *Squibs* that crack amongst the Rout: In gyres
 The whizzing *Vapours* up to *HEAVEN* climb:
 Th'imprison'd Powder with a bounce expires:
Heaven's brazen Vault echoes the *Voyces's* chyme:
 The *Sea's* cleer *Glass* reflects the joyful fires:
 The *Earth* is not behind them. In this fort
Both sport in earnest, and *Both* fight in sport.

92.

But *now* the restless *Heav'n*, wheeling about,
 To their day-labours mortals doth incite;
 And *MEMNON's* mother (fair *APOLLO's* scout)
 Sets bounds to sleep by her arriving light;
 With her approach dull shadows, Put to rout,
 In a cold sweat upon the *Flowers* light;
 When the *MELINDIAN KING* (embarqued) plies
 To see the *Ships* That in his Harbour ride.

93

The shores are crown'd with people (of a fire
 To be *Spectators* only of the show)
 The *Scarlet* Coates flame with the dye of *TYRE*:
 The glossie *Silks* with all *May's* flow'rs do blow:
 Instead of *Arrows* (part of *Warr's* Attire)
 And of the horn'd *Moon*-imitating *Bow*;
Palm in their *hands*, in sign of *Peace*, they bear:
 Which on their *Heads* victorious *HEROES* wear.

94.

In a *Canoe* (which was both long and broad,
 And glissend in the Sun with *Cov'rings*, made
 Of mixed *Silks*) *MELINDE's KING* is row'd:
 Wayted by *Princes'* mongst their own obay'd.
 In rich *Attire* (according to the *mode*
 And custom of that Land) he comes aray'd.
 Upon his Head he weares a *Terbant*, roll'd,
 Of *silk* and *Cotton*, with a *CROWN* of gold.

G

A

95.

A *Roabe*, of *Scarlet-damask*, (high-extold
By Them, and worth the wearing of a *KING*)
About his *Neck* a Collar of pure *gold* :
The *work* worth twice the substance of the Thing.
A *Velvet* sheath a *dagger* keen did hold,
With *Diamond-hilt*, hang'd by a *golden* string.
Sandals of *Velvet* on his Feet he wore,
With *gold* and *pearl* imbroydred richly o're.

96.

O're *Him* a round *Silk-Canopy* he had
Advanc't aloft upon a *gilded* Pole;
With which a *Boy* behind to *burn* forbad
Or trouble the Great *KING*, the beams of *SOL*.
Musick ith' Prow, so merry that 'twas mad.
Grating the Eare with a harsh noise. The whole
Consort, is onely crooked Horns, wreath'd round,
Which keep no time, but make a dismal sound.

97.

No less adorn'd, the *LUSITANIAN*
From the *Armada* in his *Boats* doth dance,
To meet *Him* of *MELINDE* with a *Train*
Whom much their *cloaths*, but more their *deeds* advance:
GAMA comes clad after the use of *SPAIN*,
But wears a *Caslock ala mode de France* :
The *Stuff*, a *Florence-Satin*; and the *dye*,
A perfect *Crimson*, glorious in their Eye.

98.

The *Sleeves* have *golden* Loops, which the Sun-shine
Makes too too bright and slippery for the Eyes :
His close *Camp-Trowzes* lac't with the same *myne*,
Which *Fortune* to so many men denyes:
Poynts likewise of the same, and *Tagging* fine,
With which his *Doublet* to his *Hose* he tyes.
A *Sword* of massive *Gold*, in *Hanger* tyde:
A *Cap* and *Plume*; the *Cap* set a toe side.

99.

Mong'st his *Camrades*, the noble *Tyrian dye*
(Not *livery-wise*, but) sparcl'd here, and there,
The sev'ral *Colours* recreate the Eye :
So do the diff'rent *Fashions* which they weare.
Such their inamel'd *Cloathes* Varietie
(Compriz'd in one survey) as doth appear
The painted *Bow*, in *water-colours* laid,
Of *Juno's* Minion, the *Thaumantian* Mayd.

100.

The ratling *Trumpets*, now, their joy augment
 As, *other times*, they had their courage done.
 The *Moorish* Boats cover'd the Sea, and went
 Sweeping the Water with their silks Anon.
 The *Clouds* of H E A V'N the-thund'ring *Cannon* rent,
 And with new *Clouds* of *Smoak* put out the *Sun*.

Before the *Blow* the winged lightning flies:
 The M O O R S's hands stop their *Eares*, the lids their *Eyes*.

101.

Into the *Captain's* Boate the K I N G doth come
 (Folding him in his Arms) And He agin
 With such respect and rev'rence, as become,
 Doth both receive, and speak unto, the K I N G.
 A while with wonder and Amazement, dumb,
 The M O O R on G A M A stands confidering,
 As He That highly doth esteem the Man
 Who came so far to seek the *Indian* Stran.

102.

Then makes him a large proffer, of whate'r
 To do him good his *Kingdom* can afford;
 And that he freely would demand it *there*
 As his own goods, if ought he lackt aboard.
 Adds, though till now he saw the L U S I A N S ne're
 Yet he from F A M E had heard much of their S W O R D;
 And how, in other *Parts* of A F F R I C A,
 They have had wars with People of *his* way.

103.

And how through all that spacious L A N D resown
 The glorious *Actions* of that N A T I O N,
 When they therein did gain that *Kingdom's Crown*,
 Where the H E S P E R I D E S of old did won.
 And *most* of That, which to the K I N G was known
 (Although the least the P O R T I N G A L L S had done)
 He spread out thin in words, and magnifide:
 But to the K I N G de G A M A thus reply'de.

104.

O great and gracious K I N G, who dost (alone)
 The *Lusitanian* People's sad estate,
 (By N E P T U N E's rage, and *adverse Fortune*, thrown
 Into so many streights) Commiserate:
 The K I N G O F K I N G S (who, from th'eternal *Throne*,
 Turning H E A V'N round, did the round *Earth* create,
 Since *Mercy* is his chiefest Attribute)
 Reward thee for it, for *We* cannot do't.

G 2

Then

105.

Thou onely, of all Those *APOLLO* blacks,
 In peace receiv'st us from the Ocean vast:
 In *Thee*, from peril of *Eolian* Wracks,
 We find a *Refuge* kind, *syncere*, and fast.
 Whilst the *Sun* lights, whilst *Night* his presence lacks,
 In *HEAVEN*'s blew *Meade* whilst *Stars* take their repast,
 Where're *I* go, in either *Hemisphere*,
 Thy *Name*, and *Praises*, shall be sounded there.

106.

This humbly said, towards the *Fleet* they row,
 (The *KING* requesting that he *now* may see't).
Ship after *Ship* about it round they go:
 That he of *All* may note *all* he thinks meet.
 Lame *VULCAN* walks on *Lynstocks* to and fro,
 With which the *Guns* salute him from the *Fleet*.
 The *Trumpets* play unto him in shrill notes:
 The *MOORS* with *Cornets* answer from the *Boates*.

107.

But when the gen'rous King had ceast to Noate
 All That he would, nor heard with little wonder
 Th'unusual *Instrument* with the wide Throate
 That speaks so big, and tears the Clouds in sunder;
 He bids them (in the *Sea* anch'ring the *Boate*)
 Suspend their *Oars*, as they had done their *thunder*:
 That he may know at large of brave *DE GAME*.
 Those things, which *lightly* he had heard from *FAME*.

108.

The *MOOR* doth into sev'ral questions run,
 With *gust* inquiring, sometimes of the great
 And famous *Wars* between our *NATION*,
 And *Those* who do believe in *MAHOMET*.
Now of the *LAND* we dwell in, which the *Sun*
 Bids last *good night*, when he makes hast to set;
Now, of the *NATIONS* which therewith confine;
Now of his ploughing through the *Gulphs* of *Brine*.

109.

But rather, valiant *Captain* (quoth the *KING*)
 Make us a full and orderly *narration*.
 Under what *Part* of the *CELESTIAL RING*,
 Under what *Clyme* ye have your Habitation;
 Also your ancient *Generation*'s spring,
 And, of a *REALM* so potent the Foundation;
 With the successes of your *Wars*: For (though
 I know them not) that they were vast I know.

Tell

110

Tell us besides, of all that tedious *maze*.
 Through which thou hast been tost with angry flaws
 On the salt *Seas*, observing the strange ways
 Of our rude *AFFRICK*, and the *barbarous* Laws.
Tell; For the *Horse* of the new *Sun*, the *DAY'S*
 Imbroydered *Coasts* with golden *traces* draws,
Postilion'd by the *MORN*: The *Wind's* asleep,
 And the curst *Billowes* couch upon the *DEEP*.

111.

And if the *Winds* and *Seas* are hush'd, to hear
 The *story* thou shalt tell: no less are *Wee*.
Who would not lend *your Acts* a greedy *Eare*?
Who hath not heard of *Lusus's* Progenie?
SOL (who the *Brain* of *man* doth purge and cleer)
 Drives not his *Coach* thus nigh us as you see,
 To have *MELINDIAN'S* thought so dull a *Breed*,
 As not to value an *Heroick* deed.

112.

A daring War the haughty *GYANTS* made
 Upon *OLYMPUS* permanent and pure:
 Rash *THESEUS*, and *PERITHOUS*, did invade
 Grim *PLUTO'S* Kingdom horrid and obscure.
 If such *high Boys* as these the world hath had,
 'Tis not less *hard*, nor will less *Fame* procure;
 Then the attempting *HEAV'N* and *Hell* by *Them*,
 That *others* should attempt the *Watry Realm*.

113.

DIANA'S Temple built by *TESIPHON*
 (Rare *Architect!*) *HOROSTRATUS* burnt down:
 To be talkt of, though for a Thing ill done,
 And *dye* *defam'd*, rather than *live unknown*.
 If on so false, and vile *Foundation*,
 The sweet desire deceives us of *Renown*;
 How much more lawful is't to seek a name
 By deeds deserving everlasting *FAME*?

End of the second Canto.

Third

Third Canto.

STANZA. 1.

Now what illustrious GAMA, neer the *Line*,
 Inform'd that KING, report CALIOPH:
 Breathe an immortal *Song*, and *voice* divine,
 Into this mortal *Breast*, that's big with *Thee*:
 So, never the great God of *Medicine*,
 (To whom thou ORPHEUS bar'st) love CLYCIE,
 Court DAPHNE more, or call LEUCOTHOR Friend,
 Since *Thou* in Beauty doest them *All* transcend.

2.

Thou, *Nymph*, promote my pious just desire
 To pay my Country what to *It* I owe;
 That the whole *world* may listen, and admire
 To see from *Tagus* AGANIPPE flowe.
 Leave PINDUS's flow'rs: For (Loe!) the *Muses's* Sire
 Bathes me in *Sacred* dew from top to toe.
 If not, I swear thou hast some jealousy
 ORPHEUS (thy joy) should be eclyps'd by me.

3.

To hear the noble GAMA, In a *Ring*
 Gather'd was all th'attentive Companie;
 When (having sat a while considering)
 Raising his manly Visage, thus said *He*.
 Thou doest command me to unfold (O KING)
 My noble NATION's *genealogie*:
 Thou bid'st me not to tell a *forraign story*,
 But of my *own* thou bid'st me tell the glory.

4.

Upon *Another's* Prayses to dilate
 Is usual, and that which Friends doth raise:
 But of One's *own* the Prayses to relate,
 Will prove (I fear me) a suspected praise.
 Besides, to praise *ours* to the worth, the date
 Would first expire of fix the longest days.
 But (to serve *Thee*) a double fault I'll do:
 I'll praise my *own*, and crop their praises too.

Yet

.5.

Yet what in fine doth animate me, is,
I'm sure of *Lying* I shall run no danger :
For of such *deeds* say what I can, I wis
I shall leave more to th'utterance of a stranger.
But (to pursue that *method* in all this
Thy self prescrib'd, nor seem in all a Ranger)
First, of the *Territory* large I'll tell ;
Then, of the bloody *Battles* that befell.

6

Between the *Zone* where *Cancer* bends his clutch
(To the bright *Sun* a Bound *Septentrional*)
And *that* which for the *Cold* is shun'd as much,
As for the *Heate* the middle *Zone* of all,
Proud *EUROPE* lyes : whose *North*, and parts which touch
Upon the *Occident*, have for their Wall
The *OCEAN*; and, with unreturning Waves,
Her *South*, the *SEA-MEDITERRANEAN* laves.

7.

Upon the *East* she neighbours *ASIA* :
But that *cold River* with the *doubling* stream
(Which from *Riphean Mountains* plough his way
To the *Meotick Lake*) divideth Them :
So doth that 'furious and that horrid *Sea*
Which with their *Fleet* th'incens'd *GREEKS* did steme ;
From whence the *Sayler now* with his *mind's* eye
Sees the name onely of once glorious *TROY*.

8.

Where she is most beneath the *Artick Pole*
The *Hyperborean Mountains* she doth see ;
And *those*, where *EOL* reigns without controule,
Owing to blustering their *Nobility*.
'The *Sun*, That spreads his lustre through the *Whole*,
His rays have *here* such imbecility,
That a deep snow is *still* upon the Mountains,
The *Sea still* frozen, frozen *still* the Fountains.

9.

Here *SCYTHS*, and *TARTARS*, in great numbers, live ;
Who were engag'd in a sharp *war* of old,
About their *Pedigrees* prerogative,
With those who *then* th'*EGYPTIAN-LAND* did hold.
But, where the justice of the *Cause* to give
Being hard by erring *Mortals* to be told,
To get more certain information, look
In the *Clay-Office* from which *Man* was took.

10.

In that far *Nook* (to name of many some)
 Are the cold *LAPLAND*; *NORWAY* comfortless;
SCANDIA that triumpht o're triumphant *ROME*
 (Which her proud ruines to this day confels).
Here, whilst the waters are not stiffe, and numb,
 With *Winters* Ice glazing the *BALTICK-SEAS*,
 That *Arm* of the *SARMATICK OCEANE*
 Sayles the brave *Swede*, the *Prussian*, and the *Dane*.

11.

Betwixt *this* Sea, and *TANAIS*, live strange *Nations*:
RUTHENI, frozen *MUSCOVITES*, *LIVONIANS*,
 That were in former Ages the *SARMATIANS*,
 And, in th'*HERCINIAN FOREST*, the *POLONIANS*.
 Held of the *GERMAN EMPIRE* are *ALSATIANS*,
SAXONS, *BOHEMIANS*, *HUNGARS*, or *PANNONIANS*:
 With divers *other*, whom the *RHINE*'s cold waves,
 The *ELVE*, the *MOZELL*, and the *DANOW* laves.

12.

'Twixt wandring *ISTER*, and that *NARROW-SEA*
 Where, with her life, fair *HELLE* left her *name*,
 The warlike *THRACIANS* dwell: who lay a plea
 To *MARS* his *Sword*, as from whose loyns they came.
Here *HÆMUS*, and *ORPHEAN RHODOPE*,
 Obey the *OTTOMAN*; and (to the shame
 Of Christendom) *BYZANTIUM*'s noble Seat,
 A proud affront to *CONSTANTINE THE GREAT*.

13.

The next in order *MACEDONIA* stands,
 Bath'd with the *Afian* (now *LEPANTO*'s) *Sea*:
 And likewise *you*, O admirable *LANDS*,
 Where *Wit*, and *Manners*, were in high degree;
 Which bred those solid *Heads*, and valiant *Hands*,
 Those streams of *Eloquence*, and *Poetrie*,
 With which *Thou* (famous *GREECE*) unto the skies
 As well by *Letters*, as by *Arms* didst rise.

14.

DALMATIANS follow *Them*: and, in that Bay
ANTENOR chose for his new *City*'s Syre,
VENICE (like *VENUS*) rises from the *Sea*;
 From low beginnings swoln to that proud hight.
 That *Sea*, an *Arm* of *Land* doth overlay,
 Which the whole *WORLD* subjected by its might.
 That *Arm* (no less then *GREECE*) to *HEAVEN* soar'd
 With the two *wings* of *LEARNING*, and *THE SWORD*.

'Tis

15.

'Tis wall'd by *nature*, part, where it doth joyn
 Unto the ALPS thick shoulders: NEPTUNE barrs
 The rest with his salt waves: The APPENINE
 Cuts it's middle: where your LYBIAN MARS
 Wan him such Fame. But *now*, since the *divine*
Porter hath got it (impotent in *Wars*)

'Tis stript of the vast pow'r it had before:

"So much is GOD delighted with the *pore*.

16.

Pass we from thence to FRANCE, so much of old
 With CÆSAR's triumphs through the World renown'd.
 'Tis water'd with the ROYAL SEYN, the cold
 GAROON, the pleasant LOYRE, the RHINE *profound*.
Now those high Mountains in the clouds behold
 Which still the lost PYRENE's name resound:
 From which, being fir'd (as ancient Books have told)
 Rivers ran down of *Silver*, and of *Gold*.

17.

Loe! here displays it self illustrious SPAIN,
 As *Head* there of all EUROPE: In whose strange
 Successes of their Wars, and ways of *raign*,
 FATE's wheel gave many a *turn*, wrought many a *change*.
 But never *Force*, or *Fraud*, shall fix a stain
 (Through *Fortune's* humor always giv'n to range)
 But SPAIN will finde a time to wipe it out,
 And make her blasted *honors* freshly sprout.

18.

She faces TINGITANIA: and There
 (As if to make the *Mid-land Sea* an *Isle*)
 The well-known STREIGHTS to close their jaws appeare
 Innobled with the THEBAN's latest *Toyle*.
 With diff'rent Nations she her head doth reare
 (*Sea-girt* three sides, the fourth with *Hilly Pyle*)
 Of such Nobility and Valour *All*,
 That *each* pretends to be the *principal*.

19.

She has the ARRAGONIAN, so renown'd
 For conqu'ring twice stubborn PARTHENOPE:
 Those of NAVAR: ASTURIANS, who did bound
 The MOORS, broke in upon us like a Sea.
 She has the shrewd GALLEGO, many-crown'd
 CASTILIAN, whom his *Star* reserv'd to be
 SPAIN's great *Restorer* and her *Lord*: SEVILIA,
 GRANADA, LEON, MURCIA, with CASTILIA.

H

The

20.

The LUSITANIAN KINGDOM here survey,
 Plac't as the *Crown* upon fair EUROPE's Head:
 Where (the *Land* finishing) begins the *Sea*,
 And whence the *Sun* steps to his watry Bed.
This, first in *Arms* (by gracious HEAV'N's decree)
 Against the filthy MAURITANIAN sped:
 Throwing him out of *Her* to his old Nest
 In burning AFFRICK; nor *there* let him rest.

21.

Thut, *That*, the loved EARTH where I was born!
 To which if kinder HEAV'N do so dispose
 That I (this *Task* perform'd) aliver return:
 With *It*, my dying Eyes, *there* let me close.
 From LYSUS (which the *Latines* LUSUS turn)
 Old BACCHUS's *Camrade*, or (as some suppose)
 His *Son*, was LUSITANIA's name deriv'd,
 When in that Countrey his *Plantation* thriv'd,

22.

Here was that *Shepherd* born, who in his *Name*
 (As well as in his *Actions*) did write MAN:
 Whom none must hope to equal in his *Fame*
 Since that of ROME he to eclipse began.
 This *Spot*, through shuffling of light *Fortune's* Game,
 TIME (who devours his *children*) saw, Anan,
 On the WORLD's *Theater* a great *Part* play
 Rays'd to a *Kingdom*: and it was this way.

23.

There was in SPAIN a *King* (ALPHONSO hight)
 Who made so close a *War* upon the MORE,
 That (what with *policy*, and what with *might*)
 Many he slew, and many a Town he bore.
 This KING's sublime *Renown* taking her flight
 From *Streights* Herculean to the *Caspian Shore*,
Diverse (affecting an *immortal name*)
 To *Him* and *Death* to offer themselves came.

24.

Others (more fir'd with an *intrinsic* love
 Of *Christian Faith*, then Honour popular)
 Flock from all Corners: willing to remove
 Both from sweet *Countrey*, and from private *Lar*.
 But, when their names, by *Actions* rais'd above
 The vulgar pitch, they *All* advanc't in War;
 The fam'd ALPHONSO, for such gallant deeds,
 Would have them reap proportionable meeds.

Amongst

25.

Amongst These HENRY (saith the History)
 A younger son of FRANCE, and a brave Prince,
 Had PORTUGAL in lot, in the *World's* eye
 Not *then* so glorious, nor so large, as *since*.
 And the same KING did his own daughter tye
 To *Him* in Wedlock, to infer from thence
 His firmer love: as giving, in her hand,
 The *Livery and Seisin* of that LAND.

26.

He (when against the *Off-spring* of the Hand-
 Maid HAGAR mighty Conquests he had won,
 Gaining in much of the adjacent LAND,
 And doing what was comely to be done)
 Obtains from *Him*, who doth high *Heav'n* command
 In a short time (to guerdon All) a Son:
 Who (adding to his *Father's* worth, his *owne*)
 Shall first erect the LUSITANIAN THRONE.

27.

HENRY was now come from the HOLY LAND,
 And Conquest of enslav'd JERUSALEM;
 Having seen consecrated JORDAN'S Strand,
 That saw the flesh of GOD bath'd in his stream;
 For, GODFREY finding nothing could withstand
 After JUDEA was subdu'd by Him,
 Many, who in that War had giv'n him Ayd,
 Their wisht return to their *Dominions* made:

28.

When, come to the last *Exit* of his Age
 The famous FRENCH-MAN (to a wonder brave)
 Pull'd by DEATH'S hand down from this mortal Stage,
 His *Spirit*, unto *Him*, that gave it, gave.
 His *Son* remain'd in tender *upillage*,
True Copy of his *Sire* that's in the Grave:
 Then whom more excellent the world had none,
 For such a *Father* must have such a *Son*.

29.

But *old* Report (how *true* I cannot say:
 For things so distant with much night are spread)
 Tells, how the *Mother*, taking all the way,
 Scorn'd not to stoop unto a second Bed:
 And, for herself an *After-Game* to play,
 Her *Fatherless-Son* disinherited:
 Claiming for *Hers* the Land, and *Princely* Pow're,
 As giv'n her by her *Father* for a dow're.

30.

Then young ALPHONSO (so the *Prince* they call,
 Inheriting his *Grandfire* in his Name)
 Despairing by fair means of PORTUGALL,
 For that the *Mother*, and her *Groom*, the same
 Usurp, and mean from *Him* to give it All:
 (His bosom boyling with a *Martial* flame)
 By force to seize it in his mind revolves,
 As briskly executes what he resolves.

31.

The blushing Plains of ARADUCA groan,
 With *one-same* blood of *War intestine* dide;
 In which the *Mother* (whose *deeds* spake her *none*)
 The *Son* her *love*, and his own LAND deny'de:
 Now stands against him in *battalion*,
 And cannot see (being blinded with her pride)
 How much she sins 'gainst HEAV'N, and *natural Love*:
 But in her Breast the *sensual* swims above.

32.

O Witch MEDEA! PROGNE, with blood-stain!
 If for their *Fathers*, not their *own* misdeeds,
 By *you* your *children* in *Revenge* were slain,
 Behold, TERESA's *Sin* ev'n *yours* exceeds!
Incontinence, the sacred Thirst of *Raign*,
 These are the Causes whence *her Crime* proceeds.
 SCYLLA her aged *Father* slew through *one*:
 Through *Both* TERESA goes against her *Son*.

33

But the brave *Prince* a perfect conquest had
 O're an *ill mother*, and a *Father-in-Law*.
 Forthwith, the *Victor*, all the LAND obey'd
 That did before their swords against him draw.
 Then (by his *Wrath* his *judgement* overstay'd)
 Fast laid in *Irons* he his *Mother* saw:
 Which GOD's avenging Hand did soon pursue.
 "Such *Reverence* is to *all Parents* due.

34.

Loe! proud CASTEEL unites her Forces all
 (To be reveng'd for sad TERESA's wrong)
 Against the few-in-People PORTINGALL:
 But, though his *Troops* be *weake*, his *Heart* is strong.
 His mortal Head with Shield *Angelical*
 Hid in the day of *Battail* from a throng
 Of falling darts, not onely firm he stands
 Their shock, but routs the formidable Bands.

Yet,

25.

Yet, not long after, was this valiant *Prince*
In the same *ARADUCA* (his chief Nest)
Blockt up with a vast Army, to which, since
Their late defeat, the angered *Foes* increast.
But by his faithful *Tutor EGAS*, thence
(Offering himself to death) he was releast.
Else (of all needful matter ill bested)
He in that streight had surely perished.

26

But the best *Servant* ever *Master* found,
Seeing his *Prince* can no resistance make,
That he should hold of *Him* the Countrey round
To the *CASTILIAN KING* did undertake.
He (having honest *EGAS MONIZ* bound)
The dreadful siege did presently forsake.
But the *Illustrious youth* cannot afford
To pay low *Homage* to another *Lord*.

27.

The time prefixed was arrived now
When the *CASTILIAN MONARCH* made account
To do him homage that the *Prince* would bow
As to his *Founder*, and *Lord Paramount*.
EGAS (who knew *that* would not be, and how
Because of *Him CASTEEL* rely'de upon't)
Resolves his broken promise, at the rate
Of his sweet life's expence, to expiate.

28.

And, with his *children*, and dear *Wife*, he went
T' unpawn and to redeem his morgag'd Faith,
Barefoot and bareleg'd, and with eyes so bent
To th' Earth, as would move pity more then wrath.
If my rash *confidence* thou have intent
To scourge as it deserves (O *KING*) he saith;
Loe, here I bring thee of mine own accord
A *life*, in lieu of ill-accomplisht word!

29.

Loe here (to piece out *mine*) the innocent
Lives, of my *Wife* and *Babes*, before thy Eyes!
If *Bosoms* generous and excellent
Accept so frail and dire a *Sacrifice*.
Loe here the guilty *Hands*, and *Tongue*! invent
All sorts of *pains* and *deaths* to exercise
On *These*: such as may prove fierce *SCINIS* dull
In mischief, and out-roare *PERILLUS's Bull*.

Just

40.

Just as before the *Heads-man* one condemn'd,
 Who doth in *life* his *death* anticipate,
 And now upon the *Block* his Neck extend,
 For the fear'd stroke which must dispatch him straight:
 So *E G A S* look't, expecting the worst end
 Could be pronounc't by *K I N G*'s deserved Hate.
 But the *K I N G* seeing such stupendious *Faith*,
Mercy at length could more with him, then *Wrath*.

41.

O great, and *Portingal-Fidelitie*,
 Payd by a *Subject* to his *Prince*! What more
 Perform'd the *P E R S I A N* in that *Project* high,
 When *Nose* and *Face* he carbonado'd o're;
 Which made the great *D A R I U S* (fighting) cry,
 His brave *Z O P Y R U S*, such as he was once,
 H'had rather have, then twenty *B A B I L O N S*?

42.

But now the Prince *A L F O N S O* did provide
 The happy *Host* of *L U S I T A N I A*
 Against the *M O O R S*, who, on the other side
 Of *T A G U S*'s delectable River, lay.
 Now in the fam'd *O R I Q U E*'s Champion wide
 The proud and warlike *Troops* he doth aray,
 Just in the beard of the confronted *M O O R*:
 As rich in *courage*, as in *numbers* poor.

43.

His *Trust* is not in *Flesh*, but placed all
 In the eternal *G O D*, That *Heav'n* doth steer:
 For the baptiz'd Army was so small,
 To his one man an hundred *M O O R S* there were.
Those, who consider things by *Reason*, call
 It *madness* rather, then the effect of cleer
 And sober *beate*, on such vast *Heapes* to run,
 Where there's an hundred *Horsemen* to his one.

44.

Five *M O O R I S H K I N G S* he hath that day defy'de
 Of whom the *Chief* hath *I S M A R* to his name:
 All with the style of *S O L D I E R* dignity'de,
 By which is purchas'd immortal *Fame*.
Each had his *Mistress* fighting by his side,
 Like *that*, as beautiful, as warlike, *D A M E*
 Who helpt so long to prop up falling *T R O Y*;
 And *Those*, who streams of *T H E R M O D O N T* injoy.

Now

45.

Now did AURORA, beautiful and cleer,
 Out of the *Welkin* chase the *golden Fry* :
 When MARY's son, ALPHONSO's heart to cheer,
 Appear'd to him upon *the Cross* on high.
 Whom worshipping, That thus vouchsaf't t'appeer,
 All of a fire with *Faith* the *Prince* doth cry,
 Not to me LORD, but to the INFIDEL:
 Not unto me, who know thy pow'r so well.

46.

This *miracle* of mercy so inflam'd
 The *POTINGALLS*, and did their minds erect,
 That they the gallant *Prince* their KING acclaim'd,
 Whom with such cordial love they did affect;
 And (*drawing up* before the *Foe*) proclaim'd
 To HEAV'N, and to the *World*, their new *Elect*:
 Crying aloud; THE ARMY, CROWN AND ALL,
 FOR GREAT ALPHONSO KING OF PORTUGALL.

47.

As a fierce *Mastiff* in the woody CHACE
 (Whom *Shouts*, and *Hunters Instruments* incite)
 Attacks a *Bull*, the which his Trust doth place
 In his sharp *Horns*'s irrefragable might;
 Now fastning on his flank, now on his Face,
 More nimble at the turn, then strong in fight;
 Till, tearing out his Throat, down falls the *Beast*,
 The groaning *Mountain* with his weight oppress:

48

So the new KING (with courage no less new
 Inflam'd by GOD, and by the *People*, Both)
 Upon the *barb'rous Hoast*, before him, flew
 With his bold Troops, impetuous, and wroth.
 With this, the *dogs* take up a Howle and rue-
 Full Cry, the *people* rowze, th' *Alarum* goeth:
 They snatch their *Spears*, and Bowes, the *Trumpets* found;
 Loud *Instruments* of war go bellowing round.

49.

As when a fire in Stubble dry begun
 (The whistling *Boreas* hapning then to blow)
 Fann'd by the *Bellows* of the *Wind*, doth run
 To the next which *Field*, *Furzes* overgrow;
 And there a knot of *Shepherds* (who upon
 The grassie ground sweet slumbers undergo)
 Wak't by the crackling flames in the thick Brake,
 Snatch up their *Hooks*, and to the *Village* make:

50

So the surprized Moors, and thunder-strook,
 Catch up their *weapons*, which lye round about.
 Yet fled not, *these*; but to their *Arms* they took,
 And spur'd their warlike *Barbs*, resolv'd and stout.
 The PORTINGALL incounters them unshook,
 He makes his *Lances* at their *backs* come out.
Some drop half-dead, some tumble dead outright,
Others invoke the ALCORAN, and fight.

51.

Most terrible Incounters, *there*, resound;
 Enough to shake in its firm seat a Rock:
 When those fierce *Beasts*, the Trident-strooken ground
 Product (with their more furious *Burthens*) shock.
 No *Nook* exempt, the *war* is kindled round,
 Vast *wounds* are given, *Neither* hath cause to mock:
 But those of *Lusus*, Armours, Males, and all,
 Break, cut, hack, batter, penetrate, and maule.

52.

Heads from the *shoulders* leap about the *Field*;
Arms, *Leggs*, without or *Sence*, or *Master*, flye.
Others (their panting entrails trailing) wheel'd;
Earth in their bloodless *cheek*, *death* in their *Eye*.
Th'impious Army now the *day* doth yield:
Rivers of Blood flow from their *wounds*, whereby
 The *Field* it self doth lose its colour too,
 And into *Crimson* turns the *verdant* hew.

53.

The PORTINGALL victorious doth remain,
 Reaping the *Trophies* and the wealthy *Prey*.
 Having discomfited the MOOR of SPAIN,
 Three days the GREAT KING on the *place* doth stay.
 In his broad *Shield* (which he till then bore plain)
 A *Badge* eternal of this glorious *day*,
Five small *Shields* azure he doth now include,
 In sign of these *five Kings* by *Him* subdu'de.

54.

In these *five Shields* he paints the *Recompence*
 For which THE LORD was sold, in various Ink
 Writing *his* history, who did dispence
 Such favour to him, more then *Heart* could think.
 In every of the *Five* he paints *Five-pence*,
 So sums the *Thirty* by a *Cinque-fold Cinque*;
 Accounting that which is the *Center*, twise,
 Of the *five Cinques*, which he doth place *Cross-wise*.

Some

55.

Some time after *he* gave this grand defeat
 Th'illustrious KING (whose Thoughts to *Heaven* soare)
 To take in *LEYRIA* marcht; which *Those*, *He* beat,
 Had took from *Him* a little while before.
 To boot, the strong *ARRONCHEZ* he doth get:
 And, with her pleasant *Vale*, the evermore
 Glorious *SCABELICASTRO* (*Santaréne*)
 Which *Thou*, sweet *TAGUS*, waterst so serene.

56.

Unto these noble *Towns* reduc't, he soon
 Adds *MAFRA*, dar'd by 'his victorious Wings;
 Then, in the famous *Mountains of the Moon*
 Cold *SYNTRA* (forc'd) to his obedience brings:
Syntra, in which the *NAYADES* do run
 From the sweet *Snares*, hiding themselves in Springs.
 But *LOVE* hath *Nets* will *there* too serve their turn:
 And in the *water* will his *wild-fire* burn.

57.

And *Thou*, fair *LISBON* (worthy to be crown'd
 Of all the *Cities* of the *WORLD* the *Queen*)
 Which that great *Prince of Eloquence* did found,
 Who by *his wit* *TROY-TOWN* had ruin'd seen;
Thou (whom obeys the *Ocean-Sea* profound)
 By the brave *PORTINGALLS* wer't taken in,
 Helpt by a potent *Fleet*, which at that time
 Happen'd to come out of the *Northern Clime*:

58.

Thence, from the *German ELVE*, and from the *RHENE*,
 And from the *Brittish-Sea* commanding *THEAMES*,
 Sent to destroy th'usurping *SARACIN*,
 And free their sister *JORDAN's* captive streames.
These, entering *TAGUS's* pleasant mouth, and then
 With great *ALPHONSO* joyn'd (whose *Glory's* beames
 Attract all Hearts, but *those* his name appalls)
 A *Seige* is laid to th'*ULYSSEAN WALLS*.

59.

Five times the *Moon* did hide her horned head,
 And other five her face at full displayd;
 When by main force the *City* entered
 The will of the *Beleaguerer* obeyd.
 Fierce was the *Bastail*, much the *blood* there shed,
 As needs they must be (circumstances weigh'd)
 Between rough *Conquerours*, That all things dare,
 And conquer'd People driven to despair.

I

Thus

60.

Thus *Shée*, was after some few Months expence
 Compell'd to stoop to this *new Victor's* law;
 Whom in *old time* to *their* obedience,
 With all their might cold *Vandals* could not draw:
 Whose *pow'r* (which own'd no *bound*, stuck at no *Fence*)
EBRE, and *GOLDEN TAGUS*, trembling law:
 And *BETIS* *they* did so entirely tame,
 They did *that Land* *VANDALUSIA* name.

61.

If noble *LISBON* could not stand it out,
 Where is that *City* so resolv'd, and strong,
 That can resistance make to such a stout
 And warlike people (*FAME's* immortal song)
 Now all *ESTREMADURA's* at his Foot,
OBIDOS fair, *ALENQUER* proud (among
 Whose pleasant *Groves* runs many a River sweet,
 Murm'ring, as if too good to wash their Feet)
 And *TORRESUEDRAS*.

62.

You likewise, O ye fair *TRANS-TAGAN LANDS*
 (Which golden *CERES* with her Bounty crowns)
Hee, who brings more then *Mortall* strength, commands
 Out of your *Fortis*, and Arms. And you (the *Clowns*
 Of *AFRICA*) who plough'd them with *your* hands,
 Hope not to reap the *Fruits*: For the good *Towns*
 Of *MOURA*, *SERPA*, *YELVES*, by assault
 Are taken, and *ALCACER OF THE SALT*.

63.

Lo! now that noble *City* (certain *Seat*
 Of the brave *Rebell* in old time, *SERTORIUS*;
 Where still his far-fetcht Water pure and neat,
 To serve the place b' an act so meritorious
 Through *Arches* on Two hundred *Pillars* set
 Doth pass, with *Royall restoration* glorious)
 Ev'n *Her*, the bold *GERARDO's* prowess brings
 To own, and serve, the *LUSITANIAN KINGS*.

64.

Against the *City* now of *Beya*,
 To take revenge for spoyl'd *TRANCOS's* Town,
ALPHONSO goes; who cannot rest a Day
 For ymping a *short life* with *long Renown*.
 Before this *City* long he doth not stay;
 And (storming it b' a part that's beaten down)
 Enraged enters: where, of all that breathes,
 His hungry *Steel* he in the Bowels sheathes.

Jointly

65.

Jointly with *these*, PALMELA doth he *win*;
 Fishy CIZIMBRA too: nor *wins* alone,
 But (his good *star* assisting him therein)
 A potent *Army* there hath overthrowne.
 The *Town* saw his intent, so did her *King*:
 Nor was he backward to relieve the *Towne*.
 Careless he marcht along the Mountain-side,
 Little imagining what did betide.

66.

'Twas He of BADACHOZ (a haughty MORE)
 Four thousand furious *Spirits* were his HORSE,
 Of INFANTRY innumerable store,
 With gilded Arms (*Gallants*, and *Warriors*)
 But, as in *May* a jealous *Bull* (before
 He is perceiv'd) rushes with all his force
 Upon a *Travailer*, and runs him over,
 (Twice mad, both as a *Beast*, and as a *Lover*):

67.

Just so ALPHONSO, from an *Ambush* clofe,
 Assaults the people that securely past;
 Strikes, overturns, and kills; The Field he mows;
 The MOORISH KING flies for his life in haft.
 Struck vvith a *Pannick* fear, the *Remnant* throwvs
 Avvay their *Arms*; and followvs him as fast:
 They That made all this Havock, being a *Force*
 (*Good God*!) consisting but of fixty *Horse*.

68.

The *Victory* vvithout delay, the great
 And indefatigable KING pursues,
 Causing his Drums through all the *Realm* to beat
 (Conqu'ring of LANDS he as his *Trade* doth use)
 Besiegeth BADACHOZ, and soon doth get
 The end of his desire: For *there* he shevvs
 So much of *Souldier*, and a *Soul* so high;
 That keep, *It* must the *others* company.

69.

But the great GOD (vvho keeps his *Rods* in store,
 For such as merit them, till his ovvn time;
 Whether, for *Sinners* to amend, before
 They fall: or CAUSES, *Man* can not divine)
 If he, *till now*, the valiant KING forbore,
 And (through all dangers leading) gave him *line*:
 Yet *now*, he vvill *no longer* let him be,
 From his imprison'd MOTHEN'S curses, free.

70.

For lying in this *City* weakly man'd,
 The *LEON-MEN* besiege th'ill-guarded Walls,
 'Cause he that *Conquest* took out of *their* Hand,
 Being of *LEON*, and not *PORTUGAL'S*.
 Here dear did *Him* his Pertinacy stand,
 As in the *World* out oftentimes it falls:
 For in a furious *Sally* (his leg burst
 Against an *IRON*) he to yield was forc't.

71.

O famous *POMPEY*! Be not *Thou* in pain
 To see thy *Glories's* sad *Catastrophie*;
 Or that just *NEMESIS* should pre-ordain
 Thy *Father-in-Law* to triumph over *Thee*;
 Though frozen *PHASIS*; and *BOOTES's* *Wayn*;
 The *Land* under the *BURNING AXLE-TREE*;
 And strange *SYENE*, where no *oblique Sun*
 A *Shadow* casts, and all the *day* is *Noon*;

72.

And *ENIOCHIAN'S* fierce; and *ARAB'S* rich;
 And *COLCHOS*, famous for the *Golden Sheep*;
 And *CAPPADOCEANS*; and *JUDEANS*, which
 Abolish't *Rites* so obstinately keep;
 And soft *SOPHENA*, scurft with pleasures Itch;
 And (with *SILICIAN-ROBBERS* on the *DEEP*)
ARMENIA, That *two Rivers* boasts, which came
 From *PARADISE*; All trembled at thy name:

73.

And though, in fine, from the *ATLANTICK-SEA*
 To *SCYTHIAN-TAURUS* with erected Crown,
Victorious: Wonder not, that thou shouldst be
 In the *PHARSALIAN BATTAIL* overthrown.
 For *high* and *great ALPHONSO* thou shalt see
 Bear *All* before him, and at last bourn down.

By a *Cross-match* of *FATE* were *Both* undon,
Thou by a *FATHER-IN-LAW*, *He* by a *SON*.

74.

The noble *KING* thus scourg'd by *HEAV'N*, at length
 Restor'd was to his *PORTUGAL* again.
There (after he had been; by a vast strength
 Of *MOORS*, in *SANTAREN* besieg'd in vain;
 And, after that the *Corps* of *St. VINCENTH*
 The *Martyr*, from that *Head of Land* in *SPAIN*
 Which by his name to all the world is known,
 Translated was to th'*ULYSSEAN TOWN*.)

75.

To carry on the Work by *Him* begun,
 The *old man* (weary) doth his *Son* command
 With men and warlike preparation
 To march into the ALENTEIAN-LAND.
 SANCHE (to prove himself his *Father's Son*)
 Like a strong stream let loose, passes beyond:
 And makes the *River* of GUADALQUIVIVER
 Run *Moorish blood*, That wont to run so clear.

76.

Fleht with his *winnings*, the young *Gamester* grows
 Now Covetous; and cannot rest, before
 He in a second Battail overthrows
 (In fight of BEIA) the beleagu'ring MORE.
 Nor long with this *design* in labour goes
 Ere he the *Bays* by *Him* desired Wore.
 The MOOR (on both sides justled to the Wall)
 Resolves at once to be reveng'd for all.

77.

Now, from the *Mountain* which MEDUSA star'd
 Out of *that* Body which the HEAV'N sustayn'd,
 From AMPHUSAS Promontory, hard
 They march; from TANGER, where ANTEUS reign'd.
 Of AVILA the *dwellers* are not spar'd:
 Doth likewise march (well-arm'd, and choicely train'd)
 At the harsh *Mauritanian* Trumpet's sound
 Of noble JUBA all the *Kingdom* round.

78.

With this huge mass of men his inroad made
 The great MIRAMOLIN in PORTUGAL.
 Twelve *Moorish Kings* he carry'd in his Ayd,
 'Mongst whom *He* wears the *Crown Imperial*.
 These, having in their march by *Parties* prey'd,
 And, where they could, destroy'd the Countrey all,
 In SANTAREN Don SANCHE close impound:
 But a sad Seige it will for *them* be found.

79.

Furious *assaults* th'incens'd MOOR doth make:
 A thousand *Stratagems* in practice puts.
 In vain huge *Stones* from horrid *Engins* brake:
 In vain the *Mine* is hid, and the *Rambuts*.
 ALPHONSO's *Son* is everywhere awake,
 Here his *Care* *sheilds*, and there his courage cuts.
 So what with *these*, and what with *martial Art*,
 Stopt is each *Meuse*, and guarded in each *part*.

But

80.

But the *old man* (whose burthen'd *Lims*, and *Head*,
 With *years*, and *Cares*, oblig'd him to repose)
 Retir'd into that *City*, whose fair Mead
 To sweet *MONDEGO's* streams its verdure owes;
 Hearing his *Son* is close beleaguered
 In *SANTAREN* by blind and barb'rous Foes,
 Flies from that *City* to his *Ayd*: For *Age*
 Cramps not his wonted *speed*, nor cools his *rage*.

81

He, with his *Troops* inur'd to warlike Feats,
 Thund'ring the *Reare*, and his *Son* salying out;
 The *PORTINGAL* (who now of custom bears)
 In a short space the *MOORS* doth wholly rout.
 With *Terbants*, *Cassacks*, *Faulchions*, *Covertlets*,
Cloaks with wrought *Capes*, the Field is strew'd about:
Horses, and their *Caparisons* (rich Prey)
 And by the *Horses* their dead *Masters* lay.

82.

The *Lustanian* Bounds the rest forego,
 Put to a hasty and disorder'd flight.
 The great *MIRAMOLIN*, he flies not though:
 For before *he* could fly, he fled the light.
 To *HIM*, who did this Victory bestow
 Are rendred thanks and Praises infinite:
 For in so great, and so apparent odds,
 The part *man* acts is the dumb shew to *GOD's*.

83.

This was the great *ALPHONSO's* latest wreath
 Of *Victory* (a *Prince* of vast Renown)
 When *He* who forg'd it with his *Sword* (his breath
 Deserting him) exchang'd his *MORTAL CROWN*.
 The hand of *sickness* ulh'ring that of *death*,
 Toucht his weak *Body*, and so pusht it down.
 Thus, whom so many had paid Tribute to,
 Paid the last tribute unto *Nature* due.

84.

Him did the lofty *Promontories* moan:
 With all their streams the widow'd *Rivers* wept,
 And (overflowing the *Fields*, newly sown,
 With rueful *Tears*) the next years *Harvest* swept.
 But through the world his living *FAME* is blown:
 And, where he reign'd, his *name* so fresh is kept;
 That *there* each *Hill*, and ev'ry echoing *Plain*,
ALFONSO calls, *ALPHONSO* — But in vain.

SAN-

85.

SANCHO succeeds (*valiant*, and in his *Spring*)
True Copy of his *Sire*, examin'd well
 By the *Original*, alive yet being
 When he with barb'rous blood made BETI's swell;
 And overturn'd the *Andalusian King*
 Of the accursed Race of ISHMAEL:
 But *better*; when at BEJA's siege he made
 Them feel the weight of his *Victorious* Blade.

86.

After he wore the LUSITANIAN CROWN
 (Some years elaps'd since he to reign began)
 Before the City SILVES he sat down
 Then in possession of the AFRICAN
 Assisted was he to take in this Town
 By *Strangers* from the *Northern Ocean*,
 With *Men*, and *Arms*, for ASIA bound: to joyne
 In rescue of distressed PALESTINE.

87.

They say'd, to second in the *Holy Cause*
 RED FREDRICK; who with a potent Hoast
 To the defence of that plagu'd City draws,
 By which the LORD OF LIFE his own life lost:
 When GUIDA with his *Troops* (having their jaws
 Parcht up with drowth) to the GREAT SOLDAN forst
 Were to surrender, where the *Miscreants*
 Have prepossess'd the *Springs* which GUIDO wants.

88.

But the fair *Navie* (forc't upon our shore
 By adverse *Winds*; though SANCHE's prosperous *Star*)
 Assists him willingly against the MORE,
 Since *one* and *rather* is a *Holy War*.
 As thy great *Father*, LISBON took before;
 Just *so*, and with the same *Auxiliar*,
 From the fierce *dwellers* tak'st Thou, SILVES: This
 Also, a noble *Realm's* METROPOLIS.

89.

And, if from the MAHUMETANS thou hast
 So many *trophies*; neither didst thou let
 The men of LEON (though in *Mountains* plac't,
 And nurst in bloody *Battail*) quiet set:
 Till thou a *Yoke* upon the Neck hadst cast
 Of their proud TUR, adding a *Coronet*
 Of *Towns* her Neighbours, on which Thou didst put
 (Renowned SANCHE) thy triumphant Foot.

But

90.

But *death* (like a bold *Thiefe*) did *Him* assault
 In his Career of *glory*. He was heyr'd
 B'a *Son* whom many Vertues did exalt:
Second ALPHONSO, of our *Kings* the *Therd*.
 In his *Raign* was *ALCACER OF THE SALT*
 Subdu'de again in spight of the *MOOR's* Beard;
 By whom late took, 'tis now re-took, with great
 Destruction of them, and four *Kings's* defeat.

91.

ALFONSO dead, The *Second SANCHE* came
 To hold the *Scepter*; Tame, and negligent:
 To that degree both negligent, and tame,
 That for the shadow of Himself he went.
 Then did *Another* (fitter for the same)
 Wrest from his hands that power, he was content
 To delegate. And why? He having none
 Himself, his *Minion's* Crimes were call'd his *owne*.

92.

No, no, our *SANCHE* was not of that mood
 Lewd *NERO* was, who married with a *Boy*;
 And after (with less guilt he shed her blood)
 His mother *AGRIPPINA* did enjoy:
 Nor (like the self-same *NERO*) piping stood,
 Then clapt his hands to see his burning *TROY*:
 Nor did his *daughter*, like one *King*, devour:
 Nor change his *Sex* like t'other *Emperour*.

93

He did not o're his People tyrannize,
 Like *Those* who *Kings* in *SYRACUSA* were:
 Nor hyr'd he men, strange Tortures to devise,
 Like *PHALARIS*, one of the *Tyrants* there.
 But the proud *Realm*, which too indulgent *skyes*
 Had us'd to *Kings*, who would indure no *Peere*;
 That likewise to such niceness did arrive
 T'indure no *King*, who had his *Peer* alive.

94.

Therefore *BOLONIA's* *Earl* the Helm did guide:
 Which he did after in his own right hold,
 When his still-sloathful Brother (*SANCHE*) dy'de.
 He (nam'd *ALPHONSO*, and surnam'd the *Bold*)
 After he had the *Kingdom* pacify'de;
 And all sharp humors seded, or controll'd;
 Thinks, how he may enlarge it by his merit:
 Too small a *Circle* for so great a spirit.

95.

Of the ALGARVES's land (the conquering
Whereof was giv'n him with his *Queen* in dow'r)
He gains in much, outing the *Moorish King*;
On all whose *Actions* now curst *MARS* did low'r.
But out of PORTUGAL did wholly fling
(By *Prudence* part; and part by *martial* pow'r.)
That pertinacious People, and did chace
From that *good Land* which *Lusus* left his Race.

96.

Now, DENIS! worthy his own *Parentage*:
And for whom *such* a *Father* should make room.
DENIS! Who strikes (in the way of *Patronage*)
The fame of ALEXANDER's bounty, dumb.
The *Land* got breath, and flourish'd in that *Age*
(Mild *Peace*, and, with peace, *Justice* from *Heav'n* come)
With *Constitutions*, *Laws*, and *Customs* right:
Of a calm *Kingdome* LUMINARIES bright.

97.

He, was the first That made COYMBRA shine
With *Lib'ral Sciences* which PALLAS taught;
By *Him*, from HELICON the *Muses Nine*
To bruize MONDEGO's grassie brink were brought;
Hither transferr'd APOLLO that rich *Mine*,
Which the old GREEKS in learned ATHENS wrought;
Here Ivy-Wreaths with *Gold* he interweaves,
And the coy DAPHNE's never-fading leaves.

98

Now noble *Cities* from the ground ascend,
Castles, and warlike *Fortresses* secure;
Scarce any Corner but this *Prince* doth mend:
Convents he builds, and *Towns* he doth immure.
But ATROPOS (the Best must have an End)
Shearing his golden *Thrid* in years mature,
His *Son* succeeds; not *dutiful* (the *Fourth*
ALPHONSE) but of high *courage*, and much *worth*.

99.

On proud CASTEEL he still with *Scorn* did look:
Yet free from *malice* as 'twas free from *fears*,
Onely men have a custom, in that *Nook*,
To dread no *pow'r* for being more then *theirs*.
For when the MAURITANIAN undertook
HESPERIA's second Conquest; and appears
Just ready now CASTILIANS to invade:
The brave ALPHONSO pow'rs in to their Aid:

K

Never

100.

Never SEMIRAMIS with such an *Hoast*
 Did swarm HYDASPES's banks, his Sands out-number;
 Nor ATTILA (He, who *Himself* did boast
 The *Scourge* of GOD, and was the *fright*, and *wonder*
 Of ITALY) so many GOTHs ingroft
 And Northern People: As of MOORS were under
 The AFFRICK-MOOR (with Those GRANADA yields)
 At that time mustred in *Tartessian* Fields.

101.

Then the CASTILIAN KING (who saw so great
 And vast a pow'r, against his Countrey bend;
 Nor weigh'd his *life*, but the intire *defeat*
 Of SPAIN it self (once lost) did apprehend)
 Help from the valiant PORTINGALL t'intreat,
 His dearest Consort to that Court did send:
 His *Wife* from whom the *Embassie* is sent,
 And his dear daughter unto whom it went.

102.

Vertuous MARIA, and as *fair* as good,
 Enters her Father's Palace (glorious dame!)
Lovely, in *Grief*; nor, though the water flood
 In her sweet eyes, did that suspend their flame.
 Her *Angel's* Tresses with a golden flood
 Coverd her *Ivory* shoulders: When she came
 Before her Sire (He overjoyd and kind)
 It rain'd down right, and thus she brake her mind.

103.

As many Nations as all AFFRICK bred
 (A People barbarous and inhumane)
 Hath the great King of the MOROCCO's led
 To take possession of illustrious SPAIN.
 So vast a pow'r ne're marcht under one Head
 Since the dry Earth was compact by the Main.
 It terrifies the living where it rolls,
 And ev'n alarums their dead Father's Souls.

104.

His frighted subjects to protect and skreen,
 He, whom thou hast my Lord and Husband made,
 Stands with small strength exposed to the keen
 And thirsty edges of the Moorish Blade;
 And I shall soon depriv'd of all be seen,
 If thou afford him not thy present ayd:
 A sad and private Woman, Husbandless.
 Without a Crown, or Him, or Happiness.

There-

105.

Therefore (O *King*) for very fear of whom
 The streams of hot *Maluco* do congeale;
 Succour, O! quickly to the succour come
 Of miserable and despis'd *CASTLE*.
 If that deare *smile* be an assenting dumb,
 If *that* thy fatherly affection seal.

Run Father; if thou do not, by the *MORE*
 I fear thou'lt find it *over-run* before.

106.

This with the self-same tone *MARIA* said
 To *King ALPHONSO* on her trembling knees,
 With which sad *VENUS* once her Father pray'd
 For her *ENEAS* tost on *Lybian Seas*;
 At which, with sense of the deep moan she made,
 Such tender pitty did *JOVE's* bowels seize,
 (Indulgent Sire!) he let his *Thunder* fall,
 And (griev'd she askt no more) granted her *all*.

107.

Streight armed *Squadrons*, glitt'ring in the Sun,
 Are mustred in the Fields of *EBORA*:
 Scowr'd is the *Sword*, the *Lance*, the *Murrian*:
 In rich *Caparisons* the *Horses* neigh.
 The *Trumpet* shrill, with pendant *Banner* done,
 Rowzes from *peaces* down (where long they lay)
 Their tickled Hearts to disaccustom'd *Arms*;
 And concave *Drums* go thund'ring fresh *Alarms*.

108.

Amongst them and *above* them *All* appeers
 Higher by head and shoulders then the rest
 (And where *He* goes the *Royal Standart* veers)
 Valiant *ALPHONSO* with erected Crest.
 His very *look*, it animates and cheers
 (If *there* are any) ev'n the *Coward's* Brest.

Into *CASTLE* thus marching is he seen
 With his fair *daughter*, the *Castilian Queen*.

109.

The two *ALPHONSO's* in conclusion joynd,
 Inwide *TARYFA's* Fields confronting stood
 The endless numbers of the people blind
 For vvhom too narrow are both *Plain* and *Wood*.
 Of *ours* not one so hardy, but did find
 Somewhat of cold and shiv'ring in his blood,
 Save onely such as cleerly understands
CHRIST fights the battail vvhith his *People's* hands.

110.

Derided are the thin-spread *Christian-Bands*
 By Bond-Mayd *HAGAR*'s Progeny unclean;
 Who, by anticipation, all *their* lands
 Divide amongst the Army *Hagarene*,
 Which by false Title in possession stands
 Of the illustrious Name of *Saracene*:
 Just as *Another's* noble Land they boast
 Now, for their *own*; reck'ning without their Host.

111

As that big-bon'd and barb'rous *Gyant* (whom
King SAUL so fear'd', and all his *Army* worse)
 Seeing a simple *Swain* against him come,
 Onely with *pebbles* arm'd, and a *clean* force,
 With haughty language (arrogant and grum)
 Scorns the poor Boy, and sends him to his Nurse;
 Whom rounding with his sling, He taught at length
 The difference betwixt *Faith*, and *humane strength*.

112.

So the perfidious *MOOR* (advancing) cracks
 Over the *Christian Host*; nor understands
 What *POWR* it is that their weak *Powers* backs,
 Which *Hell* with all its *Fiends* in vain withstands.
 Helpt by that *POWR*, He of *CASTEEL* attacks
MOROCCO's King, who there in *Chief* commands:
 The *PORTINGAL* (who fleights their whole *Armada*)
 He takes to Task the Kingdom of *GRANADA*.

113.

Now crack the *Lances*, and the *Swords* cry clink
 Upon the *Armours*, Pow'r's incountring Pow'r's;
 Invoking (when they stand on danger's brink)
Theirs MAHOMET, and *St. IAGO ours*.
 The strook strike *Heav'n* with Cries, making a sink
 And standing Pool with thick *Vermilion* show'rs:
 Where some (half dead) lye drowning where they stood
 In too much *now*, who fell for want of blood.

114.

With so great blood-shed did the *PORTINGAL*
 Make Spoil and Havock of the *GRANADINE*,
 That in small space he kills, or routs, them *All*,
 'Spight of their *Mayles* and *breast-plates* of steel fine.
 His hungry *Blade* which will to supper fall
 In *FEZ*, if in th'*ALHAMERA* it did dine)
 The brave *CASTILIAN* helps to end the Fray:
 Who hath the *MAURITANIAN* at a Bay.

The

115.

The burning Sun was making his retreat
 To T H E T Y S's grotts, and the bright *Ev'ning Star*
 Drawing that glorious day to it's red *Set*,
 Whose memory no time shall ever bar:
 When the two *Kings* consummate the defeat
 Of the M O O R S's Powers assembled in this War,
 With so much Tragick slaughter, as no *Age*
 Beheld before, or since, on the World's Stage.

116.

Not a fourth part rough M A R I U S flew, of Those
 That lost their lives in this day's Victory,
 When water dash'd with blood of their dead Foes
 He made his *Army* drink, which then was dry:
 Nor He of C A R T H A G E (sworn, a child, to oppose
 With Fire and Sword the Pride of I T A L Y)
 When he so many *Knights* kill'd famous R O M E,
 That their *Rings* tane did to three Bushels come.

117.

And if *Thou* (noble T I T U S) couldst alone
 So many souls to black C O C Y T U S send,
 When thou the *Holy City* didst unstone
 Of that stiff *People*, never to be wean'd
 From their abolisht *Rites*: This G O D did owne,
 And christned it *his Act*, that what was pen'd
 By the O L D P R O P H E T S might be verify'de,
 And J E S U S said too, whom *they* Crucify'de.

118.

After this great and prosperous event
 (A L F O N S O come to P O R T U G A L L again,
There to enjoy in *peace* and sweet content
 The spreading Glories he in *War* did gain)
 A black and lamentable accident
 (Worthy in F A M E's *Memorials* to remain)
 Was on a miserable *Lady* seen,
 Who, after she was dead, was made a *Queen*.

119.

Thou, onely *Thou* (pure L O V E) with bended bow,
 Against whose Force no breast what're can hold,
 As if thy *perjur'd Subject*, or *Sworn Foe*,
 Didst cause her death whom all the World condol'd.
 If *Tears* (which from a troubled Fountain flow)
 Quench not thy Thirst, as hath been said of old;
 It is, that such is thy tyrannick mood,
 Thou lov'st thy *Altars* should be bath'd in blood.

Thou

120.

Thou wer't (fair *YNEs*) in Repose, of *LOVE's*
 Reflected Fires fost'ring the sweet heat, young;
 In that sweet *Error*, that worse *Fates* removes,
 Which *Fortune* never suffers to last long:
 In sweet *MONDEGO's* solitary *Groves*,
 Whose streams no day but thou didst weep among:
 Teaching the lofty *Trees*, and humble *Grass*,
 That *Name* which printed in thy bosom was,

121:

Thy penfive *Prince*, with *thine* did sympathize
Remembrances, which in his Soul did swim,
 Bringing thee always fresh before his Eyes,
 When, from thy fair ones, bus'ness banisht *Him*:
 By night, in *dreams*; that cheat him with sweet lyes:
 By day, in thoughts; that pencil *thy* each *lim*:
 And *all* he mus'd, and *all* he saw in fine,
 Were dear *IDeA's* of thy *Form* divine.

122.

Of other *Ladies* fair, and *Princesses*
 The tend'ring Matches he did vilifie;
 For, of a Heart 'tis hard to dispossess
 True *Love*, that hath had time to fortifie.
 Upon these highly am'rous passages
 The *Father* looking with an old man's Eye
 (Enrag'd with what the common-people sed
 And his *Son's* resolution not to wed)

123.

YNEs determines from the *World* to take,
 His *Son* from *Her* to take, and to remove:
 Believing, with her *blood's* ill let-out Lake,
 To quench the kindled flames of constant love.
 O! that sure *Sword* (which had the pow'r to make
 The *Moorish* Rage strike faile) what Rage could move
 Thee, from the honor'd *Sheaths*, where thou did'st rest,
 To be new sheath'd in *Lady's* gentle Brest?

124.

The horrid *blood-hounds* dragg'd her to the *King*:
 Whose bowels now to mercy stood inclin'd.
 But *ill-Advisers* with false reasoning
 To her destruction re-inflam'd his mind.
Shee (with Heart-breaking language which did spring
 Onely from sense of *Those* she left behind
 In solitude, her *Prince*, and children deare,
 Whose *Griefs* she more, then her own *death* did feare:)

125.

Lifting unto the azure *Firmament*
 Her *Eyes*, which in a Sea of Tears were drown'd;
 Her *Eyes*, for one of those malevolent
 And bloody *Instruments* her *hands* had bound;
 And then, the same on her dear *Infants* bent,
 Who *Them* with smiling innocence surround
 By whom poor *Orphans* they will streight be made
 Unto their cruel *Grand-Father* thus said.

126.

If *Beasts* themselves (*wild Beasts*) whose use, and way,
 By *Nature's* dire instinct, is not to spare;
 And vagrant *Birds*, whose bus'ness 'tis, to prey,
 And chace their *Quarrey* through the yielding Ayre;
 The world hath seen take *Babes* expos'd, and play
 The tender *Nurses* to them with their care,
 As *NINUS's* mother once it did befall,
 And the *Twin-Founders* of the *Roman Wall*:

127.

O *Thou*, whose *Superscription* speaks thee, *Man*
 (That the *Contents* were suited to the Cover!
 A feeble Maid thou wouldst not murder than
 Onely for loving *Him*, who first did love her)
 Pity these *Babes* (*the babes about him ran*)
 In thy hard doom since I am spot all over.
 Spare, for *their* sakes, *their* lives, and *mine*: And see
Whiteness in *Them*, though thou wilt not in *Me*.

128.

And if (subduing the presumptuous *MORE*,
 How to give *death* with fire and sword thou know'st,
 Know, to give *life* too, to a *damsel* poore,
 Who hath done nothing why it should be lost.
 Let my hid *Innocence* thus much procure:
 Exile me to some sad *intemperate Coast*,
 Cold *SCYTHIA*, or burn't *LYBIA*, to remain
 A weeping Tomb, and never more see *SPAIN*.

129.

Plant me where nothing grows but *Cruelty*,
 'Mongst *Lyons*, *Bears*, and other *Savage Beasts*:
 To see, if *They* that mercy will deny
 Which I in vain implore from *humane* Breasts.
There, in firm love to *Him* for whom I dye,
 I'll breed his *Pieces*, thou here see'st, *their guests*
 And my *Companions*, to slide off with *Those*
 Part of the burthen of their *mother's* woes.

Fain

130.

Fain would have pardon'd her the gracious *King*,
 Mov'd with these words, which made his Bowels yearn:
 But *Fate*, and *whisperers* (That fresh Fewel bring)
They would not pardon. 'Tis those mens concern
 (Having begun) to perpetrate the Thing.
 They strip their steel out of the Scabbard (stern).
 Out Villains! Butchers! What? imploy your spights,
 Your swords, against a *Lady*, and call'd *Knights*?

131.

As at the breast of fair *POLIXENA*
 Condemn'd to death by dire *ACHILLES's* shade
 (The last dear stake of Aged *HECUBA*)
 Revengeful *PYRRHUS* bent his cruel *Blade*;
 But with a look that drives ill Ayrs away
 (Patient, as any *Lamb*) The *Royal Maid*,
 On her mad *Mother* casting up her Eys,
 Presents her self a *Sacrifice*, and dyes:

132.

So gentle *YNEs's* brutish Murderers,
 Ev'n in that *Neck* (white *ATLAS* of that *Head*
 Whose stars, thought set, had influence o're the pow'rs
 Of *Him*, That crow'd her after she was dead)
 Bathing their thirsty *Swords*, and all the *flow'rs*
 Which her fair Eys had newly watered
 (Mindless of the insuing Vengeance) stood
 Like crimson'd *Hunters* reeking with her blood.

133.

Well mightst Thou *PHEBUS* from an Act so dire
 (*PYRUS* starting) have reverst thy look;
 As from *THYESTES's* Table, when the *Sire*
 Din'd on the *Son*, the *Uncle* being the Cook.
You, hollow Vales (which, when she did expire,
 From her cold lips the dying accents took)
 Hearing her *PEDRO* nam'd with her last breath,
 Form'd *PEDRO*, *PEDRO*, after *YNEs's* death.

134.

Like a sweet *Rose* (vvith party-colours fair)
 By *Virgin's* hand beheaded in the Bud
 To play vvithal, or prick into her Hair,
 When (sever'd from the stalk on vvich it stood)
 Both *Scent* and *beauty* vanish into Ayre:
 So lies the *Damzel* vvithout *breath*, or *Blood*,
 Her *Cheeks* fresh *Roses* ravish'd from the Root,
 Both red and white, and the sweet life to boot.

This

135.

'This Act of horrou, and black night' obscure,
 MONDEGO's daughters long refented deep;
 And, for a lasting Tomb, into a pure
 Fountain, transformd the *Teares* which they did weep.
 The name, they gave it (which doth still indure)
 Was YNES's loves, whom PEDRO there did keep.
 No wonder, such sweet *Streams* water those *Flowers*:
 TEARES, are the substance; and the Name, A-MOURS.

136.

It was not long ere PEDRO found the way
 To that *Revenge* which in his breast did boyle;
 For, taking in his hands the *Kingdom's* sway
 Hee takes it on the Murd'ers (who chang'd foyle)
 With licence of another PEDRO. They
 (Partners in mischief) having made that vile
 And bloody pact, AUGUSTUS did with those
 He was new *Friends* with, of exchanging *Foes*.

137.

A rigorous *Chastizer* was this King
 Of *Thefts*, of *Murthers*, and *Adultries* blind,
 The Ill to condigne punishment to bring
 Was the delight and banquet of his mind.
 Restraining *Cities* with rough *disciplin*,
 From *Vice* and *Insolence* of every kind,
 He gave more *Robbers* their deserved meed
 Then wandring THESUS, or ALCIDES, did.

138.

From the just PEDRO, and severe (Behold
 How *Nature* sometimes can prevaricate!)
 Sprang the remisse, the Carelesse, the sheep-fold
 FERNANDO: who set all of a Flame straight.
 Whence the CASTILIAN entring uncomptrold,
 Went waisting so the weake disnerved *State*,
 That at last gaspe it lay: For its seen oft,
 "A soft KING makes a valiant *People*, soft.

139.

Whether it were GOD's Judgement, for his sin
 Of taking from her Husband LEONORE,
 And marrying Her; besotten with her *min-
 Ning looks*, and by his Flattering *Casuits* more;
 Or that faynt *Vice* (through custom soaking in
 Into his Breast, thence breathing through each pore)
 Made him all *Pap* within: For, tis as true,
 "Unlawfull fires make Valiant KINGs soft too.

L

" Lust

140.

"*Last* oft hath brought *great men* to great mishap :
 GOD that permitting, and ordaining *thus*.
 Witness th' *ABETTORS* of fair *HELEN's* Rape :
King-TARQUIN, and *Triumvir-APPIUS*.
 Why could not holy *DAVID* judgement scape ?
 Why was destroy'd the *TRIBE* illustrious
 OF *BENJAMIN* ? *DINAH* cost *SICHEM* deer :
 Nor (*SARAH* only wisht) went *PHAROA*h cleer.

141.

Then, whether *manly* Bosoms *melt*, or not,
 With *fires* that are not kindled from *Above* ;
ALCMENA's Son (who wore a *Petticot*
 To please *OMPHALE*) well may serve to prove :
 And *ANTHONY*, who lost the fame he got,
 And the *World's Crown* for *CLEOPATRA's* love.
 And *Thon* of *CARTHAGE*, in full conquest stayd
 By stumbling on a mean *Appulian* mayd.

142:

But *who* is priviledg'd from the sweet snare
 Which *Love* so subt'ly weaves, and hides 'it (oh !)
 In *Damask* Roses, in bright *auburn* haire,
Transparent alabaster, and *warm* Snow ?
Who, from the poyson'd Arrows of the *Faire* ?
 From a *MEDUSA's head* (I term it so)
 That turns the hearts of them whom she doth tame,
 Not into *Stone* (then it were well) but *flame* ?

143.

Who sees a *crystal* Brow, a *piercing* look,
A lustrious, and *Seraphick* excellence,
 (Transforming *Soules* into it) That can brook
 The *object*, or pretend the least defence ?
All That have swallow'd *LOVE's* bewitching Hook,
 With poor *FERNANDO's* frailty will dispence :
 And some (as when *MARS* seen in courser snares
 The *Gods* did once) ev'n with *his* case were *Theirs*.

End of the third Canto.

Fourth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

AFTER a pitchie, and a dripping *night*,
 A Poor *Travellers* confounding in their way,
 A glorious *Morn* (succeeding) glads the fight;
 And, with the long'd-for *Sun*, returns the *day*:
 After the whistling winds have spent their spight,
 On the calm'd Sea the wanton *Dolphins* play:
 So the afflicted *Kingdom* it befell
 When soft *FERNANDO* bade the world farewell.

2.

And if ours wisht a *Champion*, to fullfil
 Their Vengeance upon *Those*, from whom alone
 (Using remis FERNANDO's favours *ill*)
 They make account that all their *Ills* are grown.
 Now they have one according to their will,
 Putting illustrious *JOHN* into the *Throne*,
 As *PEDRO*'s onely Son they could come at:
 And his *true* Son, though *Illegitimat*.

3.

That this was *Heaven's* Ordinance divine
 By most cleer Tokens evident became,
 When a young girl, speaking before her time,
 In *EBORA* distinctly form'd his name.
 And as a *Herald-Angel* sent in fine
 The *Portingall Successeur* to proclame
 Lifting i'th' *Cradle Body, Hand, and Tone*,
 Cry'd, PORTUGAL FOR THE NEW KING DON JOHN.

4.

Such, at this time, was the confus'd Estate
 Of the poor *Realm*, and the mad *People's* spleen;
 That (to disburthen their conceived Hate)
 Flat *Cruelties* in ev'ry part were seen:
 Killing the Kin, and all that did relate
 To the adult'rous *Earl*, and to the *Queen*,
 With whom her lewdness (they affirm'd) was more
 In widowhood, then it had been before.

5.

But true, or false, the scandal which they gave
 Forfeits his *Head* (and rightly) to the *Axe*.
 He dyes for't in her presence : Others have
 The self-same sawce. It catches like fir'd flax.
One, whom religious *Orders* could not save,
 Thrown from a *Steeple* like *ASTIANAX* :
A Second, Orders, Sex, nor th' *Altar's Horn* :
A third dragg'd naked, and to mamocks torn.

6.

In long forgetfullness may now be laid
 Those horrid *Massacres*, which *ROME* beheld,
 By bloody *SYLLA*, and fierce *MARIUS*, made,
 When one another they by turns expel'd.
 Then *LEONORE* (whom th'unrevenged shade
 Of her dear *Count* with open fury swell'd)
 Invites *CASTEEL*, who did her daughter wed :
 Saying, the *CROWN* belongeth to *her* head.

7.

Her daughter *BEATRICE* was *she*, as due
 To whom, *he* of *CASTEEL* that *Crown* might clame :
 Reputed daughter of *FERNANDO* too,
 With the permission of her *mother's Fame*.
 Into the *Field CASTILIA* therefore drew,
 To seize the *Kingdom* in his *Consort's* name,
Amassing men (our *Spot* to overwhelm)
 From every Province of his spacious Relm.

8.

Troops came (on this occasion) from that *LAND*
 To which one *BRIGUS* gave his name of yore :
 From *Lands* recover'd (by their *GREAT FERNAND*,
 And greater *CID*) from the usurping *MORE*.
 Nor *those*, who high in *MARS* his favour stand,
 Who with their Ploughs (laborious) *travaile o're*
The Hills of LEON, slowly did advance :
 The ancient Terror of the *Moorish Lance*.

9.

The *VANDALS* came, who to this day confide
 In *Valour* which of old they made appeer.
SEVILIA came (*ANDALUZIA's Pride*)
 So sweetly water'd by *GUADALQUIVER*.
 The noble *ISLAND* (which was *colonied*
 Sometime by *TYRIANS*) was not wanting here,
 Who, on their *Banners* in those days of yore
 The famous *Pillars* of *ALCIDES* bore,

Came

10.

Came likewise Troops from old *Toledo's* Reame,
Whose nimble *Tongue* the neatest *Spanish* trolls :
And *Tagus* clasps her with his amorous streame,
Which from the *Hills* of *Cuenca* sweetly rolls.
Nor *fear* kept *you* from being joyn'd to *Them*,
Sordid *Galegos* (refractory Souls!)
That arm your selves again, those swords t'oppose,
Of which already ye have felt the blows.

11.

Likewise black Furies of the *war* drives an
The *Biskayner*, A mortal enemy
To *Complement*; nor of a Heart, that can
From any stranger brook an injury:
He of *Guipusqua*, and th'*Asturian*:
Fam'd for their *Tron-Indies* far and nigh:
These (arm'd with their own *Mines*) conducted are
To serve their *Lord* in the denounced War.

12.

John, from whose manly Bosom's bristles, grew
That courage, *Sampson* borrow'd of *his* hairs,
Though all his men amount but to a Few,
To play the best of a bad Game prepares.
Nor, that he's unresolv'd what to do,
Calls the cheif Counsellors in his Affaires;
But, to observe how every one inclines:
"For among many there are many minds.

13.

There want no such, as, ev'n against that *Cause*
They follow, Reasons do insinuate:
Whose fence with a *Castilian* Byas draws
From all that's *Portingal* degenerate.
Whom *Fear* so freezes, and so overaws,
That *natural love* it doth exterminate.
Their *King*, and *Countrey*, they deny: and wou'd
With *Peter* too, for fear deny their *God*.

14.

Don Nunio (to be sure) was none of *Those*:
But though his *Brothers* (whom he deerly lov'd)
Take t'other side, and big the danger grows,
Them whose *Faith* staggers sharply he reprov'd;
And at these People with their *I's*, and *No's*;
Laying his Hand upon his *Hilt* (more mov'd
Then *Eloquent*) these words abruptly hurl'd:
Threatning the *Earth*, the *Ocean*, and the *world*.

What?

15.

What? 'Mongst the *Portingal*-Nobility
 Shall there be any less then *Sons of Mars*?
 What? in *this* Realm (victorious far and nigh)
 Shall there be born, That shun *defensive* wars?
 That will their *Hearts*, their *Hands*, their *Heads* deny
 At such a pinch, their *Fortunes*, and their *Stars*?
 Or who, for any cause that can be thought,
 Will see their *Countrey* in subjection brought.

16.

What? Are not *you* then of those *worthies* bred,
 Who (fierce and valiant as the *Swords* they wore)
 Under the great *HENRIQUEZ* Standart led,
 O'rethrew this *warlike* Nation once before?
 When *Them* so many routed *Squadrons* fled,
 So many *Flaggs*, that (besides thousands more
 Of lesser Rank, amongst the opulent *Prey*)
 Sev'n potent *Earles* our *Pris'ners* were that day?

17.

With *whom*, perpetually were trodden down
These, That are now so dreadful in your view,
 By *DENIS*, and, his *Son*, of *high* Renown,
 But with your *Sires*, and *Grandfires*? and if *you*
Were (by the *Sins*, or *weakness*, of the *CROWN*)
 Kept under, in *FERNANDO*'s days, Renew
 Your strength with the *new King*: "For 'tis not strange
 " (You see) for *People* with their *Kings* to change.

18.

Ye have one *now*, that, if your courage rose
 Equal with his *You* lifted to the *Throne*,
 Ye might o'rethrow the *World*, how much more *These*,
 Whom ye have oft already overthrown?
 And if, in short, with *Him* ye cannot lose
 Those fears, that seem to have turn'd you into *stone*;
 Stand but like *stones* (I ask you not one stroke)
 Whilst I alone resist a *forraign* yolk.

19

I only, with *my* Tenants, and with *this* ——
 (And at that word he pull'd out half his *Blade*)
 Will save from *force*, and all that shameful is,
 This *Land*, which hitherto hath liv'd a Maid.
 By the *King's fire*, and *mine* (lighted at *his*):
 Our *Countrey's Tears*: By *Faith* (by you not vvaigh'd):
 Not only *These* upon their knees I'll bring,
 But *All* that ever shall oppose *my King*.

20.

As when, despairing now, the *Youth* of R O M E
 (All that survived C A N N E's fatal Field)
 Stood ready (rallied in C A N U S I U M)
 Themselves unto the *Conquerour* to yield,
 But young C O R N E L I U S doth amongst them come,
 And swears them *All* upon his sword, compel'd;
 That they the *Roman wars* shall never leave,
 Till *life* leave them, or *Those* their *lives* bereave:

21.

So N U N I O animates, whom he did force.
 Whose boyft'rous *Rhet'rick* such quick flame imparts,
 Chiefly the Tail and sting of his discourse,
 As thaws those fears that had congeal'd their hearts.
 And presently they call *to Horse, to Horse,*
 Tossing about their heads Lances, and Darts.
 They run: and *live* (with open mouth they cry)
 The famous King that gives us Liberty!

22.

Amongst the fiercer *Commons*, *some* up-cry
 This war, by which their Countrey is assoyl'd:
Others scow'r up their *Armours*, and supply
 What with the rust of *peace* was eat, and spoyl'd:
These, stuff old *Murrians*; *Those*, new breast-plates try:
 Each takes those *Arms*, he hath most skill to wield.
 With sev'ral colour'd *Garments*, *others* flaunt:
 Others, Love-Motto's, and *devices* paint.

22.

With all this well-appointed Company,
 Doth valiant J O H N from fresh A B R A N T E S go:
Abrantes, which enjoys abundantly
 The streams, from C U E N C A's frozen Caves that flow.
 The well-arm'd *Vanguard* is commanded by
 One, who was fit to have led against a Foe
 Those *Oriental* Forces without Compt,
 With which *King* X E R X E S past the H E L L E S P O N T.

24.

D O N N U N I O A L V A R E Z, I mean: the true
 And fatal scourge of proud C A S T I L I A N S,
 No less, then once the valiant H U N was to
 The ancient G A U L L S, and the I T A L I A N S.
 Another *Knight* (to whom much praise is due)
 Leads the *right wing* of L U S I T A N I A N S:
 As skillfull to conduct, as bold in fight,
 O F V A S C O N C E T O S M E M R O D R I G U E Z, hight.

The

25.

The *other wing*, that corresponds with *this*,
 ANTONIO VASQUEZ of ALMAAD commands,
 Who after *Conde* of Abranchez is:
 And *Hee* comes up with the *Sinistr.* Bands.
 In the *Reer-Gard* the *Standart* none can misf,
 Where (Circling PORTUGAL) CASTILIA Stands;
 With I O H N, accomplished in every part:
 Who makes a *dunce* of M A R S in his own Art.

26.

Trembling upon the Battlements, and een
 Cold (betwixt *hope* and *fear*e suspended now)
Wives, Mothers, Sisters, Mistresses, are seen.
Prayers they prefer : *Fasts, Pilgrimages*, vow.
 Our *Troops* (advancing with undaunted meen)
 Down by the *Foe* they fit them, brow to brow;
 Receiv'd with shouts, which rock the *Firmament* :
 Yet *one*, & t'other, doubted the event.

27.

The vocall *Trumpets* challenge, and accept :
 The *Drumms*, and whistling *Fifes* in consort joyne.
 The dusty *Field* the flourish'd *Ensigns* swept,
 Where all the Colours of the *Rainbow* shine.
 It was the time, when, C E R E S's fruits being reapt,
 She lends her *Lab'rs* to the God of *Wine* :
 When (into *Libra* entred *August's Sun*)
 Plump B A C C H U S put sweet *Musf* into the Tun.

28.

Castilian Trumpets did the On-set sound,
 Loud, furious dismall, terrible, and hoarce
 Heard it A R T A B O R's *Mount*, and underground
 Her way did frighted G U A D I A N A force :
 Heard it the D V V E R E, and A L E N T E C H O round :
 T A G U S looks back, then hastens on his course :
 And *Mothers* (who that baylefull noyfedid heare)
 Claspe to their *Breafts* their tender *Babes* for feare.

29.

How many *Cheeks* were *there* discoloured seen,
 Whilst to the *Heart* the frendlie blood repair'd ?
 "In great *Incounters* greater is I ween
 "The feare of danger, then the danger feard :
 "But, when the first *brunt's* over, *Rage*, and *Teen*,
 "Desire of *honour*, and to *Plume* the *Beard* :
 "Of a proud *Foe* ; *These* take away the sence
 "Of losing *limbs*, or dearest *life's* expence.

On

30.

On *either* side the first *Battalions* move :
 The doubtfull war on either side began :
These fighting for their *Country*, which they love ;
Those, to possess *another's* if they can.
 The great P E R E Y R A, first his force did prove :
 Summing an *Armie's* valour in one *Man*.
 Hee shocks, strikes down, in fine he makes, their *Grave*,
 And with their *Corpses* sows the *Land* they crave.

31.

Now through the darkned Ayre barbd Arrows fleet,
 Javelins, with other short, fly whizzing round ;
 Vnder the fiery *Courfers's* yron Feet
 The *Earth* doth tremble, and the Vales resound :
 Lances are crackt, and (dropping thick as Sleet)
 The Horsemen armd come thundring to the ground.
 Vpon seirce N U N I O's Few, fresh Foes are pact :
Their Art, to multiply ; *his*, to abstract.

32.

Loe now his *Brother's* swords against him bent
 (Cruell, and ougly) ! But *Hee* wonders not.
 For they, who 'gainst their *King*, and *Countrey* went,
 Would never stick to cut a *Brother's* Throat.
 Of these *Revolters* many did present
 Themselves in the first Ranks : And *who* so hot
 To kill their *Friends*, as *They* : so kindred Hoasts
 Of yore incountred in *Pharſalian* Coasts.

33.

O C A T A L I N E, and Thou *Sertorius* bould,
 Noble C O R I O L A N U S, with the rest,
 Who 'gaynst your *Countrey* drew your swords of ould
 From an *Impious*, though *provoked*, Brest !
 If in the darke *Abyſſe* of P L U T O's Hould
 Ye find your selves with F U R I E's whippes opprest,
 Tell them (to cloake the horror of your sin)
 Some *Portingalls* sometimes have *Traitors* bin.

34.

Ore-whelmd with growing *Foes's* impetuous flood,
 Now were the formost of our *Squadrons* burst,
 There N U N I O, like a *rampant Lyon*, stood,
 Whom in her neighb'ring Mountains C E U T A nurst ;
 But now he is invirond with a wood
 Of H U N T E R's speares, ore *Tetuan* plains that courtst ;
Those All are bent at *Him*, His Brows *Hee* draws,
 Nor is it *Feare*, but *Anger* makes him pause.

M

Musty

35.

Musty he looks, nought pleased with the fight,
 Yet (his wild Nature, and undaunted he art
 Incompetible with ignoble flight)
 Himself amongst the thickest he doth dart:
 So with the blood of *Aliens* dyes our Knight
 The *Luſitanian* Grays. Some fall, some start
 Ev'n of his own. For, where there is such odds,
Strength often fails, and firmeſt *Vertue* nods.

36.

JOHN ſaw how hard brave NUNIO was put to't:
 (For, as a wife and careful *General*,
 His *Eye* was in all parts, in all his *Foot*,
 His *Preſence*, and his *words*, gave life to All)
 As a *She-Lyon*, and a *Nurſe* to boot,
 That finds, whiſt Hunger, *Her* from home did call,
 (Leaving her whelps unto themſelves) a bold
Maſſilian ſhepherd lurcht them from her Hold;

37.

Raving ſhe runs, and grinds her Teeth, and rends
 The SEAVEN BROTHER MOUNTAINS with her Voice:
 So JOHN, ſo runs he (to aſſiſt his Friends)
 To the *Head-Squadrons* with ſome ſoldiers choice.
 O brave *Camrades*, noble as are your Ends,
 (How in your matchleſs *Valour* I rejoyce!)
 Defend your *Countrey*, and defend your *Lands*:
 The Hope of *Freedom* in your *Lances* ſtands.

38.

See me, your *King*, your *Fellow*, and your *Head*,
 'Mongſt *Darts*, 'mongſt *Arrows*, and thick *Pikes* among,
 Ruſh on the Foe! Nor are you ſent, but led.
 Shew, fighting, to what *Countrey* ye belong.
 The irrefragable *Warriour* ſed;
 Who, four times poyſing a ſharp *Lance*, and ſtrong;
 Throws it with force: and through this *Throw* alone
 Many a *Soule* out of her Houſe is throwne.

39.

For (loe!) his men with honorable ſhame
 Are kindled new and with a noble Ire.
 Who ſhall bet moſt at MARS his bloody Game,
 Is th'onely Thing to which they All aſpire.
 They *Vye*, *revye*, and dip their ſteel in flame:
 Break ſtubborn *Mayles*, nor leave thick *Plates* intire.
 Thus wounds they give, and wounds they take again,
 Nor doth it grieve them, ſlaying, to be ſlain.

Many

40.

Many are posted to the *Stygian Wave*,
 Into whose Bodies entred *Steel*, and death.
 Of *St. IAGO* there the *MASTER* brave
 Dyes fighting stoutly to his last of breath.
 Another *MASTER* dire of *CALATRAVE*
 Pulls *Troops* down with him to the shades beneath.
 The *Renegade PEREYRA*'s likewise dye
Reneguing HEAVEN and their *Destiny*.

41.

Went thousands of the *Vulgar* without noat,
 And *nobles* too, unenter'd in *FAME*'s rolls,
 Where that lean dog still gapes with triple throat,
 Which never can be fill'd with humane souls.
 And (more to humble *them*, who, when on float,
 Thought the whole World must stoop to their controlls)
 The high *Castilian Standart* now doth fall,
 And kiss the foot of that of *PORTUGALI*.

42.

With deaths, with groans, with blood, with gashes dire,
 The battail cruel above measure grows.
 The multitude of men, that here expire,
 Makes *all* the *Flow'rs* in colour like the *Rose*.
 All *fly*, or *dye*: Now out of breath was *Ire*:
 Now *Valour* lost an *Arm* for want of *Foes*:
 Now routed sees himself *CASTILIA'S King*,
 And quits the purpose he from home did bring.

43.

The *Field* he leaves unto the *Conquerer*,
 Glad that he did leave him his life too.
 The poor remainder follow: To whom *Feare*
 Gave *wings*, not *Feet*: nor did they run, but flew.
 The loss of so much men, and *Treasure* there,
 Profoundly in their silent hearts they rue:
 Hiding the smart, the sorrow; and the soyle,
 To have *Another* triumph in *their* spoyle.

44.

Some *Him* with open mouth blasphem'd, and curst,
 Who first invented *War* mankind to quell;
 In whose obdurate Breast *Ambition* first,
 And *Covetise* of others goods did dwell;
 Nor car'd for feeding his *hydropick* Thirst
 How many silly soules were pack't to *Hell*;
 Who taught the way to shorten humane lives,
 To orphan *Children*, and to widow *Wives*.

M 2

Victorious

45.

Victorious JOHN upon the place stays out
 In martial glory the accusom'd days;
 With *offerings* then, and *Pilgrimage* devout,
 To *Him*, That gave the *Conquest*, gives the Praise.
 But NUNIO (minding what he was about,
 As He That knows, a lasting Fame to raise,
 No way like *Arms*, which all the world command)
 Passes his *Troops* to the *Trans-Tagan* Land.

46.

To *Him* his stars so favourable were,
 That the success applauded the *design*:
 For he both conquers, and the spoils doth weare
 Of *Andalusian* Countreys That confine.
 The *Betick Standard* of SEVILIA there,
 Under which divers neighb'ring *great ones* joyn,
 With small resistance at his feet soon falls,
 Quell'd by the *force*, and *name*, of PORTINGALS.

47.

With *these*, and *other* Victories opprest
 A tedious while were the CASTILIANS brave;
 When *Peace*, and *now* by both desired *Rest*,
 The *vanquish'd* People from the *Victors* have:
 After the KING OF HEAV'N, for ever blest,
 To the *Foe-Kings* in holy marriage gave
 Of ENGLISH SISTERS the unequall'd pair,
 Illustrious, lovely, beautiful, and Fair.

48.

But long that Breast, inur'd to bloody Broile,
 To live without a *Foe*, could not sustain;
 So (having *none* upon the *Land* to toyle)
 Goes to extend his *Conquests* o're the *Maine*.
 This is our first of *Kings*, who doth exile
 Himself from SPAIN, to make the AFRICANE
 By force of *Arms* perceive the difference great
 Betwixt CHRIST's *Law*, and that of MAHOMET.

49.

Behold on curled THETYS's silver flood
 Their wings a thousand *swimming* Eagles beat,
 To catch the swelling wind (a moving wood)
 Where the *World's* utmost bounds ALCIDES set.
 MOUNT AVILA he takes, and the Walls good
 Of noble CEUTA, outhring MAHOMET
 With his blind Worship: and secures all SPAIN
 From *Treason* of another JULIANE.

Death

50.

Death envies so great Bliss to PORTUGALL
 As to enjoy the Ages it desires
 This worthy Prince; and takes him from *Earth's* Ball,
 To add a new *Voice* to the *Angell's Quires*.
 But that GOOD POW'R, which *Him to Heav'n* did call,
 Left his large *off-spring* to supply their *Sire's*
 Lamented want: PRINCES, who shall command,
 Augment, and with new Vertues deck the *Land*.

51.

King EDWARD was not of the *happiest*, though,
 The while that *He* the *Regal Throne* did fill:
 "For moody TIME goes blending joy with *woe*:
 "And with *alternate* Hand gives good for ill.
 "Who ever *Happiness* did *constant* know?
 "Or FORTUNE with *one* face continue still?
 Yet to this KINGDOM *she*, and ev'n this KING,
 More of her *honey* gave, than of her *sting*.

52

He saw his Brother Captive (good FERNAND)
 Who had a *Soul* so *publike*, and so *brave*,
 That, for his *Troops*, distressed in AFFRICK-LAND,
 Himself a *Pawn* unto the MOORS he gave.
 Where, when his *ransome* was in his own Hand,
 He (born a Prince) would rather dye a slave:
 Then that for *Him* we CEUTA should restore:
 Freedom he lov'd, but lov'd his *Countrey* more.

53.

CODRUS, because the Foe should not o'recome;
 Deviz'd a noble *Stratagem* to dye:
 To save the martial *discipline* of ROME
 Did REGULUS to *Death* with *Torments* flye:
 Ours, distant fear to keep his *Countrey* from,
 Invites himself to *endless* slavery.
 CODRUS, nor CURTIUS (so much wonder'd at)
 Nor loyal DECII, did so much as *That*.

54.

But EDWARD's onely Son, ALPHONSO hight,
 (A lucky Name to our HESPERIA)
 Who, the proud threatnings of *Barbarian* night
 Inbord'ring *Lands*, low as the dust did lay;
 Would have been doubtless an unconquer'd Knight,
 Had he forbornat' invade IBERIA.
 AFFRICK will tell you, 'twas impossible
 To overcome a King so terrible.

To

55.

To pull the *golden Apples* was *his* hap,
Which none before him, but *ALCIDES* bit,
On the fierce *MOOR* he such a *Teake* did clap
From which they cannot rest their Necks out yit.
The *Palme* and *Lawrell* green his Temples wrap,
Of *Victories*, he at the *Seige* did git
Of Pop'lous *TANCER*, Strong *ALAGER*'s Towers,
And tough *ARZILA*, o're the *Barb'rous* Powers

56.

Infine, the ever-conqu'ring *PORTINCALL*'s
(The succours beaten) entring *These* by force,
Threw to the ground the *adamantine* walls,
And *All* that thwarted their *Victorious* course.
Wonders (deserving *Pens* whence liquor falls
Immortalizing with it's *Nectar* source)
Wrought *private Swords* in this *Exployt* of fame:
Exalting more the *Lusitanian* name.

57.

But *after* taynted with *Ambition*,
And *Rule's* sweet Thirst (though *soure* to *Him* at last)
FERNANDO he invades of *ARRAGON*,
About the *Kingdom* of *CASTILIA* vast.
Of the proud *NATIONS* (which depend thereon)
A num'rous Host, t'oppose him, is a mast,
From *CADIZ* to the lofty *PERYNEE*:
All which the *King FERNANDO* did obey.

58.

The young *PRINCE JOHN* disdayns it should be said,
Hee is the only idle Man in *SPAINE*;
And therefore. his ambitious *Sire* to ayd
Resolves forth with: nor is his *Ayd* in vaine.
The *Battayle's* bloody period, undismayd,
Hee fees; and with a brow serene and plaine.
The warlike *Father* put to totall Rout,
Yet leaves the *Son* the *Victory* in doubt.

59.

For the sublime and truly *Royall* son
(Gay *Knight* undaunted, confident, and high)
Having vast spoyle to the *Adversary* done,
Stays one whole day the *Field* to justify.
Thus was *OCTAVIUS CÆSAR* overthrowne,
And *Victor* his companion *ANTHONY*:
When *They* or *Those*, who noble *IULIUS* kil'd,
Reveng'd themselves in the *Philippick* Feild.

ALPHANSO

60.

ALPHONS O mounted to high *Heav'n* serene;
 The *Prince*, That then the *Scepter* swayd of right,
 Was *Second* JOHN, who made of *KINGS* fifteen
Hee (to attain to *Glory's* utmost hight)
 Began a *Taske*, exceeding strength terrene
 (Whose *weight* is now by *my* weake shoulders born)
 To seek the *Cradle* of the purple *MORN*.

61.

He sends fit *Messengers* from his owne *Court*
 Through *SPAIN*, *FRANCE*, celebrated *ITALY*:
There to imbarque in that illustrious *Port*
 Where was interr'd, of old, *PARTHENOPE*.
NAPLES; which *Fortune* made her *Tennis-Court*,
 By severall *NATIONS* held successively,
 To place it *glorious* (no more change to feel)
 In fov'raign *SPANIARDS*, who can fix *her* wheel.

62.

Away they sayle through the *CALABRIAN DEEP*;
 Passe by the *RODIAN ISLAND's* sandy Bay:
 Along the Coast of *ALEXANDRIA* keep,
 For *POMPEY's* death infamous to this day.
 They travayle *MEMPHIS*, and those *Lands* which steep
 Themselves in *NYLE*. To *ETHIOPIA*
 They mount, which *EGYPT's* upper part doth lock,
 Where *CHRIST* hath feeding an out-lying *Flock*.

63.

The *ERYTHREAN SEA* they likewise crost:
 Which, dry-foot past the seed of *ISRAEL*.
 The *NABATHEAN MOUNTAYN's* fight they lost,
 So named from the *Son* of *ISHMAEL*.
 The oderiferous *SABEAN-COAST*
 (Inricht with *Teares* which from the *Mother* fell
 Offayre *ADONE*.) and *BLEST ARABIA* trac't
 Throughout (the *STONY* balking, and the *WAST*;))

64.

The *PERSIAN GULPH* they enter. To *This* neer,
 Great *BABEL's* Ruines are yet visible.
 Swift *TIGRIS* mingles with *EUPRATES* heer:
Brothers, That with their *Fountain's* glory swell.
 Hence they proceed in quest of *INDUS* cleer:
 From which great things *Posteritie* shall tell,
 Of *Troops*, that through long *Seas* shall passe thereto:
 Which, even by *Land* nigh *TRAIAN* durst not doe.

65.

Of INDIA, TARFE, and CARMANIAN HILLS,
 The strange and uncoth Nations they beheld:
 Noating the sev'rall *Customes*, sev'rall *Skills*,
 Which sev'rall *Regions* doe produce, and yeild.
 But from such *Distant* parts (joynd to the Ills
 Of *forough* journeys) Men return but feld.
 In fine, *there* did *These* dye; they stuck fast *there*:
 For back they come not to their *Country* deare.

66.

Seems, gracious HEAV'N reserv'd for *Thee* alone,
 EMANUEL, and for thy great desert
 So *hard* a worke: For *Thee* with thoughts *high-flown*
 Inspir'd, and cut out fit to *act* this part.
 MANUEL (succeeding IOHN, both in the *Throne*,
 And in the haughty *purpose* of his Heart)
 When first he took on Him the *Kingdoms Charge*,
 The Conquest *undertook* oth' OCEAN large.

67.

Hee, as a person, whom the noble thought
 Of th' obligation he inherited
 From his *Fore Fathers* (who intirely sought
 The *Realm's* advancement) hourly combated;
 When PHEBUS, quitting the *supernal Vault*,
 Vnto the low ANTIPODES was fled,
 And setting *starrs* (which in his place arose)
 With twinkling eyes invited to repose:

68.

Extended now upon his *golden Nest*
 (Such are the *Beds* where thoughts *tumultuous* brood)
 And *there* revolving in his silent Brest
 The *obligation* of his place, and blood:
 Slumber possesse his *Eyes*, nor dispossesse
 His *Heart of Cares*, which made *that* station good:
 For his tyr'd *Lidds* whilst sleep (resisted) shuts,
 MORPHEUS a thousand *shapes* before him putts.

69.

So high above ground seems he lifted heer,
 That his proud *Crown* the *Firmament* doth peirce:
 From whence *new worlds* before his eyes appeer,
 Nations of num'rous people strange and fierce:
 And *yonder* (to the springing MORNING neer)
 As through the Ayre his *visual Raies* disperse,
 Hee sees, farr off, from high and antient *Mountains*,
 Melt down a payre of deep and crystall *Fountains*

With

70.

With *Birds* of monstrous Forms, *wild-beasts* and *Flocks*,
 One of those *Mountains* was inhabited;
 Where thousand savage *Trees* with leavie *Locks*
 The intercourse of people hindered
 The shaggie *Forrest*, and the craggie *Rocks*'s
 Inextricable *Knots*, demonstrated,
 That to those days of *ours* from *ADAM*'s fin,
 No humane Foot had ever trod therein.

71.

Out of these *Waters* (as to *Him* appears)
 Addressing towards him their hasty pace,
 Two *Fathers* rise, both wondrous struck in yeares,
 With *Rustick* both, yet venerable, Face.
 Their *Snowy* Curles distill in *silver* Teares
 Which bathe their Bodies down in every place.
 Taun'd were their *Skins*, and rusty: Their *Beards* kept
 Rough and unshorn, with which the ground they swept.

72.

The Temples of their heads, were trimly bound
 With health-restoring *Druggs*, and *Fruits* unknown.
 The *one* lookt weather-beaten and halfe-drownd,
 As if a longer voyage *Hee* had gone;
 And (fierce, ev'n at his *Fountain*) underground
 Seem'd to have stoln from a *remoter* one:
 As from *Arcadian* plains *ALPHEO* fly
 To *ARETHUSA*'s bed in *SICILY*.

73.

This (as the more authoriz'd of the *Twain*)
 Spake thus (farr off) unto the *King*: O *Thou*
 For whose high *Crown*, and *Empire* soveraign,
Much World is kept, that's hid from the *world*, now.
 Wee (through the *Earth* so fam'd, whose *Necks* in vain,
 Strave *others* wholly to *their* yokes to bow)
 Are come to wish thee send some Men. That may
 Receive large *tributes*, we to *Thee* must pay.

74.

I am illustrious *GANGES*: born and nurst
 In *PARADICE*: where is my *mother-Spring*.
 My *Mate* (That from the *Cliffes* thou see'st; doth burst;
 Nor other *Cradle* knows) is *INDUS KING*.
 Yet a severe *Warr* shall we cost thee first:
 But *Thou* (persisting) in the end shalt bring,
 By *Victories prodigious*, to the *Bitt*,
 All these *wield Nations* humbly to submit.

N

The

35.

The *Holy* and *illustrious River*, sed
 No more : But in a moment vanisht *Both*.
EMANUELL wakes surpriz'd with a strange dread,
 And earthquake in his Bosome. *PHEBUS* goeth
 In the meane time his glittering Cloke to spread
 Over the *WORLD*, buried in *downe*, and *slouth*.
AURORA came : who, when *she* forth doth rush,
 Strikes *Lilies* pale, and makes the *Roses* blush.

36.

The *KING* in hast to counsell calls his *Lords*,
 To *them* the figures of the *Vision* shows ;
 To *them* repeates the *Holy Elder's* Words :
 Whence in *them* *all* great admiration grow's.
ANAVY is resolv'd on by the *BOARD's*
Vnanimous Voate : In which (*magnanimous*) *Those*,
 Whom *hee* shall find to plough the *OCEAN* blew,
 Must seek new *Nations* out, and *Clymates* new.

37.

I, who despayr'd to see put in effect
 What had so long been tumbling in my mind :
 (For my presaging *Soule* could nere be checkt
 From prompting great things to mee of this kind)
 Comprize not for what *cause*, for what *respect*,
 Or for what *merit*, he in *mee* could find ;
 But the good *King* was pleas'd to pick out *mee*
 To be this weightie *enterprize's* Key.

38.

And with *Intreaties*, and with *sugard* praise
 (Which are the pow'rfullest *commands* of *KINGS*)
 He sayd to me. " Through *deep*, and *rugged* ways,
 " *VERTUE* attains the *best* and *noblest* things.
 " A *Life* well *lost*, or *hazarded*, to *Bays*
 " Of everlasting *Honour* persons brings :
 " For (if to sordid *Feare* it never bends)
 " The *shorter* 'tis, the *Farther* it extends.

39.

You have I chose (and all the rest set by)
 To a *Taske* fit for you to undergoe :
 A *Taske* Heroick, difficult and high,
 Which (for my sake) you will think light, I know.
 I could not suffer more : but *thus* reply,
 O my dread *LEIGE* ! through *swords*, through *fire*, through *snow*,
 For *Thee* to venture, only is *Anney*
 When I consider *life* is such a *Toy*.

80.

Put me on *Tasks* as great as *those* of yore
 Suborn'd EURISTEUS to ALCIDES gave;
 The fruitful HYDRA, ERIMANTHIAN BORN,
 The HARPIES dire, NEMEAN LYON brave.
 In short, to visit the *infernal shore*
 Where Styx moats PLUTO's House with its black Wave:
 For *thee* (O KING) worse *dangers*, and worse *Toys*,
 My *Spirit* leaps at, nor my *Flesh* recoyles.

81.

With sumptuous *Boons*, and *words*, that *those* exceed;
 My good will *He* doth praise, and gratifie:
 "For *Virtue*, spur'd with praise, doubles her speed;
 "And is inflam'd to *Enterprises* high.
 To second me in this Exployt, agreed
 (Oblig'd by *Nature's*, and by *Friendship's* Tye,
 Thirsty alike of *Honour*, and of *Fame*)
 My dear and loving Brother PAUL DE GAME.

82.

NICH'LAS COELLIO makes a *Third*: for pains
 Most indefatigable. And *These* are
 My *two Supporters* strong of *Hand*, and *Brains*:
 Experienc't *both*, *both* no less bold in warr.
 I get me a young *Crew* of sturdy *Swains*,
 Whose budding *Valour* itcht for martial jarr:
All metled *Lads*; And so, it well appears,
 That came to such a business *Volunteers*.

83.

These too have *gifts* from MANUEL's hand, t'equip
 Themselves, and make the love they bear him more:
 And with the *praising* bounty of his *Lip*,
 Are arm'd 'gainst *All*, hard *Fates* can have in store.
 Thus man'd KING PELIAS that *prophetick* ship
 In which (through *Euxine* Seas, unsayld before)
 With ÆSON's Heyre the vent'rous youth of GREECE
 He sent to COLCOS for the *Golden Fleece*.

84.

Now in the famous *Port* of LISBON-TOWN
 (Where golden TAGUS mingles his *sweet* Flood
 With the Salt OCEAN, and his *Sands* doth drown)
 With noble *longings*, and *transported* mood,
 The SHIPS lye ready. *There* no sullen frown,
 No frosty *Fear*, benumbs the *youthful* blood:
 For both the *Sea-men*, and the *Land-men* there,
 Will go with *me* about the WORLD, they *swear*.

N 2

Upon

85.

Upon the shore the strutting souldiers sayle
 In cloathes of sev'rall colour, sev'rall cutt,
 Their *minds*, more brave: bent to extend our *pale*,
 And plant in *lands unknown* their daring foot.
 The gentle *wind* breathing a tempring Gale,
 On the tall *Shipp*s the *Standarts* ope and shutt.
 The *Shipp*s expect, for this *new Navigation*,
 To bee (like *ARGO*) made a *Constellation*.

86.

Wee (fitted and provided thus, with All
 That such a *Voyage* doth require and crave)
 To fit our *soules* for *death* devoutly fall:
 Which *Saylers* see in ev'ry rounding Wave.
 From *Him*, whose presence *Beatificall*
 Is all the Food that *Saints* and *Angels* have,
 Favour we beg, for to prepare our way,
 And to conduct us with his *heavenly Ray*.

87.

Thus of *that Temple* took we a long leave,
 Which (on the Margent of our Ocean plac't)
 From the *blest City* did it's name receive
 Where *GOD* was born (a *Gem* in *Clayenchac't*)
 I promise thee (O *KING*) how wee did heave
 Our *Anchors* from that shore, when I recast;
 With doubt of ever seeing it again,
 Scarce can my *bridled eyes* from *Tears* refrain.

88.

Th'Inhabitants of *LISBON*, that sad day
 (For *Friendship* some, and some for *Kindreds Tyes*)
 Others, as meer *spectators*, flockt: *dismay*,
 And *solitarinesse*, writt in their *Eyes*.
 And wee (whom thousand *Priests* upon our way
 Did bring with *Psalms*, and all solemnities
 Of grave *procession*) praying to our *GOD*,
 Went to take shipping in the Noble Road.

89.

In so long *Voyage*, and so doubtfull ways,
 The gazing people give us All for lost,
 This, by their *Tears* the softer *sex* bewrays:
 The *Men* by *Sighs*, as they would yeild the Ghost,
Sisters, and *Mothers*; And poor *Wives* (always
 Where there is most of *love*, there *fear* reigns most.)
 Increase the doubt upon the *gen'rall score*,
 That she shall never see our *Faces* more.

90.

One, following, *Cries* : O *Son* ! (the only gage,
 The prop, the stay, the comfort and the joy,
 Of this my weake unprofitable *Age*,
 Which *Floods* of bitter *Tears* drown in Annoy)
Why leav'st thou mee in this sad equipage ?
Why wilt thou goe, and leave mee (my deare Boy !)
 To make the greedy *Seas* thy *Sepulchere*,
 And *Fishes* feed That take their pastime *there* ?

91.

Another (with loose Hayr) O my deer *Mate*,
 Without whom *Love* tells mee my roote must pine !
 Why wilt thou goe, and venture at this rate
 That *life* to *G U L P H s*, which is not thine but *mine* ?
 How canst thou change, for so uncertain Fate,
 The chaste embraces of thy constant *Vine* ?
 Our *loves*, our *joyes* (in vain how sweet !) must *They*
 To *Sea* ? and with this *wind* be blown away :

92.

In *these* and other speches of this kind
 { Which from deer *love*, and soft *compassion* rose)
Old men and *children* (to like *Ruth* inclin'd
 By diff'rent *Ages*) imitated *Those*
 The neighb'ring *mountayns* in dull *consort* joyne :
 And, melting, bare the *burthen* of *their* woes.
 The *golden Sands* the *Silver Tears* bedew'd :
 Which seemd to strive with *them* in multitude.

93.

W E (not so much as lifting once our Eyes
 On *Wife*, or *Mother*: though our *Soules* it grinds)
 Whereby in vain laments to *Sympathize*,
 Or change the purpose of our *fixed* minds)
 T'embarque our selves, conceiv'd it was most wise,
 Without those *Farewells* to which custom binds :
 Which (though it bee *Love's* most indeering way)
 Galls more, both *Those* That goe, and *Those* that stay.

94.

But an *Ould man* of *venerable* look
 (Standing upon the shore amongst the Crowds)
 His Eyes fixt upon *us* (on ship-board) shook,
 His head three times ore-cast with sorrows cloud's :
 And (streining his *Voyce* more, then well could brook
 His aged *lungs* : It rattled in our throw'ds)
 Out of a *science*, *practise* did *Attest*,
 Let fly these words from an *oraculous* Brest.

95.

O *Glory* of commanding ! O *vain Thirst*
 Of that same empty *nothing*, we call *Fame* !
 O *Ignis fatuus*, kindled and nurst
 With *vulgar* breath (and *this* we *Honour* name) !
 What *Plagues*, what *stings*, what *secret scourges* curst,
 Torment those *Bosoms* which *thou* doest inflame !
 What *deaths* ! what *dangers* ! what *impetuous storms* !
 What *cruelties* on *them* thy *Hand* performs !

96.

Fell *Tyrant* of the *soules* ! life's swallowing *VVave* !
 Mother of *Plunders*, and black *Rapes* unchast !
 The *secret miner*, and the *open Grave*,
 Of *Patrimonies*, *Kingdoms*, *Empires* vast !
 They call thee *noble*, and they call thee *Brave* :
 (Worthy t'have other names upon thee cast !)
 They call thee *Fame*, and *Glory* *sovereign* :
 Titles, with which the foolish *Rout* is tane.

97.

What new *disaster* dire intendest *Thou*
 To lead these *Kingdoms*, and these *Folk* into ?
 What *deaths*, what *Horror*s must they swallow now,
 Vnder pretence to spread *Religion* true ?
 What *holdings* forth of *golden Mines*, and how
 Great *Kingdoms* shall be conquer'd by a Few ?
 What *Fames* do st thou advance ? what *Histories* ?
 What *Palms* ? what *Triumphs* ? and what *Victories*.

98.

But *Thou* (the *lignage* of that *Foole*, who twice
 Undid thee by his *disobedience* :
 Not only when he lost thee *PARADISE*,
 Into this *Vale* of *Tears* exild from thence ;
 But when by growth of his *infectious* Vice
 He forfeited thy *second Innocence*,
 And *Thee*, out of a *golden exile* hurld
 Into an *Iron* and *contentious* world.)

99.

Since with this sweet and pleasing vanity
 Thy giddie *Brain* is so bewicht, and drownd ;
 Since bloody *Rage* and *Inhumanity*,
Valour, and *Brav'rie*, in thy language found ;
 Since thou doest vallow, and esteem so high,
 The *disesteem* of *life*, which we are bound
 To cherish, and in great accompt to have it :
 (Since so much fear'd to loose it, *Hee* who gave it)

100.

Haft thou not, close at hand, the I S H M A E L I T E
 To cut thee work out, more then thou canst doe?
 If for the *sacred Law* of C H R I S T thou fight,
 Th' A R A B I A N's *false one* does not *He* pursue?
 Hath *Hee* not thousand *Cities*, Infinite
 Of *Land*, if *Power's* avails, if *Wealth's* one too?
 Hath not *Hee* got in *Arms* a mighty *Name*,
 If *Honour*, and not *Bootie* be thy *Ayme*?

101.

Leav'st thou a *growing Foe* just at thy *dore*,
 To goe and seek *another Foe* so farr,
 Dispeopling an *old Realm*, waisting *her store*,
 Quitting thy *Countrey*, and thy private *L A R E*?
 That flatter'ing *Fame* to *Heav'n* may make thee soare,
 Through *waves uncertain* seekst thou *certain warr*?
 In thy *swoln Style* in words at length to find,
 A R A B I A, P E R S I A, E T H I O P I A, Y N D?

102.

Accurst be *Hee*, who first forsook the *Ground*,
 And fastned *canvass wings* to a *dry Tree*!
 Worthy, in endlesse darkness to be bound;
 If that, which I was taught, R E L I G I O N bee.
 May never *Judgment*, solid and profound,
 May never *Happy Veyn* in *Poetrie*,
 Retrive his *memory*, adorn his *Fame*:
 But dye, with *Him*, his *Glory*, and his *Name*.

103.

The son of I A P E T stole from P H E B U S's Carr
Fire, which in *humane Breast* he did infuse;
Fire, which the *world* did kindle into *Warr*,
Plagues, and *debaucheries* (a great abuse!)
 P R O M E T H E U S, had it not been better farr
 For *Us*, and for the *world* (which *wee* misuse)
 Thy noble *Statute* had excus'd that *fire*,
 Which made it with *Ambition's* wings aspire?

104.

Then had not the much pittied *youth* been driving
 His *Sire's* gilt *charet*; nor that great *contriver*
 Through th'empty *Ayre* sayld with his Son (*This* giving
 The *sea* a *name*, *Hee* *Fame* unto a *River*)
 Nothing so *high*, nothing so barrd the living,
 Through *Fire*, *Sword*, *Water*, *Calm* and *Cold*: what ever:
 Which M A N projecteth, and attempteth not,
 A *strange Condition*! an *unquiet Lot*!

End of the fourth Canto.

Fifth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

THE rev'rend *Father* stood inculcating
 These *Sentences*; when *Wee* to a serene
 And gentle Gale expand our Canvas wing:
 When from the loved Port our selves we weane:
 And sayles unfurling make the *Welkin* ring
 (After the manner of *Sea-faring Men*)
 With *BOON VOYAGE*. Immediately the *Wind*
 Does on the *Trunks* his Office and his kind.

2.

The ever burning *Lamp*, that rules the day,
 In the *Nemean Bruite* began to rage;
 And the *great world* (which doth with time decay)
 Limpt in his *Sixt* infirm, and crooked *Age*:
 Thereof (accommpting in the *CHURCH*'s way)
 Of *Sol's* incessant *Race* the *THOUSAND* stage
Four hundred, Ninetic Seav'nth, was running whan,
 In all their *trim* the *Ships* to saile began.

3.

Now by degrees out of our sight did glide
 Parts of our *Countray*, which abode behind.
 Abode deer *TAGS*: and we *then* did hide
 Fresh *SYNTRA* (About *this* our eyes did wind)
 In the *low'd* Kingdom likewise did abide
 Our *Hearts*, whose ft ings could not be thence untwind,
 And, when as *all* the *Land* did now withdraw,
 The sea and *Firmament* was *all* wee saw.

4

Thus went we opening those seas, which (save
 Our *own*) no *Nation* open'd ere before:
 See those new *Iles*, and clymates near; which brave
PRINCE HENRY shewd unto the *world* before.
 The *Mauritanian Hills*, and *Strand*. which gave,
ANTEUS birth, who *there* was King of yore,
 Upon the *left hand* left (for there is none
 Upon the *right*, though now suspected, known)

Wee

5.

We the great *Island* of M A D E R A pass,
Which from it's *Wood's* abundance took the name;
The first, which planted by our *Nation* was,
Of which the *worth* is more then the great *fame* :
Nor (though the last place in the *world* it has)
Doth any, V E N U S loves, excel the same :
Who (rather) were it *Hers*, would lay aside
For *This*, C Y T H E R A, C Y P R U S, P A P H O S, G N I D A.

6.

We leave adust M A S S I L I A S barren Coast,
Where A Z E N E G U E S's lean *Heards* take their repast :
A People, That want *water* to their *Roast* ;
Nor *Herbs* it self in any plenty tast :
A L A N D in fine, to bear no *Fruit* dispos'd :
Where *Birds* in their hot stomachs Iron waste :
Suffring of all things great Necessitie :
Which E T H I O P I A parts from B A R B A R I E.

7 :

We pass the *Bound* that hedges out the *Sun*
When to the frozen *North* he bends his way :
Where *People* dwell, whom C L Y M E N E's rash Son
Deny'de the sweet Complexion of the *day*.
Here N A T I O N S strange are water'd one by one
With the fresh Currents of black S E N E G A.
Here A R S I N A R I U S Aloof is seen,
That lost his name : confirm'd by Us C A P E G R E E N.

8.

C A N A R I A N I S L E S (the same men call'd of old
T H E F O R T U N A T E) declined : After *These*
Among the *Daughter-Islands* we did fall
Of aged H E S P E R, term'd H E S P E R I D E S.
Locks, in the which the *Fleets* of P O R T U G A L
T o w o n d e r s new before had turn'd the *Keys*.
There did we touch with favourable wind,
Some *fresh provisions* for our *Ships* to find.

9.

It's *Name* the *Isle* on which we Anchor cast
Did from the warlike St. I A G O take.
The *Saints* That holp the S P A N I A R D in times past
Such cruel havock of the M O O R S to make.
Thence, when the *North* renew'd his kinder blast,
We cut again the circumfused *Lake*
Of the salt *Ocean* ; And that *Store-House* : leave,
From which Refreshment sweet we did receive.

O

Winding

10.

Winding withal about your *Affrick shore*,
 Where to the *EAST* (like a *half-moon*) it bends;
 About *JALOFFO's* Province (which doth store
 The world with *BLACKS*, whom, forc't Aboard, it sends.)
 The large *MANDINGA* that affords the *Ore*
 The which doth make Friends Foes, and of Foes Friends;
 (Which suck't *GABMEA's* crooked water laves
 That disimboques in the *Atlantick Waves*)

11.

We pass the *GOROADES*, peopled by faire
Sisters, in ancient time residing *there*:
 Who (rob'd of *seeing*) did amongst them share
 One onely *Eye*, which they by turns did wear.
Thou onely, *Thou* (the *Net* of whose curl'd *Haire*
 Caught *NEPTUNE*, like a *Fish*, in his own *Wre*)
 Turn'd of them all at last the ugliest *Lout*,
 With *Fipers* sow'dst the burning sands about.

12.

Ploughing in fine before a *Northern Wind*
 In that vast *GULPH* the *Navy* went embayd;
LEONA's craggie mountains left behind,
 The *CAPE OF PALMS* (so call'd from *Palmie* shade)
 And that great *RIVER*, where the *Sea* (confin'd)
 Against the shores, which we had planted, bray'd:
 With th' *Isle* that boasts *his* name, who would not trust
 Till in the side of *GOD* his Hand he thrust.

13.

There lyes of *CONGO* the wide-spreading *Ream*,
 By *Vs* (before) converted to *CHRIST's* Law;
 Through which long *ZAYRE* glides with crystal stream:
 A *River*, this, the Ancients never saw.
 In fine through this vast *Ocean* from the Team
 Of known *BOOTES* I apace withdraw:
 Having already past upon the *Maine*
 The *BURNING LINE* that parts the *World* in twain.

14.

There we before us saw by it's own light
 In this new *EPICICLE* a *Star* new:
 Of which the other *Nations* ne're had sight,
 And (long in darkness) no such matter knew.
 The world's *Antartick* Henge (less gilt, less bright,
 For want of *Stars*, then th' *Artick*) we did view:
 Beneath the which, a question yet depends,
 Whether more *Land* begins, and the *Sea* ends.

15.

Past in this sort those *equinoxiall* clymes
By which his steeds *twice* yearly drives the sun;
Making two *Summers, Winters, Autumns, Primes,*
Whilst he from one to to'ther *Pole* doth run:
Now *soft*, now *calm'd* (A sufferer in all *Times*:
By *want*, and *plenty*, equally undone.)
I saw both *BEARS* (the *little* and the *Great*)
Despight of *IUNO* in the *Ocean* set.

16.

To tell thee all the *dangers* of the *DEEP*
(Which humane Judgment cannot comprehend)
Suddain and fearfull *storms*, the *Ayre* that sweep;
Lightnings, that with the *Ayre* the *Fire* doe blend;
Black *HURRACANS*; thick *Nights*; *THUNDERS*, that keep
The *World* alarm'd, and threaten the last *End*:
Would be too tedious: indeed vain and mad,
Though a *brasse* Tongue, and *Iron* lungs I had.

17:

I saw those things, which the rude *Mariner*
(Who hath no *Mistresse*, but *Experience*)
Doth for unquestionable *Truths* aver,
Guided belike by his *externall* sence:
But *ACADEMICKS* (who can never err,
Who by pure *Wit*, and *LEARNING's* *quintessence*,
Into all *NATURE's* *secrets* dive and pry)
Count either *Eyes*, or *conings* of the *Eye*.

18.

I saw (as plain as the *sun's* midday light)
That fire the *Sea-man* saints (shining out faire
In time of *Tempest*, of teirce *winds* despight,
Of *over-crowded* Heaven's. and black despayre:)
Nor did wee all lesse wonder (and well might,
For twas a *sight* to *bristle* up the Hayre)
To see a *sea-born* *Cloud* with a long *Cane*
Suck in the *sea*, and spout it out againe.

19.

I saw with these *two eyes* nor can presume
That *these* deceiv'd mee) from the *Ocean* breathed
A little *Vapour*, or a *eriall* *Fume*,
With the curld *wind* (as by a *Turner*) wreathed.
I saw it reach to *Heaven* from the salt *spume*,
In such thin *Pipe*, as *those* where *springs* are sheathed;
That by the *Eye* it hardly could be deemed:
Of the same substance which the *Clouds* it seemed.

20.

By little *this* and little did augment,
 And swell'd beyond the Bulk of a thick *Mast*.
Streightning and *widening* (like a *Throat*) it went,
 To gulp into it self the water fast.
 It *wav'd* upon the *wavy* Element.
 The top thereof (impregnated at last
 Into a *Clowd*) expanded *more*, and *more*,
 With the great load of *Water* which it bore.

21.

As a black *Horse-leech* (mark it in some *Pool*!)
 Got to the *Lip* of an unwary *Beast*,
 Which (*drinking*) suck't it from the *water* cool,
 Upon *another's* blood *it self* to feast;
 It swells and swells, and feeds beyond all Rule,
 And stuffs the paunch; a rude, unsober, *Guest*:
 So swell'd the *Pillar* (vvith a hideous *Crop*)
It self, and the black *Clovvd* vvhich it did prop.

22.

But, vvhen that novv'tis full, the *Pedestal*
 Dravvs to it self, vvhich in the *Sea* vvas set;
 And (flutt'ring through the *Ayre*) in shov'rs doth fall:
 The *couchant* *Water* vvith *new* vvater vvet.
 It pays the vvaves the *borrow'd* *Waves*; but all
 The *Salt* thereout did first extract and get.
 Novv tell me, *SCHOLARS*, by your Books; vvhat skill,
 Dame *NATURE* us'd these *waters* to distil?

23.

If old *PHILOSOPHERS* (vvho travayld through
 So many Lands, *her* secrets out to spye)
 Had *view'd* the *Miracles* vvhich *I* did vievv,
 Had sayld vvith so many *winds* as *I*;
 What *writings* had they left behind! vvhat *nevv*,
 Both *Starres*, and *Signs*, bequeath'd to *Us*! What high
 And strong *Influxes*! What *hid* *Qualities*!
 And all pure *Truths*, vvithout *allay* of *Lyes*!

24

But vvhen that *Planet* (vvhich her *Court* doth keep
 In the *first sphere*) five times vvith speedy *Race*,
 Had, since our *Fleet* vvas vvand'ring on the *DEEP*,
 Shevv'd sometimes *half*, and sometimes *all* her *Face*:
 A quick-eyd *Lynx* cries, from the *Scuttle* steep,
LAND! LAND! vvith *that*, upon the *decks* apace
 Leaps the transported *Crew*: their *Eyes*, intent
 On the *Horizon* of the *ORIENT*.

25.

At first the *dusky Mountains* (of the *Land*
Wee made) like congregated *Clouds* did look :
 Seen *plain*, the heave *Anchors* out of hand
 Wee ready make : *Approach'd*, our *sails* we strook,
 And (that we might more cleerly understand
 The parts *remote* in which we were) I took
 The *A S T R O L A B E*, a modern *Instrument* :
 Which with sharpe Judgment *S A G E S* did invent :

26.

We disembarked in the most open space:
 From whence, themselves the rather *Land-men* spread
 (Greedy of Novelties !) through the wyld Place:
 Which never *Stranger's* Foot before did tread.
 But *O* (not passing the *Land's* sandie Face)
 To find out where we are, with *Sea-men* bred
 Stay taking the *Sun's* heighth by th *O C E A N* curld;
 And with my *Compasse* trace the *painted* World.

27.

We found, we had already wholly past
 Of the *halfe-Goate*, halfe *Fish*, the noted *Gole* :
 Between the *same*, and *that* cold *Countrey* plac'd
 (If such there be beneath the *S O U T H E R N* Pole.
 When, loe ! (lockt in with my *Companions* fast)
 I see a *N A T I V E* come, black as the *Cole* :
 Whom *they* had took perforce, as in the *Wood*
 Getting out *Honey* from the *Combe* he stood.

28.

He comes with *borrow* in his *looks* : as *Hee*
 Who of a *snare*, like this, could never dreame.
 Hee understood not *Us*, neither *Him VVee* :
 More savage then the brutish *P O L Y P H E M I*.
 Of *C O L C O S*'s gliftring Fleece I let him see
 The *mettle* which of *mettles* is supreme :
 Pure *Silver* ; sparckling stones (continuing suite ;)
 But in all *these* was unconcern'd the *Bruite*.

29.

I bid them shew him lower prized Things,
 Beades of transformed crystall ; a fine noyle
 Of little *Bells*, thridded on *tawdry* strings,
 A red Cap, Colour which Contents, and joys.
 Streight saw I by his *looks* and *beckonings*,
 That he was wondrous taken with these *Toys*.
 Therewith I bid them they should set him free :
 So to the *Village* nigh away went *Hee*.

But

30.

But the next *morn* (whilst yet the skyes were dim)
 All *naked*, and in colour like the *shades*,
 To seek such *Knacks* as had been given to *Him*,
 Loe, by the *Craggs* descending his *Camerades*!
 Where now their carriage to us is so trim,
 So tractable, and plyant, as perswades
VELOSO with them to venture through the *Cover*,
 The *Fashions* of the Countrey to discover.

31.

VELOSO says, his pledge shall be his *Blade*,
 And walks secure in his own *Arrogance*,
 But, having now away a good while stayd
 And, I out-prolling with my countenance.
 To see what *signs* for our *Advent'rer* made,
 Behold him comming with a vengeance
 Down from the Mountain-top towards the *ships*!
 And faster homeward, then he went, he skips.

32.

The *long-boate* of *COELLIO* made hast
 To take him in : but, ere arrive *that* could,
 An *ETHIOPIAN* bold his weapon past
 Full at his bosome, least escape he should.
Another, and *Another* too: Thus chac't
VELOSO, and *those* farr off That help him would,
 I run, when (just as I an Oare lift up)
 A Troop of *Negroes* hides the mountain-top.

33.

A Clowd of *Arrows*, and sharpe *Fones* they rain,
 And hayle upon us without any flint:
 Nor were *These* uttered to the Ayre in vain,
 For in this leg I *there* receiv'd a dint.
 But *wee* (as prickt with *smart*, and with disdayne)
 Made them a ready answere, so in print,
 That (I believe in earnest) with our Rapps
Wee made their *Heads* as *crimson* as their *capps*.

34.

And now (*VELOSO*, off, with safety brought)
 Forthwith repayre we to the *Fleet* agin,
 Seeing the ougly *Malice*, the base Thought,
 This false and brutish people hid within:
 From whom of *INDIA* (so desired) nought
 Of Information could we pick, or win,
 But that it is remote, So once more I
 Vnto the *Wind* let all the *Canvas* fly.

Then

25.

Then to *VELOSO* said a Jybing lad
 (The rest all laughing in their sleeves) Ho! Friend
VELOSO: the Hill (it seems) was not so bad
 And hard to be come down, as 'twas t'ascend.
 True (quoth th' *Advent'rer* bold) Howe're, I had
 Not made such haste, but that the *Dogs* did bend
 Against the *Fleet*: And I began to doubt me
 It might go ill, that you were here without me.

26.

He tells us then, he past no sooner was
 The *Mountain's* top, but that the people black
 Forbid him any farther on to pass
 And threat to kill him if he turn not back;
 And (turn'd) they lay them down upon the grass
 In *Ambuscade*, whereby they *Us* might pack
 To the dark Realm, when we in haste should fall
 To rescue *Him*, before we well could rally.

27.

The *Sun* five times the *Earth* had compassed
 Since *We* (from thence departed) *Seas* did plough
 Where never Canvas-wing before was spread,
 A prosperous Gale making the *top-yards* bow:
 When on a *night* (without suspect, or dread,
 Charting together in the cutting *Prow*)
 Over our Heads appear'd a fable *Cloud*,
 Which in thick darkness did the *Welkin* shroud.

28.

So big it lookt, such stern *Grimaces* made,
 As fill'd our Hearts with horror, and appal,
 Black was the *Sea*, and at long distance brayd
 As if it roar'd *through* Rocks, *down* Rocks did fall.
 O *Pow'r* inhabiting the *Heav'ns*, I said!
 What divine threat is? What *mystical*
 Imparting of thy will in so *new form*,
 For this is a Thing greater than a *Storm*?

29.

I had not ended, when a *humane* Feature
 Appear'd to usith *Ayre*, Robustious, ralli'd
 Of *Heterogeneal* parts, of *boundless* Stature,
 A *Cloud* in's Face, a *Beard* prolix and squallid:
Cave-Eyes, a *gesture* that betray'd ill nature,
 And a worse mood, a clay *complexion* pallid:
 His crispt *Hayre* fill'd with *earth*, and hard as *Wyre*,
 A *mouth* cole-black, of *Teeth* two yellow Tyre.

40.

Of such *portentous* Bulk was this *Colossus*,
 That I may tell thee (and not tell amiss)
 Of that of *Rhodes* it might supply the loss
 (One of the *World's Seav'n Wonders*) out of this
 A *Voyce* speaks to us : so profound, and grosse,
 It seems ev'n torn out of the vast *Abyss*.

The *Hayre* with horror stands on end, of mee
 And all of us, at what we *hear*, and *see*.

41.

And *this* it spake. O *you*, the boldest Folke
 That ever in the world great things assayd;
 Whom such dire *Wars*, and infinite, the *smoke*
 And *Toyle* of *Glorie* have not weary made;
 Since these *forbidden* bounds by *you* are broke,
 And my large Seas your daring *keeles* invade,
 Which I so long enjoy'd, and kept alone,
 Unplough'd by *forreign* Vessel, or our owne.

42.

Since the hid secrets you are come to spye
 Of *Nature* and the *humid* Element;
 Never reveal'd to any *Mortal's* Eye
 Noble, or *Heroes*, that before you went:
 Hear from my mouth, for your presumption high
 What *losses* are in store, what *Plagues* are meant,
 All the wide *Ocean* over, and the *Land*,
 Which with hard *War* shall bow to your command.

43.

This know; As many *Ships* as shall persevere
 Boldly to make the Voyage you make now,
 Shall finde this *Poynt* their enemy for ever
 With *winds* and *tempests* that no bound shall know:
 And the first *Fleet* of *War* that shall indeaver
 Through these *inextricable* Waves to go,
 So fearful an *example* will I make,
 That men shall say I *did* more then I *spake*.

44.

Here I expect (unless my hopes have ly'de)
 On my *discov'rer* full Revenge to have;
 Nor shall He (onely) all the Ills abide,
 Your *pertinacious* confidences crave:
 But to your Vessels yearly shall betide
 (Unless, provoked, I in vain do rave)
Shipwracks, and *losses* of each kinde and Race;
 Amongst which, *death* shall have the lowest place.

And

45.

And of the first that comes this way (in whom
 With height of *Fortune*, height of *Fame* shall meet)
 I'll be a new; and everlasting Tomb,
 Through G O D's unfathom'd judgement. At these Feet
 He shall drop *all his Glories*, and insume
 The glittering *Trophies* of a *Turkish Fleet*.
 With *me* conspire his Ruine, and his Fall,
 Destroyd *QUILOA*, and *MOMBASSA's* Wall.

46.

Another shall come after, of good *fame*,
 A *Knight*, a *Lover*, and a *lib'ral Hand*;
 And with him bring a fair and gentle *dame*,
 Knit *his* by *LOVE*, and *HYMEN's* sacred Band.
 In an ill hour, and to your loss and shame,
 Ye come within the *rurles* of *my* land;
 Which (kindly cruel) from the *sea* shall free you,
 Drown'd in a *sea* of miseries to see you.

47.

Sterv'd shall they see to death their *Children* deare;
Begot, and *rear'd*, in so great *love*. The black
 Rude *CAPRES*: (out of *Avarice*) shall teare
 The *Cloathes* from the *Angellick Lady's* back.
 Her dainty limbs of *Alabaster* cleare
 To *Heate*, to *Cold*, to *Storm*, to *Eyes's* worfe *Rack*
 Shall be laid *naked*; after she hath trod
 (Long time) with her soft Feet the burning Clod.

48.

Besides all this; *Their Eyes* (whose happier lot
 Will be to scape from so much miserie)
 This *Toake* of *LOVERS*, out into the hot
 And unrelenting *Thickets* turn'd shall see.
 Ev'n *there* (when *Teares* they shall have squeez'd and got
 From *Rocks* and *Desarts*, vvhere no *waters* be)
 Embracing (*kind*) their *souls* they shall exhale
 Out of the faire, but miserable, *Tayle*.

49.

The ugly *Monster* vvent to rake into
 More, of our *Fate*; vvhen, starting on my feet,
 I ask him, *Who art Thou?* (for to say true
 Thy *hideous Bulk* amazes me to see't.)
 H E E (vvreathing his black mouth) about him threvv
 His favvcer-Eyes: And (as his foul vvould fleet)
 Fetching a dismal groan, *replide* (as *sory*,
 Or *vext*, or *Both*, at the *Interrogatory*.)

50.

I am that great and secret *HEAD OF LAND*,
 Which *you* the *CAPE OF TEMPESTS* well did call;
 From *STRABO*, *PTOLOMEE*, *POMPONIVS*, And
 Grave *PLINY* hid; and from the *ANTIENS* all.
 I the *but-end*, that knits wide *AFRICK'S* strand;
 My *Promontory* is her *Moun'd and Wall*,
 To the *ANTARTICK POLE*: which (neverthelesse)
You, only, have the boldness to transgresse.

51.

Of the rough *sons* oth' *EARTH*, was *I*: and *Twin*,
 Brother to *Him*, that had an hundred Hands,
 I was call'd *ADAMASTOR*, and was in
 The *Warr* 'gainst *Him*, That hurls hot *VULCAN'S* Brands.
 Yet Hills on Hills I heapt not: but (to win
 That *Empire*, which the *SECOND JOVE* commands)
 Was *GENERALL* at *Sea*; on which did sayle
 The *Fleet* of *NEPTUNE*, which *I* was to quayle.

52.

The *love* I bare to *PELUS'S* spouse divine
 Imbarqu'd mee in so wild an *Enterpriſe*.
 The fayrest *GODDESSE* that the *Heav'ns* inſhrine
 I, for the *Prinſeſſe* of the *Waves* deſpiſe.
 Vpon a day when out the *Sun* did ſhine,
 With *NEREUS'S* daughters (on the *Beach*) theſe eyes
 Beheld her *naked*: ſtreight I felt a *dart*.
 Which *Time*, nor *ſcorns*, can pull out of my *Heart*.

53.

I knew't impoſſible to gain her *Love*
 By reaſon of my great deformitie
 What *force* can doe I purpoſe then to prove:
 And, *DORIS* call'd, let *Her* my purpoſe ſee.
 The *Goddeſſe* (out of feare) did *THETYS* move
 On my behalfe: but with a chaſte ſmile ſhee
 (As *vertuous* full, as ſhe is *fayre*) replide,
 What *NYMPH* can ſuch a heavy love abide?

54.

How ever *Wee* (to ſave the *ſea* a part
 In ſo dire *War*) will take it into thought
 How with our *honour* we may cure his ſmart.
 My *Messenger* to mee thus anſwer brought.
 I, That ſuſpect no *ſtratagem*, no *art*,
 (How eaſily are purblind *Lovers* caught)
 Feel my ſelfe wondrous light with this *Return*;
 And fann'd with *Hopes*, with freſh *deſire* doe burn.

Thus

55.

Thus fool'd, thus cheated from the warr begun,
 On a time (*DORIS* pointing where to meet)
 I spy the glitt'ring forme, ith' *evening* dun,
 Of snowy *THE TYS* with the silver feet.
 With open *Armes* (farr off) like mad I run
 To clip therein my *Ioy*, my *Life*, my *Sweet* :
 And (*clipt*) begin those orient *Eyes* to kis,
That Face, that Hayre, that Neck, that All that is.

56.

O, how I choake in utt'ring my disgrace !
 Thinking I *Her* embrac'd whom I did seek,
 A *Mountain* hard I found I did embrace.
 O'regrown with *Trees* and *Bushes* nothing sleek.
 Thus (grapling with a *Mountain* face to face,
 Which I stood pressing for her *Angel's* cheek)
 I was no *Man* : No but a stupid *Block*
 And grew unto a *Rock* another *Rock*.

57.

O *Nymph* (the fayrest of the *OCHEAN'S* Brood) !
 Since with my *Features* thou could'st not be caught,
 What had it cost to spare me that *false* good,
 Were it a *Hill*, a *Clowd*, a *Dream*, or *Thought* ?
 Away fling I (with *Anger* almost *wood*,
 Nor lesse with *shame* of the *Affront* distraught)
 To seek another *World* : That I might live,
 Where *none* might *laugh*, to lee me *weep*, and *grieve*.

58.

By this my *Brethren* on their *Backs* were cast,
 Reduc'd unto the depth of misery :
 And the *vain Gods* (all hopes to put them past)
 On *Those*, That *Mountayns* pyl'd, pyl'd *Mountains* high.
 Nor I, that mourn'd farr off my deep distast,
 "(*HEAU'N*, *HANDS* in vain *resist*, in vain *FERT* fly.
 For my *design'd* Rebellion, and Rape,
 The vengeance of pursuing *Fate* could scape:

59.

My *solid flesh* converteth to *tough Clay* :
 My *Bones* to *Rocks* are metamorphos'd :
 These *leggs*, these *thighs* (behold how large are *they* !)
 O're the long *sea* extended were and spred.
 In fine into this *CARPE* out of the way
 My monstrous *Trunk*, and high-erected *Head*,
 The *GODS* did turn : where (for my greater payn)
THE TYS dorch *Tantalize* me with the *MAYN*.

60.

Here ends. And (gushing out into a *Well*
 Of *Tears*) forthwith he vanish from our sight.
 The black *Cloud* melting, with a hideous yell
 The *OCEAN* sounded a long way forthright.
 I (in *their* presence, who by *miracle*
 Had thus far brought us, ev'n the *ANGELS* bright)
 Besought the *LORD* to shield his *Heritage*
 From all that *ADAMASTOR* did presage.

61.

Now *PHLEGON* and *PYROUS* pulling come
 (With other *Two*) the *Charet* of the *DAY*:
 When that *high LAND* (to which this *Gyant* grum
 Was turn'd) doth to our *Eyes* it self display.
Doubling the point, we take another *Rumb*;
 And (coasting) plough the *Oriental Sea*.
 Nor had we plough'd it long, when underneath
 A little) in a *Second Port* we breath.

62.

The *People* That this *Countrey* did possess
 (Though they were likewise *ETHIOPIANS* All)
 Did more of *humane* in their *means* express,
 Then *Those*, into whose hands we late did fall.
 Upon the sandy *Beach*, with cheerfulness
 They meet us, and with *Dances* Festival.
 With *them*, their *Wives*: and their mild Flocks of *Sheep*
 Which *fat* and *faire*, and *frisking* they did keep.

63.

Their *Wives* upon straw-Pillions (black as *Jet*)
 Slow-paced *Oxen* (like *EUROPA*) ride:
Beasts, upon which a higher price *they* set
 Then all the *Cattle* of the *Field* beside.
 Sweet *madrigalls* (in *Ryme*, or *Prose* compleat,
 In their own *Tongue*) to *rustick-Reed* apply'de,
 They sing in *Parts*, as gentle *Shepherds* use,
 That imitate of *TYRTIRUS* the *Muse*.

64.

These (and no less was, written in their *Faces*)
 Love and *Humanity* to Us afford:
 Bringing us *Hens*, and *Muttons*, in the places
 Of *Merchandizes* which we had Aboard.
 But, for (in fine) our men could spy no traces
 (By any *Sign* they made, or any *word*
 From their dark *Tongue*) of what we wist to know:
 Our *Anchors* weigh'd, to *Sea* again we go.

Now

65

Now had we giv'n the to her demi-wheel
 About black *AFRICK*, And (the burning Hoope,
 That girts the *World*, inquiring with my Keel)
 To the *ANTARTICK POLE* I turn'd my *Poope*.
 By that small *Isle* (such emulous Thoughts we feel)
 Discover'd by a former *Fleet*, we Soope;
 Which fought the *CAPR* OF *TEMPESTS*, and (*that* found)
 Pitcht *here* a *CROSS*: our *then DISCOVERIES'S* Bound.

66.

Thence, many *nights*, and many sadder *days*,
 Betwixt rough *Storms*, and languid *Calmes*, we grope
 Through the great *Ocean*, and explore, *new ways*:
 No *Lantern* to pursue, but our high *Hope*.
 One time above the rest (as *danger* Plays
 At *Sea* the *PROTHEUS*) with strange *Waves* we cope.
 So strong a *Current* in those parts we meet,
 As ev'n obstructs the passage of our *Fleet*.

67.

More violent without comparifon
 (As our *reculing Vessels* plain did shew)
 The *Sea* was, That did there *against* us run,
 Then the fresh *Gale*, that in our *favour* blew.
NOTUS (disdaining much to be out-done
 By *That*; and, as he thought, on purpose too
 To affront *Him*) puffs, blusters, reinforces
 His angry Blasts: and so we pass *THE COURSE*.

68

The *Sun*, reduc'd the solemnized *Feast*,
 On which, a *KING* laid in a *Crutch* to find,
 Three *Kings* did come *conducted* from the *EAST*,
 In which *ONE KING*, three *KINGS* at once are joyn'd.
 That day took *we* another *Port* (possest
 By *People*, like to *Those* we left behind)
 In a great *River*: Giving it the Name
 Of that *great-day* when thereinto we came.

69.

Here fresh *Provisions* of the *Folks* we take:
 Fresh-water from the *River*. But, in summ,
 No guests concerning *INDIA* could we make,
 By *People*, unto *Us* as good as dumb,
 See (*King*) how many *Countries* we did rake
 Without a *door* found out from that rude *scum*,
 Without descrying the least *Track*, or *Scent*,
 Of the so much desired *ORIENT*!

Imagine,

70.

Imagine, *Sir*, in what *distress* of *mind*,
 How *lost* we went, how much *perplex* with *Cares*,
Broken with *Storms*, and *All* with *Hunger* pin'd,
 Through *Seas* unknown, through *disagreeing Ayres*,
 (So far from *hope*, the wish'd *LAND* to find,
As, ev'n with *hoping*, plung'd into *despairs*)
 Through *Climates* rul'd by other heav'nly *SIGNS*;
 And where no *Star*, of our *acquaintance*, shines.

71.

The food we have too, *spoyl'd*; and what we crave
As nutriment, ev'n turn'd into our *Bane*:
 No *Entregens*, no *news*, to make us wave
 Our *Griefs*; or feed us with a *hope*, though *vaine*.
 Think'st *Thou*, if this *choyce band* of *soldiers* brave
 Were *other* then of *Lusitanian* straine,
 They had obedient held to this degree
 Unto their *King*, and his *Authoritie*?

72:

Think'st *Thou*, they had not risen long ago
 Against their *GENERAL* (cross to their desire)
 Turning *Free-booters*, forced to be so
 By black *despair*, by *Hunger*, and by *Ire*?
 If ever *Men* were *try'd*, These are: since *no*
Fatigue, no *suffrings*, were of force, to tyre
 Their great and *Lusitanian* excellence
 Of *loyalty*, and firm *Obedience*:

73.

Leaving, in fine, the sweet fresh-water Flood,
 And the salt *Waves* returning to divide;
Off from the *Land* a pretty space we stood,
 Our whole *Fleet* bent into the *Ocean* wide:
 Left the cold *Southern* wind (increasing) shou'd
 Impound us in the *Bay* and furious *Tyde*
 Made in that *Quarter* by the crooking shore,
 Which to *SOFALA* sends the *golden Ore*.

74.

This part (and the swift *Rudder* streight up resign'd
 To good St. *NICH'LAS*, as in case deplor'd)
 Towards that *Part* we steered, where the *Wind*-
 Possessed *Waves* against the *Beaches* roar'd:
 When the 'twixt *hope* and *fear* suspended mind,
 And which confided in a *painted Board*,
 (Faln from *small hope* to *absolute despair*)
 Lookt up by an *Adventure* rare.

75.

'Twas *thus*. When to the *Coast* so nigh we drew
As to see plain the *Countrey* round about :
A *River* broacht into the *Sea* we view,
Where *Barks* with *Sails* went passing *in* and *out*.
To meet with Men, That *Navigation* knew
Surpriz'd us with great *joy*, thou canst not doubt :
For amongst *them*, of things from *Vs* so hid,
We hop't to hear some *News* : and so we did.

76.

These too are *ETHIOPS* : yet it should appeare
They had in better company been bred.
Arabick words we pickt out here and there,
By which was reacht the scope of what they fed.
A kind of *Terbant* each of them did weare,
Of *Cotton* fine, pres't close unto his head :
Another *Cotton-cloth* (and *this* was blew)
About those-parts that should be kept from *view*.

77.

In the *Arabick-Tongue* (which *They* speak ill,
But *FERNAND MARTYN* understandeth though)
They say ; in *Ships* as great as *these* we fill,
That *Sea* of theirs is traverst to and fro,
Even from the rising of the *sun*, untill
The *Land* makes *Southward* a *FULL POINT*, and so
Back, from the *South*, to *East* : conveying, *thus*,
Folks, of the colour of the *DAY*, like *Vs*.

78.

If with the sight of *These* so joy'd we were,
The *news* they give us makes us much more glad.
This (for the *signes* by us collected *there*)
We call *THE RIVER OF GOOD SIGNS*. We add
The *Land-mark* of A *CROSS*, the which we reare,
Whereof some number in our *Ships* we had
For such Intents : *This* bar the fair *Guides*'s name
Who, with *TOBIAH* unto *GABAEEL* came.

79.

Of *Slyme*, scales, shell-fish, and such filthy stuff,
(The noysome Generation of the *DEEP*)
The *Ships* (that come therevwith sordid, and rough,
Through so long Seas) *there* do vve cleanse, and lvyerp.
From our kind *Hosts* vve had supply'de, enough
Of the *Provisions* usual (as *sheep*,
And *other* things) vwith smooth, and jocund *meets*,
And as cleer *hearts* : vvhich through their *eyes* vvere seen.

80.

But the high pregnant *Hopes*, we *there* embraced,
 Bred not a joy unmixt with some *Allay*.
 To *ballance* it, in t'other *scale* was placed
 A new *disaster* by RHAMNUSIA.
 "Thus gracious HEAV'NS their *Boons* have interlaced:
 "These are the *interfearings*, *This* the way,
 "Of *humane* Things. *Black sorrow* holds the *Dye*:
 "Light joy fades in the twinkling of an Eye.

81.

And *this* it was. The loathsom'st, the most fell
Disease, that ever these sad eyes beheld,
 Reft many a *life*, and left the *Bones* to dwell
 For everlasting in a *forreign* Field.
 Who will believe (*unseen*) what I shall tell?
 In such dire manner would the *gumms* be swell'd
 In our mens *Mouths*; that the black flesh thereby
 At once did grow, at once did *putrifie*.

82.

With such a horrid *stench* it *putrified*,
 That it the neighb'ring *Ayre* infected round.
 We had no circumspect PHYSITIAN try'de:
 No *Lady-handed* SURGEON was there found.
 But by a CARVER might have been supply'de
 The *last*. 'Twas handling of a *dead-man's wound*.
 The rawest NOVICE, with his *Instrument*
 Might cut, and never hurt the PATIENT.

83.

In fine, in this wild LAND, *adieu* we bad
 To our *brave* Friends (never to see them more)
 Who in such *Ways*, in such *Adventures* sad,
 With *Us* an equal burthen ever bore.
 "How easily a burying place is had!
 "The least wave of the *Sea*, any strange *shore*,
 "Serve, as to put our *Fellows's Reliques* in,
 "So of the bravest *Men* that e're have bin.

84.

Thus, from this fatal *Haven* we disjoine
 With *more* of joy then what we brought, and *less*:
 And (coasting upward) seek some farther *signe*:
 Of INDIA, to make out our present *gues*.
 At MOZAMBIQUE we arriv'd in fine;
 Of whose *false* dealing, and *hard-heartedness*,
 Thou must have heard: as also of the *Vile*
 And *barb'rous* dealing of MOMASSA'S *Iffe*.

Then

85

Then to the *Sanctuary* of thy *Port*
 (Whose soft and Royall *Treatment* may suffice
 To heale the sick, to cheer the *Alamort*,)
 We were conducted by *propitious* Skyes.
 Heer sweet Repose, Heer soveraign support,
 Heer Quiet to our Breasts, Rest to our Eyes,
 Thou doest impart. Thus (if thou hast attended)
 Thou hast thy wish; my *NARRATIVE* is ended.

86.

Judge now (*O King*) if ever *Mortalls* went
 Upon so long, upon so *desperate* ways.
 Think'st Thou *ENBAS*, and the eloquent
VLYSSES travayl'd so much *World*, as *These*?
 Durst either (of the watry *Element*,
 For all the *Verses* written in their prayse)
 See so much through his *Prowesse*, through his *Art*,
 As I have seen, and shall, or the *eighth* part?

87.

THOU, who didst drink so deep of *HELICONE*,
 For whom *seven Cities* did contend in fine,
 Amongst themselves, *RHODES*, *SMYRNA*, *COLOPHONE*,
 Wife *ATHENS*, *Chyos*, *Argos*, *SALAMINE*,
 And THOU, whom *ITALY* is proud to owne,
 Whose *Voyce*, first low, then high (always *divine*,
 And sweet) thy native *MINCIVS* (hearing) fell
 Asleep, but *TIBER* did with glory swell:

88.

Sing, and advance with praises to the skye
 Your *DEMI-GODS*, stretching your twanging lungs
 With *WITCHES*, *CIRCES*, *GYANTS OF ONE EYE*,
SIRENS, to rock and charm them with their *songs*:
 More, give them (both with *Sayls*, and *Oars*) to fly
*CICONIAN*S, and that *Land*, where there *mates* Tongues
 With *LOT* toucht, makes them forget they're *slaves*,
 Give them, to drop their *pilot* in the waves:

89.

Project them *winds* (carried in *baggs*) to take
 Out, when they list, Am'rous *CALYPSOES* bold;
HARPIES, their *meat* to force them to forsake;
 Hand them to the *Elysian* shadowes cold:
 As fine, and as re-fin'd, as ye doe make
 Your *tales* (so sweetly dreamt, and so well told)
 The pure and naked *Truth*, I tell, will git.
 The hand, of all the *Fabricks* of your Wit.

Q

Vpon

90.

Upon the *Captain's* honyed lips depends
 Each gaping *Hearer* with fresh *Appetite*;
 When his long *Story* he concludes and ends,
 Fraught with *high deeds*, with *Horror*, and delight.
 The vast *Thoughts* of our *KINGS*, the *King* commends:
 And their *Warrs*, known where're the *Sun* gives light:
 The *NATION's* ancient *Valour* he extols:
 The *loyalty*, and *Bravery*, of their *Souls*.

91.

The *PEOPLE* tell (with *admiration* strook)
 To one another, what they noted most.
 Not one of them can off those *People* look,
 That came so *far*, That such dire *Seas* have crost.
 But now the *Youth* of *DELOS*, who re-took
 The reins, which *LAMPETUSAS* Brother lost,
 Turns them, to sleep with *THEYTS* in the *DEEP*:
 The *KING* leaves *that*, in his *own* House to sleep.

92.

"How *sweet* is *PRAYSE*, and justly purchas't *GLORY*
 "By one's *own Actions*, when to *Heav'n* they soare!
 "Each *nobler Soul* will strain, to have his story
 "Match, if not *darken*, All That went before.
 "Envy of other's *Fame*, not *transitory*,
 "Screws up *illustrious Actions* more, and more.
 "Such, as contend in *honorable deeds*,
 "The *Spur* of high *Applause* incites their speeds.

93.

Those glorious Things *ACHYLLES* did in *War*
 With *ALEXANDER* sank not half so deep,
 As the *GREAT TRUMPET* That proclam'd them, far
 And neer; He envies *this*, *This* makes him weep.
 The *Marathonian* Trophies *Larums* are,
 Which suffer'd not *THEMISTOCLES* to sleep:
 He said, no *Musick* pleas'd his ear so well,
 As a good *Voyce*, that did his prayes tell.

94.

VASCO DE GAMA takes great payns, to shew
 Those *NAVIGATIONS* which the *World* up-cryes
 Deserve not in such gorgeous Robes to go,
 As *his*, which doth astonish *Earth*, and *Skies*.
 True: But that *WORTHY* (who did foster so
 With *Favours*, *Gifts* *Rewards*, and *Dignities*
 The *MANTUAN MUSE*) made *that* *ENEAS* sing,
 And set the *ROMAN GLORY* on her wing.

SCIPIOS

95.

SCIPIOS, and CÆSARS, *Portugal* doth yeild;
 Yeilds ALEXANDERS, and AUGUSTUSSES;
 But with those *lib'ral Arts* it doth not guil'd
 Them though, which would file off their roughnesses.
 OCTAVIUS made compt *Verses* in the Feild,
 Filling up so the *blanks* of *Business*,
 Forsaken FULVIA will not let me lye
 Through CLEOPATRA'S charms on ANTHONY.

96.

Brave CÆSAR marches conquering all FRANCE;
 Nor was his *Learning* silenc't by his drumme:
 But (in *this* hand a *Pen*, in *that* a *Lance*)
 To th' *eloquence* of TULLY he did come.
 SCIPIO (whose *Wit* in other's *Socks* did dance)
 Wrote *plays*, ev'n wirth that *Hand*, which had fav'd Rome.
 Our HOMER doted ALEXANDER so,
 That th' I LIAD was his constant Bedfellow.

97.

All, That have ere been *famous* for COMMAND,
 Were learned too; or lov'd the Learned *All*:
 In LATIUM, GREECE, or the most *barb'rous* Land,
 But only in unhappy PORTUGALL.
 I speak it to our shame; the cause no grand
 POETS adorn our *Countrey*, is the small
 Incouragement to such: For how can *He*
 Esteem, That *understands* not POETRIE?

98.

For *This*, and not for want of *Ingenie*,
 VIRGIL and HOMER, are not born with *Us*:
 Nor will ENEAS, and ACHYLLES, bee,
 (This *feirce*, Hee *pious*) if the World should *thus*,
 But (which is worst of all) for ought I see,
 FORTUNE hath shapt our *Lords*, so *boysterous*,
 So *rude*, so carelesse to be *known*, or *know*,
 That they like well enough it should be so.

99.

Thankt let the *Muses* be, by our DE GAME,
 To my deer *Countrey* that my zeale was such,
 As to commend her *noble Toyles* to FAME,
 And her great *deeds* with a bould hand to touch:
 For *Hee*, That's like him (only in his *name*)
 Deserves not of CALIOPE so much,
 Or TAGUS'S Nymphs; That They their golden Loom
 Should leave, to carve his ANCESTORS a Tomb.

Q 2

Love

100.

Love to my Brethren, and to do things just,
 Giving all *Portugal-Exploits* their dues,
 To serve the Ladies, to procure their gusts,
 Are th'onely spurr, and int'rest of the Musse.
 Therefore, for fear of black *Oblivion's* Rult,
Heroick Actions let no man refuse:

For by my hand, or some more lofty strain,
 VERTUE will lead him into HONOUR'S Fane.

End of the fifth Canto.

Sixth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

THE *Pagan King* could never entertain
 The NAVIGATORS well enough he thought,
 The friendship of the *Christian King* to gain
 Of men, whose courage had such wonders wrought.
 It troubled him, his lot should be, to reign
 So far from EUROPE, with all good things fraught:
 And that his happy Station had not bin
 Where HERCULES the *Mid-Land-Sea* let in.

2.

With Games, Masks, Revels, Gambals on the Green;
 With Moorish-Dances (their sport natural);
 With jovial Fishings (such as EGIPT'S Queen
 Pleas'd the out-witted ANTHONY withal,
 When Carbonadoed Fish were hang'd unseen
 On her dropt Hooks) he treats the PORTINGALL
 Each day, with Bauquets, of unusual Fare;
 With Fruits, with Foules, with Flesh, with Fishes rare.

3.

But now the Captain (seeing time spend fast,
 And that the fresh Wind woopes him to be gon)
 From the indulgent Land taking in haist
 Th'appointed Pilots, and Provision,
 Resolves to quit it: of the Ocean vast
 Having no little Portion yet to run.
 His leave now takes he of the PAGAN free,
 Who prays from All a lasting Amitie.

He

4.

He prays them more, that *Port* (such as it is)
That all their *Fleets* would visit, when they pass:
For, greater good he doth not wish, than *this*;
To give such men his *Realm*, and all he has.
And, whilst he breathes, whilst, what he has, is his;
Whilst the least sand is running in his *Glass*;
He will be always ready to lay down
For such a *King*, and *People*, *Life*, and *Crown*.

5.

GAMA went not behind, in *Complement*;
And, weighing *Anchor* without more delay,
To the rich *Kingdoms* of the *ORIENT*
(Which he so long had sought) pursues his way.
Now a direct and certain Course he went:
The *Fleet*, this *Pilot* means not, to betray.
Which (therefore) from the *hospitable* shore
Goes now securer, then it came before.

6.

The *Oriental* Billows they divide
Now in the *Indian* Seas: and (spying than
Th' *Alcove*, whence *PHEBUS* rose as from a *Bride*)
See their desires fullfill'd within a span.
But spiteful *THYONEUS* (grudging the *Tyde*
Of *Happiness*, which then to smile began
On *PORTINGALS*, who well had earn'd the same)
Repines, fumes, curses, and with Rage doth flame.

7.

He saw the *Stars* unanimous, to make
Of *LISBON*, a new *ROME*; and that in vain
It was for *Him* to hope (alone) to shake
That, which the *SUPREME POWER* did ordain.
Desperate; in fine, *OLYMPUS* doth forsake,
To seek below what *There* he could not gain.
Enters the *humid Realm*; and to the *Court*
Of *Him*, that bears the *Trident*, doth resort.

8.

In the abstrusest *Grottoes* of the *DEEP*,
Where th'*OCEAN* hides his head far under ground;
There, whence to play their pranks the *Billows* creep,
When (mocking the lowd *Tempests*) they resound,
NEPTUNE resides. *There*, wanton *Sea-Nymphs* keep;
And other *Gods* That haunt the *Seas* profound:
Where *arched Waves* leave many *Cities* dry,
In which abides each watry *Deity*.

The

9.

The never fadom'd *Bottom* doth expand
 A *Levell*, gravell'd ore with *Silver* fine;
 Where lofty *Turrets* rise from *drayned* Land,
 Of *Massive* stuff, *Transparent*, *crystalline*:
 To which, the neerer you shall hap to stand,
 The less will you be able to define
 If it be *crystal* which your *Eye* sui vays,
 Or *diamond*, which cast such *glorious* Rays.

10.

The *Gates* are *Massive Gold*, richly imboft
 With ragged *Pearle* in their *Mother* shell;
 In goodly *Sculpture* wrought, of wondrous cost,
 On which vext *LIBER*'s eyes did feed and dwell.
 Where first old *CHAOS* (in it own selfe lost)
 Varied with proper *shadows*, doth excell.
 Then the *FOUR ELEMENTS* (transcribed faire
 From that *foule Copy*) in their *Colours* are.

11.

There active *FIRE* got highest on the wing,
 Which without *matter* did it selfe sustayn,
 Till (to give *Soule* to ev'ry living Thing)
 By bold *PROMETHEUS* from the *Sun* twas tane.
 Next, subtle *AYRE* with the *invisible* Ring,
 Gaping for *places* (importuning, vain)
 Now *vacant* in the *world*, which *that* doth not
 Step streight into, though nere so *cold*, or *hot*.

12.

Warted with *Mountains* (then) was the low *EARTH*
 In her *green gown* shadow'd with fruitfull *Trees*:
 Giving those *Creatures*, to which she gave *birth*,
 Such *sustenance* as best with each agrees.
 The carved *WATER* serves her for a *yrth*,
 And *brancht* (like *Veyns*) ore all her *Body* is:
 Innumerable sorts of *Fishes* breeding;
 Men with her *Fish*, *Earth* with her *moysture* feeding.

13.

Another *door* upon it carved has
 The *War*, between the *Gods*, and *Giants* bold,¹
 Beneath great *ETNA* crusht *TIPHON*'s was,
 Whence crackling *flames* in *sulphur* *Batts* are roll'd.
NEPTUNE himself stood *heer*, of *breashing* *Brafs*,
 Striking the *ground*, in that *contention* old,
 When the first *Horse*, to the rude world, gave *Hee*;
 And *PALLAS* the first peacefull *olive-Tree*.

14.

LYEUS's Choler would not let him stay
 To view the rest; and, passing through this *Gate*,
 The GOD, who (told of his Approach) did stay
 At th'inner Court, receiv'd him there in state:
 Accompanied with *Nymphs* in bright Array;
 Of whom, *each* seems to wonder, with her *Mate*,
 To see the *Water's King*, paid *one* in fine,
 Of many *Visits* made the *King* of Wine.

15.

NEPTUNE (quoth *he*) O! never think it strange,
 That BACCHUS comes *thy* succour to implore:
 "For *highest* powers, and most secure of change,
 "'Tis envious FORTUNE's pride, to triumph o're.
 Call all thy *Peers* that in the *Ocean* range,
 Ere *more* I speak (if thou wilt hear me *more*)
 Down-weight of *misery* they shall discern.
 Let them *All* hear the wrongs which *All* concern.

16.

NEPTUNE (presuming it some hideous thing
 He would impart) doth TRITON freight command
 To call the DEITIES inhabiting
 The frigid *Waves*, on one; and t'other hand.
 TRITON, who vaunts himself son of the *King*
 By SALACEE (ador'd in LUSU's *Land*)
 Was a great nasty *Clown* with all that boast:
 His *Father's Trumpet*, and his *Father's Poast*.

17.

His thick *bush-beard*, and his *long hair* (which hung
 Dangling upon his shoulders from his head)
 Were spongy *Weeds*; so wet, they might be wrung:
 Which never *Comb* seem'd to have harrowed.
 The nitty points thereof, were tag'd, were strung
 With dark blew *Mussels*, of their own filth bred.
 He had (for a *Montera*) on his Crown
 The shell of a red *Lobster* overgrown.

18.

His *Body* naked, and his *genitals*,
 That he might swim with greater speed, and ease:
 But with *Maritime* little *Animals*
 By Hundreds, cover'd, and all hid, vvhere *these*;
 As *Crayfish*, *Shrimps*, and other *Fish* that cravvles,
 (Receiving *theirs* from the pale *Moon's* increase)
Oysters, and *Periwinkles* vvith their flyme;
Snayles, vvith their *Houses* on their backs that climbe.

His

19.

His great wreath'd *Shell*, to his black mouth apply'de,
 With all the *might* he had, he now did sound;
 Whose shrill and piercing noyse (heard far and wide
 O're all the *Sea*) from *wave* to *wave* did bound.
 Now all those *Gods* (without excuses) high d
 To the bright *Palace*, from their Quarters round,
 Of that moist God, who built the Walls of *TROY*,
 Which angry *GREEKS* did afterwards destroy.

20.

Old *Father OCEAN* first (with all the *sons*
 And *Daughters*, he begat, inviron'd) went:
NEREUS (That married was to *DORIS*) runs,
 Who peopled all the *Crystal Element*:
 The Prophet *PROTHEUS* (his *Flocks* left for once
 To range the *bitter Meade* at full content)
He likewise came; but *He* already knew
 What, *FATHER BACCHUS* to the *Ocean* drew.

21.

Another way came *NEPTUNE'S* snowy *Wife*
 (*URAN* and *VESTA'S* daughter soveraign)
Grave in her *Gate* (yethad her *Graveness life*)
 And with a *Face*, that calmd the wand'ring *Main*.
A Robe of Lawn (whose *Spinster* had a strife
 With *Her*, That with *MINERVA* strove in vain)
 Of her bright *limbs* was the transparent *Lid*:
 For they had too much beauty to be hid.

22.

Fair *AMPHITRITE* (then the flow'rs in *May*
 Fresher, and sweeter) would not wanting bee:
 The *Dolphin* (who advis'd her to obey
 The love of the *Seas KING*) with *Her* brought *Shee*.
 The *Sun* in all his glory, yields the *Day*
 To *either's Eyes* (more worth then all they see).
 They marched hand in hand (an equal paire)
 For *Both*, the Spoufes of *one Husband*, are.

23.

That *Queen* (who, flying *ATHAMAS* run mad,
 Came so to compass an *immortal State*)
 Went; and with *Her* her pretty *Infant* had.
 (*Him* too, the *Gods* did to their Ranks translate)
 Toying before his *Mother* tript the *Lad*:
 With painted *Cockles*, which salt *Seas* create:
 Whom when the loofer sand molests and harms;
 Fair *PANOPEA* bears him in her Arms.

Likewise

24.

Likewise that *God*, who had been once a *Man*,
 And, though a powerfull *Hearb* he chanc'd to tast,
 Was chang'd t'*a Fish*; so from that los began
 A glorious life, turn'd *Deitie* at last;
 Came adding water to the *Ocean*,
 Still weeping the lewd Tricks by *CIRCE* past
 On his lov'd *SCYLLA* (*Hee* below'd by *This*):
 "Hate, where it springs from *love*, so mortall is.

25.

Seated (in short) the *Powers* that rule the *seas*
 In the great *Hall*, majestick, and divine;
 On gorgeous *Cushions* first the *Goddesses*,
 The *Gods* in carved *Chayres* of *crystall* fine,
 The *King* with gracious gestures *All* did please;
 His *Throne* deviding with the *King of Wine*.
 The *House* is filld with that rich sea-bred maffe,
 Which doth *Arabian Frankinsence* surpasse.

26.

When now the *whisprings* of the *Gods* were ceast
 And *ceremonies* done between the *Kings*:
 Burst *THYONEUS* began from hidden Breast
 To powre the *Cause* out of his *sufferings*.
 Knitting his brow a little (which confest
 His leaded *Heart* hung heavy on the strings)
Hee, that with *other's* weapons he may slay
 The men of *Lusus*, thus his cards did play.

27.

PRINCE, who (of right) from one to t'other pole
 The angry *sea* dost awe, and dost command,
 Thou that all *earthly* creatures dost comptrall,
 And bridlest *Nations* with a rope of sand;
 And (Father *OCEAN*) Thou whose Billows roll
 About the *world*, and circumscribe the *Land*,
 Least those meet *Bounds* which are for *All* decreed,
 It's proper *dwellers* should presume t'exceed.

28.

And you, *SEA-GODS*, that wont not to permit
 Your *Kingdom's* high *perogatives* be broke;
 But, who'd dar'd to trespass upon *It*,
 Felt, what it was, your vengeance to provoke:
 What *tumeness* this? what dull *lethargick* Fit?
 Who had such pow'r to stay your *Anger's* stroke,
 Ready (with cause) upon *mankind* to fall,
 Frayle as the *Glasse*, yet venturing at *All*?

R

You

29.

You saw, with what unheard of Insolence
 The highest HEAV'NS they did invade of yore :
You saw, how (against *Reason*, against *sense*)
 They did invade the SEA with *Sail* and *Oare* :
Actions so *Proud*, so *daring*, so *immense*,
You saw; and *We see* dayly more, and more :
 That in few years (*I fear*) of Heav'n and *Sea*,
Men, will be called GODS; and but *men*, WEE.

30.

You see a little Generation now
 (Call'd by the name of one that *serv'd* me too)
 With haughty *Bosom*, with undanted *Brow*,
 Both *you*, and *me*, and all the *World* subdue.
You see, your *Sea* with winged *Oak* they Plough.
 Farther, then ROMAN EAGLES ever flew.
You see, your *Wealth* how they propose to drayn,
 Your *Statutes* cancel, and your *walks* profane.

31.

When first the MYNIAE went about (ye know)
 To cut a way through the forbidden *Flood*,
 How BOREAS, and his Fellow AQUILO,
 (With all the rest) the *Trespas*s then withstood :
 If *They* so *storm'd*, if *they* concern'd were so,
 That, as their own, *your* wrong they understood;
You (whom it touches in a neerer way)
 Why sit ye still? for what do ye *delay*?

32.

Nor think (O *Gods*) that, for your sole concern,
 And for the great *Affront* which put I see
 On *you*, I have forsook the COURT SUPERN:
 But for *That* likewise which is offer'd *me*.
 For, all those *Honours* which my sword did earn,
 When (as the *World*, and *you*, can witness be)
 INDIA I quell'd, and quell'd the ORIENT,
 I by *this People* see trod down, and rent.

33.

For the HIGH RULER, and his *Fates* (who deale
 The *under-world*, as pleases best their mood)
 Have markt these men for *Glory*, *Pow'r*, and *Weale*,
 Greater then ever, in the *Ocean-Flood*.
 And (*Gods*) from *you* I must not now concale,
 That they teach *sorrow*, ev'n to *Gods*. 'Tis good :
We too are *slaves* to their preposterous Will;
 Which gives *Ills* to the *Good*, *Goods* to the *Ill*.

Now

34.

Now therefore from OLYMPUS am I toft,
 To seek some *Cure*, some *Balsome* for my wound :
 To see, if that *esteem*, I *there* have lost,
 May happily within *your Seas* be found.
 More would have said: But *Tears* the passage crost,
 Which (trickling down his *Cheek* in *Ropes*, that bound
 His *words*) with suddain fury did inspire
 And set the *watry Deities* on fire.

35.

So rough the billows of their Anger went,
 So swiftly and so high their rage did mount ;
 That no mature advice it did consent,
 Permit no pause, no weighing, no discount.
Orders from NEPTUNE are already sent
 To mighty EOLUS, that without Count
 He slipt the struggling *Winds* from their strong *Caves*,
 And let no Vessel *live* upon the waves.

36.

PROTHEUS rose twice to speak, and went about
 His judgement in the matter to propound :
 Nor *Any* who were present, made a doubt
 But that it was some *Prophecy* profound.
 But still a rising tumult put him out,
 And in their sence the *Gods* did so abound,
 That THE TYS stuck not to exclaime; *Will you*
 Be teaching NEPTUNE *what he hath to do?*

37.

Then doth the proud HIPPOTADES enlarge
 From their *close prison* the enraged *Winds* ;
 And *them* with *animating* words discharge
 Against the Men of never-daunted minds.
 For a thick *cloud* hides *Heav'n* (as with a *Targe*)
 And ARGUS's hundred Eyes, that guild it, blinds.
 The swelling *blasts* have in a trice o'rethrown
 Tow'rs, Mountains, Houses. — But of *that* Anon.

38.

Whilst in the DEEP was held this *Parlament*,
 The wearied *Fleet* (yet free from sad dismay)
 Before a gentle Wind pursuing went
 Thorough the tranquil *Ocean* their long way.
 That Time it was, when from the ORIENT
 Removed is the *Lamp* that rules the *Day* :
 Those of the *first* did lay them down to sleep,
 And others come the *second Watch* to keep.

R 2

Conquer'd

39.

Conquer'd they come with sleep, and (ill awake)
 Repose their nodding heads against a saile.
 Their Cloathes (thin, thin) but weak resistance make
 To the *Night's* Ayre, which blows a nipping Gale.
 Yawning, they stretch their Limbs; themselves they shake;
 With their *Seal'd* Eyes to ope can scarce prevaile.
Cures against *sleep* they *practise*, they *devise*:
 Tell thousand *Tales*, tell thousand *Histories*.

40:

What better *spur* (said one) to *post* away,
 Or *pastime* to *deceive* the hours, that creep;
 Then by some *pleasant* Tale, wherewith we may
 Knock off the *leaden shackles* of dull *sleep*:
 Quoth LEONARDO then (who, whilst a day
 He hath to live, will faith to CUPID keep)
 A *pleasant* Tale? then what can do so well
 As *one* of Love? and *That*, my self will tell.

41.

Reply'd VELOSOS; 'tis not *fit*, not *just*,
 To treat *soft* subjects in so *hard* extreame.
 For a *Sea-life* (replenish'd with *disgust*)
 Permits not *love*, permits not *melting* *Theames*.
 Our *Story* be of WAR, bloody, Robust;
 For *we* (the *Wefis*, and *Pilgrims* of the streames)
 Are onely born to *horror*, and *distress*:
 Our *future* dangers whisper me no less.

42.

To *This* they *All* agreed: and pray'd VELOSE,
 What he *commended*, that *himself* would *doe*.
 I *shall* (quoth *He*); then listen to my *Prose*:
 I promise you an *old* Tale, and a *true*.
 And (to incite, with apt *examples*, Those
 That hear me, *great* *Beginnings* to pursue)
 Of our own *Countrey-men* shall treat my *story*:
 And let it be the *Twelve* of ENGLAND's glory.

43.

When JOHN the son of PEDRO rul'd our Land
 (Temp'ring his *People's* mouths with a soft *Bit*)
 After he had with a *viciforous* Hand
 From potent neighbour's jaws deliver'd it;
 In merry ENGLAND (which, from *Cliffs* that stand
 Like Hills of *snow*) once ALBION's name did git)
 ERYNNIS dire rank *seeds* of *strife* did sow,
 Whence *Lusitanian* *Lawrels* chanc't to grow.

44.

'Twixt the *fair damsels* of the ENGLISH COURT,
 And *Barons bold* That did attend the fame,
 A hot *dispute*, beginning but in *sport*,
 To end at last in *down-right-earnest* came.
 The *Courtiers* (though the *Courtship* is but short
 That gives reproachful terms to any *Dame*)
 Said: They would prove, that such, and such of Them,
 Had been too lavish of their *Honor's* gem.

45.

And if with *Lance* in *Rest*, or *Blade* in *Fist*,
 To take their parts they had, or *Knights*, or *Lords*;
 That *They*, in *open Field*, or *closed List*,
 Would do them dye, with *Spears*, or else with *Swords*.
 The weaker *sex* (unable to *resist*
 With *deeds*, and less to *swallow* such *bare words*)
 Condemning *Nature*, That deny'de them *force*,
 Unto their *Kin*, and *servants*, had recourse.

46.

But their *Accusers* (mark you?) being *great*
 And *potent* in the Kingdom; neither *Kin*,
 Nor *humble servant*, durst their *Cause* abet,
 As their *Fame's Champions*, which they should have bin.
 With *beauteous Tears* (which, from their blisful fear,
 Might all the *Gods* to their assistance win)
 Distilling down each *Alabaster Cheek*,
 Unto the DUKE OF LANCASTER they seek.

47.

This puissant *Branch*, of ENGLAND's *royal Tree*,
 Had warr'd against CASTLE with PORTUGALL;
 Where his *Camrades's great Hearts* he try'de did see,
 And their *good stars* which bare them out in *All*;
 Like proof of their *respect* to *Dames* had He,
 When to that *Land* his daughter he did call;
 With whole bright *Beautie's* beams our *Monarch* strook,
 The vertuous *Princess* for his *Consort* took.

48.

He (loath to give them aid with his own Hand,
 Left, so, he should foment a *civil flame*)
 Says: when I past to the IBERIAN LAND,
 To the CASTILIAN CROWN to lay my *clayme*;
 Such *heavenly parts* in PORTINGALLS I feand,
 Such *Courtship*, *Courage*, such high thirst of *Fame*,
 That they alone (unless I much mistake)
 With fire and sword your just defence can make.

49.

To *them* then (*injur'd Ladies*) if you please
Ambassadors from *me* (for *you*) shall go,
 Who, with meet *Letters* and smooth *Sentences*,
 The wrong which *you* sustain to *them* may show.
 Let *Letters* likewise from *your selves*, your *Seas*
 Of *Tears* indeare; and from your *Pens* let flow
Nectar of *Words*, to charm them to your *Ayd*:
 For *there's* your *Tow'r*, *There* all your *hopes* are laid.

50.

Th'experienc't *Duke* the *Dames* this counsell gave,
 And streight to them *Twelve* valiant *Knights* did *name*;
 And, that each *Dame* may know her *Champion* brave,
 Bids them cast *Lots*, their number being the same:
 And, by this way of *Lottry* when they have
 Descry'de which *Knight* belongs unto which *Dame*;
 To her own *Knight*, in *varied* phrase, each writes;
 The *King*, to *All*; the *Duke*, to *King*, and *Knights*.

51.

The messenger arives in *Portugal*:
 The *Novelty* doth ravish all that *Court*:
 The gallant *King* would be the first of *All*,
 Might it with *Regal Majesty* comport.
 Each *Courtier* longs, it to *his* chance would fall
 In such a brave *Adventure* to comfort;
 And each one's glory doth in *this* confist,
 To hear his name from the *Lancastrian* List.

52.

In the old loyal *City* there, whence took
 Was the eternal name of *PORTUGALE*;
He, to the *Rudder* who thereof did look,
 Bad fit a *Frigat* light, with *Oare*, and *Sayle*.
Armours and *Cloathes* (delays they cannot brook)
All, of the fashion that did then prevail,
 The *Twelve* provide: *Helms*, *Crests*, *Knots*, *Motto's* neat.
Horses, and gay *Caparisons* compleat.

53.

Leave from that *King* is had, their *sayles* to lofen
 And pass out of the celebrated *DWERE*,
 By *Them* that had the honor to be chosen
 Of famous *JOHN OF GAUNT*, who knew them *there*.
 A *better*, or a *worse*, in all the *dozen*
 (For *skill*, or *force*) there was not: *Peers* they were.
 But one (*MAGRYS*) in whom new thoughts did rise,
 Bespake his valiant *Fellows* in this wise.

Brothers

54.

Brothers in Arms, There hath been long in me
 A strong desire through *forraign Lands* to range;
 More *Streams*, then *T B Jo's*, and fresh *D W E R E's*, to see;
Strange Nations, Cities, Laws, and Manners *Strange*.
 Since in the *World* then many *Wonders* be,
 And now I find this purpose cannot change;
 I'll go before by Land (with your good leave)
 To meet in *ENGLAND*, traversing the *S L E E V E*.

55.

And if (arrested by *his Iron Mace*
 Who is the period of each mortal thing)
 I hap to fail th' appointed time and place;
 To *you* small damage can my failing bring.
 Fight for *your selves*, and *me* to, in that case.
 But in my *ang'ring* Eare a Bird doth sing;
Chance, Rivers, Mountains (all their malice meeting)
 In *LONDON-TOWN* shall not prevent our greeting.

56.

This said, about his valiant Friends he cast
 (In fine) his Armes; and, licenc't, went his ways.
 He past rough *L E O N*: both *C A S T E E L S* he past:
Towns, won by *Lusitanian Arms*, surveys:
N A V A R R E: With *Pyrenean Mountains* (plac't
 'Twixt *S P A I N*, and *France*, as if to part their Frays):
 Survey'd (in fine) all that is *rare* in *F R A N C E*,
 To *B E L G I A's* great *Emporium* doth advance.

57.

Heer (whether *sickness* 'twere, or fresh *Adventer*,
 Advancing *not*) He many days did stay.
 But our lev'n *Worthies* the salt *Ocean* enter,
 And to the *Northern Climate* plough their way.
 Arriv'd in the first *Port*, to the great *Center*
 Of populous *ENGLAND* (*London*) travail'd They:
 Lodg'd by the *Duke* upon the Bank of *T H A M E S*;
 Eggd on, and complemented by the *Dames*.

58.

The *day* was come, and now the hour at hand,
 When with the dozen *ENGLISH* they must fight:
 The *King* secur'd the *Lifts* with an arm'd *Band*:
 In compleat *Steel* begins to cloath each *Knight*:
 Before each *Dame* (her *Honour's Shield*) did stand
 A *S P A N I S H M A R S* in dazeling *Armour* bright:
 Themselves in *Colours*, and in *Gold* did shine,
 With thousand *Jewels*, joyful and divine.

But

59

But *she*, to whom *MAGRISO* (who was not
Arrived) fell; in *mourning* Rayment came;
Because to have, it was *her* hapless lot,
No *Knight*, to be the *Champion* of *her* fame.
Howe're: th' *Eleven* (before they leave the *Spot*)
That they will so behave themselves, proclame;
As that the *Ladies* shall victorious be,
Though of their number wanted two or three.

60.

Upon a high *Tribunal* took his place
THE *ENGLISH KING*, with all his *Court* about.
The *Combattants* by *Three* and *Three* did face,
And *fowre*, and *fowre*, their *Foes*; as it fell out.
The *Sun*, from *GANGES*, till he ends his *Race*,
Sees not another *Twelve* more *strong*, more *stout*,
More highly *daring*, then those *ENGLISH* were,
Who the *leven* *PORTINGALLS* confronted there.

61.

The golden *Bitts* the foaming *Palfreys* champ:
Upon the glitt'ring *Armes*, the *Sun* curvets,
As when roll'd *Cakes* of *Ice* reflect his *lamp*,
Or (mingling *Rays*) on *Dancers* gems it beats.
Now in the *Ladies's* hearts some little damp
(The *Troops* prepar'd to charge) the odds begets
Of *Twelve* t' *eleven*; when (Loe!) incontinent,
A mur'm'ring uproare round the *Scaffolds* went,

62.

Unto that common *Center*, where the *Rout*
Began this tumult, ev'ry *Face* inclines.
Enters a *Knight* on Horse-back, arm'd throughout,
As one, who battail presently designs:
Salutes the *King*; the *Dames*; faceth about,
And, with th' *Eleven*, the great *MAGRISO* joynes.
His greedy *Arms* upon his *Friends* he throws
(*Sure Card*) to lay them next upon his *Foes*.

62.

Then *she* that well perceiv'd this was the *Knight*
Who came *her* honour to defend and rayse,
Cloathes too with *Helle's* Fleece; which (more then bright
Vertue) the *brutish* soule loves, and obays.
The signall giv'n, the *Trumpets* blasts, incite
The warlick *minds*, inflam'd with *rage* and praise.
Spurs are clapt to, *Reyns* slackned in a trice,
Speares coucht in *Rest*, *Fire* from the struck ground flies.

The

69.

Another of the *Twelve* launcht out, into
 HIGH GERMANY: where with an ALMAN He
 Had a fierce *Combat*, who by means undue
 Thought to have shorn his thred of destinie.
 V R L O S O come to a full point; the *Crew*
 Pray him, he would not with such brevities
 Pass the *French Duel*, but be more exact
 Therein: as likewise, in the *German Fight*.

70.

Just here (to drink his words, they list'ning All)
 The *Master* (Loe! (who in the *Skye* did peepe)
 His *whistle* sounds. From ev'ry Corner crawl
 The *Saylors*, half-awake; and half-asleepe;
 And, for the *wind* augments, he bids them fall
 The *Top-sayles*, climbing to the *Scuttle* steep.
 Awake (he said) ope, and unseale, your Eyes:
 From yon black clowd, ye see, the *Wind* does rise.

71.

Not fully lor'd the windy *Top-sayles* were
 When a great *Gust* upon a suddain came.
 Strike, cry'd the *Master*, (so that all might hear)
 Strike, strike, the *Main-sheet*; thrice he did exclaim.
 The hasty *winds* (for *Tyrants* have no Eare)
 Ere struck it could be, rushing thwart the same,
 Rend it to rags, with such a hideous rafh,
 As if (the *World* destroy'd) the *Poles* did clafh.

72.

Then did the *Men* strike HEAV'N with a joynt-groane,
 Themselves with horror struck, and pale dismay:
 For (the *Sayle* split) the *Vessel*, hanging prone,
 A pow'r of *Water* scoops up from the *Sea*.
 Lighten (the *Master* cries with mournful tone)
 Lighten the *Ship*: if ye would live, obay,
 Run others to the *Pump* (w'are at the Brink
 Of perishing) unto the *Pumpe*: We sink:

73.

Unto the *Pumpe* th'undanted *Soldiers* ran:
 To which no sooner come, their parts to do:
 But the *Ship* (staggr'ing like a drunken Man)
 Their heels tript up, them to the *Larbord* threw.
 Not three the sturdiest of the *Saylors* can
 Manage the *Helm*, with all their strength put to.
 The *Ship* is bound with *Ropes* in every part:
 The *Land-men* lose their strength, *Sea-men* their Art.

Such

74.

Such the *impetuous* winds, that to have shown
 More *force*, and *fury*, they could not devise;
 Had they at *once* from *all* the *Quarters* blown
 To throw down *BABEL*, which did threat the skyes:
 The *AMMIRALL* upon the overgrown
Mountains of *water*, shrinks into the size
 Of her own *cock-boat*: wondring *her selfe*, how
 She did to *live* in such a *sea* till now.

75

The *second ship* (in which was *PAUL DE GAME*)
 Had her *main mast* snapt in the midst and broke:
 The *people* in her (almost drown'd) the name
 Of *Him*, that came to save the *world* invoke,
 With like vain *Ecchoes* to the *Ayre*, exclaime
 In the *Third*, all *CULLIOS* daunted folk;
 Although that *master* to good *order* took,
 That, e're the *storm* arriv'd, her *sayles* were strook.

76.

Now *All* to *Heaven* are hoysted by the *fury*
 And rage of *NEPTUNE*, terrible and fell:
 Now to the bottom of *his* waves *All* hurry,
 As it their keels would knock the *Gates* of *Hell*.
 The *East*, *West*, *South*, and *Northern* winds (to woory
 The *world* by turns) from ev'ry corner swell.
 Her self with *Torches* the deformed *Night*
 (With which the *Pole* is all on fire) doth light.

77.

The *Halcion* along the ratling shore
 With *strayned* voyce cries in a *dolefull* Key,
 Rubbing with *this* the overplayst red soare
 Of her own los; by *like* tempestuous sea,
 The amorous *Dolphins* hide them, which before:
 Did friske and dance about the *watry* sea;
 Flying the cruell storm in *Caves* obscure,
 Nor in the very *bottom* are secure

78.

Never such red-hot *Thunder-bolts* were made,
 Rebelling *Gyants* to confound and awe,
 By that *foule Smith*, who (by his *faire wife* pray'd)
 Forg'd a rich *Armour* for his *son in law*:
 Nor ever (by the *Thunderer* displayd)
 That frighted *paire* such flakes of *lightning* saw
 In the great *FLOOD* (they only left to mourn)
 Who *stones* to *people* (a *hard* race) did turn.

S 2

How

79.

How many *mountains* did the *waves* uncrown,
 Bouncing against them like a batt'ring *Ram* !
 How many aged *Trees* the *wind* rusht downe,
 Which by the *Cable-roots* at once up came !
 Little thought *They*, the *earth* swept with their crowne,
 To turn their *Heels* to *Heav'n* in the low *dam*,
As little thought the sands, which there were hid,
 To floate upon the *top*, as *then* they did.

80.

VASCO DE GAMA (seeing his *Hopes* crost,
 Just at the *Butt* and *end* of his desire,
 Seeing the *Billowes* now to *Hell* goe post,
 Now with fresh fury unto *Heav'n* aspire:
 Confus'd with *horror* giving *All* for *lost*,
 Seeing no humane *Fence* against such *Ire*)
 To that *HIGH* *POV'VE* (who is the *sov'rain* *Ayd*,
 And can *Impossibilities* (thus pray'd.

81.

Protector of the *Quires* *Angelically*,
 Whom *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and angry *seas* obey;
Thou, who the *Read-sea* mad'st a double wall,
 Through which *thy* flying *ISRAEL* to convey;
Thou, who didst keep and save thy servant *PAUL*
 From *open* *Rocks*, and *Shelvs* that *hidden* lay.
 And sav'd'st (with *His*) from *Cataracks* down hurl'd
 The second *PLANTER* of the drowned *WORLD*:

82.

If we have past *new* dangers numerous
 Of other *SCYLLA's* and *CHARIBDESSSES*;
 Other dire *Syrts*, and *Quicksands*, *infamous*
ACROCEAUNIAN *ROCKS* in other seas;
 Why, in the *Close*, dost thou *relinquish* us?
 Why, throw us off, after such *scapes* as *these*,
 If with our *labours* thou art not offended,
 If thy sole service be *thereby* intended?

83.

O happy men, whose lot it was to dye
 On whetted point of *Mauritanian* *Lance*;
 Whil st, smear'd with *beauteous* *dust* of *AFRICK*
 The *CHRISTIAN FAITH* they (fighting) did advance
 Whose *glorious* *deeds* remain in *History*,
 Or carv'd in everlasting *Verse* perchance,
 Who losing a *short* *life*; a *long*, did git:
Death sweetned with the *Fame* attending it.

Whilst

84.

Whilst this he says, contending *Winds* (that roare
Like two *wild Bulls* when one with t'other copes)
Augment the *horrid Tempest* more and more,
And (*ravling*) whistle through the *Spiny Ropes*.
The flashing *Light'ning* never does give o're;
The *thund'ring* such, that there are now no hopes
But that *HEAV'N's Axles* will be freight unbuilt:
The *ELEMENTS* at one another tilt.

85.

But, see, the *amorous* star, with twinkling Ray,
Conspicuous in the *EASTERN HEMISPHERE!*
Fair *Harbinger*, and *Usher* of the Day,
It visits *Earth*, and *Sea*, with forehead clear.
She, from whom arm'd *ORION* slinks away,
And who this *Star* sits guiding in her *Spheare*;
Spying what *Risk* her deare *Armada* ran,
At once with *Anger*, and with *feare*, grew wan

86.

Here hath been *BACCHUS* (says she) I am sure:
Will he ne're leave this rancour? but in vain.
He shall not *wag* the Ruine to procure
Of *mine*, but I will have him in the Train.
She stoops like *Lightning* from *OLYMPUS* pure
Upon the troubled *Kingdom* of the *MAYN*;
Her *Nymphs* to crown them (as for wagers) bids
With *waking ROSES* that new ope their lids.

87.

With *thousand-colour'd* Garlands she commands
Their flowing *locks* a little be comptroll'd:
(Who would not judge, *LOVE* there, with his own hands,
Inamell'd *painted flow'rs* upon *true gold*?)
Her purpose is, to fetter in those *bands*
Th' *inamourd Winds*, where *there* they wander bold:
The Faces of those loved *Nymphs* to shew them
(More faire then *Stars*) to charm and to subdue them.

88.

And so it prov'd. For she no sooner did,
But presently they faint, they dye away.
Under their wings their bashful heads they hid:
In humble posture at those feet they lay.
The flip, *Those* take them up in; is the thrif
Of that bright Hair, which scorns the mid-day's Ray.
Then, to her servant *BOREAS*, thus did say
His sweet and bosom friend, *ORYTHIA*.

Fierce

89.

Fierce BOREAS, *This* is not the way to prove
 That e're thou lov'st, as thou pretend'st to doe;
 For meek, and soft as his wings down, is LOVE:
 And fury ill befits a Lover true,
 Either this madness from thy mind remove.
 (What shall I say? couldst thou endure a shrew?
 I shall be frighted with it, wee must sever:
 "Feare choler may ingender, but love never.

90.

Fayre Galatea likewise lays the case
 To blustering NOTUS, who, full well she knows,
 Hath many a long sigh fetcht for that sweet Face,
 And is at her devotion doth suppose.
 The Raunter (scarce believing such a grace)
 His heart, too ample for his bosome grows.
 The pleasure of his Mistressse to fullfill,
 He thinks it a cheap bargain, to fit still.

91.

The others take the other winds aside,
 And her too boystrous lover each reproves.
 They give them to the Queen of Beautie, tyde,
 Calme as the Lambs and gentle as her doves.
 She gives them back to them, and (their faith tryde)
 Promis'd return eternall of their loves:
 Worn on the Nymphs's white hands, e're thence they stir,
 In the whole voyage to be true to Hir.

92.

Now rising SOL with gold those Mountayns lips
 Which GANGES (murmuring) washes: when a Boy
 From the tall Am'rall's scuttle shews the ships
 LAND, to the prow, with that (late storm's Annoy,
 And halfe their Voyage, over (each heart skips,
 Repriev'd from its vain fears. For now with joy,
 The Pilot (whom MELINDIANS to them put)
 Cryes: if I err not, LAND of CALICUT.

93.

This is that Land (I'm sure) for which y're bound:
 This, the true INDIA, which we see before:
 Then (if your vast desires one world can bound)
 Quiet your Hearts, ye have what ye explore.
 Now GAMA could not hold, when as he found
 (To his high joy) the Pilot knew the shore,
 With Knees sticht to the decks, Hands spread to Heaven,
 Eternall thanks by him to GOD are given.

Thanks

94.

Thanks he did give to GOD (and well he might)
 Who was not onely pleas'd, to *Him* to shew
 That LAND, which he had fought through so great fright,
 And for the same such *shocks* did undergo:
 But snatcht him with *strong Hand* that very night
 From watry Grave, through winds that raged so,
 Through *Thunder's* stroke, through blasting *Lightning's* beame
 As one awak't out of some horrid dreame.

95.

By dreadful *dangers*, by such *Brunts* as these,
 By such *Herculean* labours, and vast *toyles*,
 They That in *GLORIE'S* Schools take their *degrees*,
 Acquire *immortal* Lawrels and fat *spoils*,
 Not wholly leaning, against rotten *Trees*
 Of *ancient Houses*, not, on empty *Styles*,
 Not, on rich *Couches*, wrapt in *Sables* soft,
 Of the *Muscovy Merchant* dearly bought.

96.

Not, by *new-fangled dishes* exquisite;
 Not, by eternal *Visits* tedious;
 Not, by *successive pleasures* infinite,
 Effeminating Bosomes generous;
 Not, by a never quenched Appetite:
 Whereby, *old Wantons* FORTUNE makes of us
 To that degree, We know not how to rise,
 Or step, to any *Vertuous Enterprize*.

97.

No, but by tearing out of *Horror's* mouth
Honours, which we may truly call our owne;
 By cloathing *Steel*, incountring *Hunger*, *Drowth*,
Watchings, *high winds*, and *Billows* overgrown;
 Conqu'ring dull *cold*, in Bosome of the *South*,
 T'other *extreme* of the inflamed *Zone*;
 Gulleting in, corrupt and putrid meat,
 The Spice, and Sawce, with which the *Valiant* eat.

98.

And, by accustoming a *Face* (where doubt
 Sate once) *secure*, *serene*, fearless of *Harm*,
 To march through *Bullets* whizzing round about,
 And taking *here* a leg, and *there* an *Arm*.
These (*HONOUR'S* Brawn) make a man proof throughout,
 Make him scorn *Money*, and *false Honour's* charm:
Money, and *Honours*, which light FORTUNE made;
 Not VERTUE, who is *just*, *solid*, and *stayd*:

S u n n,

99.

S H E E, shapes an understanding round, and cleer,
 E X P E R I E N C E the Hammer and the File:
 S H E E constant sits (as in a Throne or Spheare)
 Regarding busie Mortalls with a smile:
 S H E E (where discretion doth a Kingdom steer,
 Nor partiall ~~Love~~ merit doth beguile)
 Is suddainly caught up, High Rooms to fill:
 Not, by her seeking; but, against her will.

End of the sixth Canto.

Seventh Canto.

STANZA. I.

V V Ellcom, O wellcom (Friends) to that good LAND
 Which by so many hath been coveted,
 'Twixt I N D U S, and the silver G A N G E S's strand,
 In the Terrestriall Heav'n that hides his head.
 V aliant and Happy men, put forth a Hand
 To crop the Lawrells which from others fled:
 For (loe!) ye see; before your faces, loe!
 The Territory where all Riches flow.

2.

To you I speake, ye sons of L U S U S old;
 Who, of the world compose so small a stake.
 What talk I of the world: of that small fold
 Belov'd by him, who the round world did make.
 You, whom from conquering of Nations rold
 In Vice not only dangers did not take;
 But neither Avarice, or want of love
 To Holy C H U R C H, whose Head is crown'd Above.

3.

You (P O R T I N G A L L S) as stout, as ye are Few;
 Who never care how small your numbers be:
 You, who are Usurers of losses: you,
 Who fraile life chaffer for eternitie
 Thus P R O V I D E N C E was pleas'd That him (who drew
 The shortest lot) we of more use should see
 T'extend the Fayth, then all the C H R I S T I A N K I N G S:
 "So much thou (C H R I S T) exaltest little Things!

The

4.

The haughtie GERMANs, a great Flock (behold!
 In a large pasture, into Factions broke,
 Who (not to be restrayn'd within one Fold,
 Nor yet content to justify with stroke
 Of Argument what severally they hold)
 Some for, and some against the Roman Toke,
 Their fatall pistols in that Quarrell span,
 Which should be all discharg'd at OTTAMAN.

5.

See ENGLAND's Monarch, styling himself yit
 For deeds long past KING of the HOLY TOWNE,
 The filthy ISMAELITE possessing it
 (What a reproaching Title to a CROVNE !)
 How in his frozen Confinde he doth sit,
 Feeding on empty smoake of old Renown;
 Or gets him new, on Christian Foes alone,
 Not, by recover'ing what was once his own !

6.

Meane time an UNBELIEVER is for Him
 Head of IERUSALEM on earth, whilst love
 Of earth, hath made him an unusefull lim
 Of the IERUSALEM which is Above.
 O the FRENCH then, what shall we say, or deem,
 Who (call'd MOST CHRISTIAN) doth his style disprove.
 Who doth not only in her Aye not come :
 But evn invites the scourge of CHRISTENDOME.

7.

To CHRISTIAN's Lands findst thou thy Title good
 (Having so fayre a Kingdom of thine own)
 Not, to CYNIFIUS, and NYLE's sev'nfold Flood,
 Old Enemies to true Religion ?
 There shouldst thou vent the heate of thy French blood,
 'Gainst the Rejectors of the Corner-stone.
 LEVVIS, and CHARLES, left thee their Name and seat :
 Not that which styl'd one SAINT, the other GREAT

8.

In the last place, what shall we judge of Them,
 Who by base sloath, and Ryot (rather Rot)
 Shorten their days, drown'd in their own wealth's stream,
 Their ancient Valour, buried, and forgot ?
 From Lux, Oppression springing, from this stem,
 Dissensions in a people giv'n to plot :
 I speake to Thee (O ITALIE) brought loe
 With thousand Vices, and thine own worst Foe.

T

Ab

9.

Ah, foolish CHRISTIANS! are *you*, happilie,
 Those *Teeth* which CADMUS did to Earth commit,
Self-Bane (for *Children* of one *wombe* ye bee,
 And *All* one heav'nly *Father* did begit)?
 The HOLY SEPULCHER do ye not see
 Possess'd by *dogs*? how *Those*, themselves can knit,
 To wrest from *you* your *old Inheritance*,
 And on your *shames* their name in *Arms* advance?

10.

Ye see it is a *principle of state*,
 A rooted custome, in the HAGARENE,
Armies on *Armies* to accumulate
 Against the *people* That on CHRIST doe leane.
 But, amongst *you*, doth low rank *seeds of Hate*,
 And *Tares* of *strife*, the *Enemie unclean*.
 How can ye sleep *secure*, how can ye close
 Your *Eyes*, having both *them*, and *you*, your *Foes*?

11.

If love of *powre*, and *empire* uncomptroll'd.
 Set you a work to conquer *others Lands*; !
 Both HERMUS and PACTOLUS's streams behold,
 Rouling into the Ocean *golden sands*!
 ASSYRIA spins, and LYDIA, thrifs of gold;
 AFFRICK's rich *Mynes* imploy her *Negroes* hands.
 Against THE TURKE let Bootie league you all:
 If not, to see THE HOLY CITY Thrall,

12.

That *Hellish project* of the IRON AGE,
 Those *Thunderbolts of Warr* (the *Cannon-Ball*)
 At TURKISH GALLEYS let them spit their Rage,
 And batter prou'd CONSTANTINOPLÉ's Wall.
 Thence, to their *Holes* in *Caspian* Clifffes, ingage
 The frighted *monsters* back again to crawl,
 And *Scythian* Wains, that in your EUROPE build,
 With *barb'rous* spawn her *civill Countreys* fill.

13.

The THRACIAN, GEORGIAN, GREEK, ARMENIAN,
 Cry out upon you, that ye let them pay
 (*Sad Tribute*!) to the brutish ALCORAN
 Their *Christian-children*, to be bred that way:
 To scourge the arrogant MAHUMETAN
 Your *hands* unite, your *heads* together lay.
 Unwise, ungodly, Glory, cease pursuing:
 By being *valiant* to your *own* undoing.

But

14.

But whilst (*mad People*) you refuse to see,
 Whilst thirst of your own blood diverts you All;
Christian-Indeavours shall not wanting be
 In this same little *House* of PORTUGALL.
Strong places upon AFFRICK's Coast has she;
 In ASIA a *Style Monarchicall*;
Dominions in AMERICA she has;
 And, were there more *Worlds*, Thither she would pass.

15.

And turn we to behold in the mean while,
 To our Sea-faring *Worthies* what befell;
 After that gentle VENUS, with a *File*
 Of BEAUTIES, the *inamour'd Storm* did quell:
 After they came in fight of that vast *foyle*,
 Sought with a purpose so unchangeable,
 The CHRISTIAN FAITH into the same to bring;
 To introduce *new Laws*, and a *new King*.

16.

No sooner come at that *new Land*, a fort
 Of little *Fisher-barks* they light among,
 Directing them the way into the *Port*
 Of CALICUT, whereto the same belong.
 Thither they bend their *Prows* (being the *Court*
 Of MALABAR) A *City* fair, and strong:
 In which a *King* his Residence did hold,
 Who, round about, a spacious LAND comprold.

17.

On this side GANGES and the YND beyond
 A large and famous Province is markt forth;
 On the South bounded by the *Ocean-Strand*,
 By the *Emodian Mountain* on the North,
 Sundry both *Laws* and *Kings* obeyth this Land,
 Sundry pretended *Deities* ador'th:
 Some, beastly MAHOMET; some, *Idols* dead;
 Some, *Living Creatures* in that *Region* bred;

18.

In that *long Mountain*, which all ASIA lices
 (Running athwart so vast a *Continent*,
 And borrowing sev'ral names of sev'ral places
 Through which it runs) Two *Fountains* have their vent;
 Whence YND, and GANGES (starting for two *Races*
 At the same *Post*, and at the same length spent)
 Dye in the INDIAN SEA: Now *This*, and *They*,
 Make the true INDIA a *Pen-Insula*.

T 1

Twine

19.

"Twixt these expiring *Rivers*'s Mouths wide
 From the broad *Countrey* a long *point* extends,
 In fashion not unlike a *Piramide*,
 Which (fronting *C E Y L A N*'s *Ile*) in th'*Ocean* ends.
 And where (first thrust out of the *Mountain-side*)
 The great *Gangetick Arm* a *Richness* lends,
Tradition says; the *Folk*, That there *did* dwell,
 Of dainty *flow'rs* were nourisht with the smell.

20.

But the *Inhabitants* That *now* are found
 (In names and manners differing from the old)
 Are *DELIIS*, the *PATANs*, who most abound
 In *People*, and in *Countreys* which they hold;
 The *DECANIES*, the *ORIAAs*; That found
 Their hopes of beeing sav'd, in what th'are told
 Of founding *GANGES*. Then, *BENGALA's* Land;
 With which can none in *Competition* stand.

21.

CAMBAYA's Warlike *Kingdom* (this of yore
 Held great *KING PORUS*, as the fame doth goe):
 The *Kingdom* of *NARSINGA*; pow'ful more
 In *Gold*, and *Jewels*, then against a *Foe*.
Here (from the *INDIAN OCEAN's* Billows hoare)
 Discerned is of *Mountains* a long *Rowe*;
 Serving for *Nat'ral Walls* to *MALABAR*,
 Inroads of those of *CANARA* to bar.

22.

GATE the *Countrey's Natives* call this *Ridge*:
 From foot whereof skirts out a narrow *Down*,
 Which (*backt by that*) is by a natural *Seige*.
 Of angry *Seas* affronted. *Here* the *Town*
 Of *CALICUT* (undoubted *Sov'raign Liege*
 Of all her *Neighbours*) reares her lofty *Crown*:
Seat of the *EMPIRE*, Fair, and Rich; and *Him*
 That's *Lord* thereof, they stile the *SAMORIM*.

23.

The *Fleet* arriving close to that rich strand,
 A *PORTINGALL* is sent in a *long-Boate*
 To let the *Pagan Monarch* understand
 Their coming from a *Region* so remote.
He (through the *River* entering the *Land*,
 Which enters there the *Sea* by a wide *Throate*)
 With his strange *Colour*, *Physiomy*, *Attire*,
 Makes all the flocking *Multitude* admire.

Amongst

24.

Amongst the *Rout*, which *Him* did swarm to see,
Comes *one*, trayn'd up in the *ARABIAN'S* Lore,
Having been born in Land of *BARBARIE*,
There, where *ANTEUS* was obey'd of yore.
Whether, the *Lustanian* People, *He*
Knew meerly as a *neighbour* to that shore;
Or (bitten with their *steel*) was sent so far
On *FORTUNE'S* errand by the chance of War:

25.

The *Messenger* with jocund Face survey'd,
He, in plain *Spanish* gave him thus the *Haile*;
How, to *this World*, in name of Heav'n (*Cam'rade*)
So distant from thy native *Portugale*!
Op'ning a passage through rough *Seas* (he said)
Which never *mortal Wight* before did sayle,
We come to seek of *INDUS* the great streame,
Whereby to propagate the *GOSPEL'S* beam.

26.

Astonisht at so great a *Voyage* stood
The *MOOR* (his name *MONSAYDE*) briefly told
Their sad *disasters* on the *azure Flood*,
And hair-breadth *Scapes*, by this same *LUSITAN* bold.
But since, his main *Affair* (he understood)
Unto the *King* alone he would unfold;
He tells Him, *He* at present is not there:
Being retir'd into the *Countrey* neer.

27.

So that (until the *News* at *Court* have bin
Of their prodigions passage through the *MAYN*)
P'ease him, to make his homely *Nest*, his *Inne*;
With *Victuals* of the *Land* hee'l entertain
Him *There*: and, being well refresh'd therein,
Himself will bring him to the *Fleet* again.
For that, the *World* hath not a thing more sweet;
Then in a *distant Land* when *Neighbours* meet.

28

The *PORTINGALL* with Bosome not ingrate
Accepts the Offer, kind *MONSAYDE* made.
As if their friendship were of ancient date,
With *Him*, he eat, and drank, as he was pray'd.
Towards the *Ships* (that done) return they straight:
Which the *Moor* knew, when he the *Build* survey'd.
They climbe the *Am'ral*: where both Man and Boy,
Receive *MONSAYDE* with a gen'ral joy.

29.

The *Captain* (rapt) *Him* in his Arms did squeeze,
 Hearing the *Musick* of the *Spanish Tongue*;
 And (seated by him) Shelves him by degrees
 Touching the *Land*, and things thereto that long.
 But, as if *THRACIAN RHODOS* the *Trees*,
 And *Brute*, to hear his golden *Lute* did throng
 Who did his lost *EURIDICE* deplore:
 So throng'd the *common-men* to hear the *MOSE*.

30.

He thus begins. *Omen!* whom *NATURE* plac'd
 Neer to the *Nest* where I my birth did take;
 What *Chance*, or stronger *Destiny*, so vast
 So hard a *Voyage*, made you undertake?
 For some *bid cause* from *TAGUS* are ye past,
 And unknown *MISUS*, through that horrid *Lake*
 On which no *Barke* before did ever float,
 To *Kingdoms* so conceal'd, and so remote.

31.

GOD, GOD hath brought you: *He* hath (sure) some grand
 And special buisness *here* for you to do.
 For *this* alone, he leads you by strong *Hand*
 Through *Foes, Seas, Stormes*, and with a *heav'nly Crew*.
INDIA is *this*, with sev'ral *Nations* man'd:
 Great *NATURE*'s bounty *All* beholding to
 For glitt'ring *Gold*, for sparkling *Stones* of price,
 For odoriferous *Gums*, for burning *Spice*.

32.

The *Province* ye are anchor'd now upon,
 Is call'd *MALABAR*. In the old way
 It worships *Idols*: The *Religion*
 That bears in all *these* parts the greatest sway,
 Held 'tis, by sev'ral *Kings*: yet onely *one*
 Rul'd it of old, as their *Traditions* say.
 The last *King*, was *SARAMAPERIMAL*,
 Who in one *Monarchy* posselt it *All*.

33.

But, certain *frangers* coming to this *Ream*
 From *MECHA* in the *Gulph* of *ARABIE*,
 Who brought the *Law* of *MAHOMET* with Them
 (In which my *Parents* educated me)
 It so befell, with their great *skill*, and stream
 Of *Eloquence*, *These* to that hot degree
 This *PERIMAL* unto their *Faith* did win,
 That he propos'd to dye a *Saint* therein.

34.

Ships he provides and therein (curious)
 For *Off rings* lades his richest Merchandize;
 To turn *Monastick*, and *Religious*,
 There, where our LEGISLATIVE PROPHECY lies.
 Having no *Heir*, left of the *Royal House*;
 Before he parted, he did *cantonize*

His *Realm*. Those servants, he lov'd best, he brings
 From *want*, to *wealth*; from *Subjects*, to be *Kings*.

35

To *one*, COCHIN; *another*, CANANOUR;
 CHALE, *the Third*; *the Fourth*, the PEPPER-ISLE;
 To *this*, COULAN; To *that*, gives CRANGANOUR;
 The rest, to them who most deserv'd his smile.
 One young man onely (who had mighty pow'r
 On his Affections) was forgot the while.

For whom was left poor CALICUT alone,
 A *City* since; Rich, great, by *Traffick* growne.

36.

This gives he *Him*: and (to eke out the same)
 A shining Title *Paramount* the Rest.
 That done, his *Voyage* takes; his life to frame
 So, as to reign hereafter with the *Blest*.
 And hence remain'd of SAMORIM the name
 (By which *imperial pow'r*, and *height's* exprest)
 To that *young man* and to his *Heirs*: from whom
 This (who the EMPIRE now enjoys) is come.

37.

The NATIVES's manners (*poor*, as well as *rich*)
 Are made up all of *Lyes*, and *vanitie*.
 Naked they go: onely a *Cloth* they stich
 About those *Parts* which must concealed be.
 Two *Ranks* they have, of *People*; *Nobles*, which
 Are NAYRES stil'd: and *Those* of *base degree*
 Call'd POLEAS. To *Both* the *Law* prescribes
 They shall not marry out of their own *Tribes*.

38.

And *Those* That have been bred up to *one Trade*,
 Out of *another* may not take a *Wife*;
 Nor may their *Children* any thing be made,
 But what their *Parents* have been all their life.
 To touch a NAYRE with their *Bodye's shade*,
 A scandal is to his *Prerogative*.

If *themselves* chance to touch them as they meet,
 With thousand *Rytes* himself he washes sweet:

Just

39.

Just so the JEWISH PEOPLE did of yore
 The touch of a SAMARITAN Eschew.
 But, when ye come into the *Countrey*, more,
 And things of greater strangeness ye shall view.
 The NAYRES onely go to war: Before
 Their *King*, they onely stand a Rampire trew
 Against his Foes. *A Sword* they alway weild
 With their *right-hand*, and with the *left* a *Shield*.

40.

Their *Prelates* are call'd BRAMENS (an *old* name,
 And (amongst *them*) of great *Preheminence*):
 Of *his* fam'd *Sett*, who *Wisdom* did disclame,
 And took a *stile* of a more *modest* sence.
 They kill no *living thing*, and highly blame
 All *flesh* to eat with wondrous abstinence:
 But *other* flesh their Law doth not forbid,
 Yet *They* as prone thereto, as if it did.

41.

Their Wives are common: but are so to none
 Save those, who of their *Husbands's* Kindred are.
 (O blessed *lot*, blest *Generation*,
 On whom fierce *jealousie* doth wage no war!)
These are the *Customes*, but not *these alone*,
 Which are receiv'd by Those of MALABAR.
 The LAND abounds in Trade of all things; *Isle*,
 Or *firm-Land* yields from CHINA unto NYLE.

42.

Thus did the MOOR recount. But Gossip FAME
 Crying the *News* about the *City* went
 Of a *strange* people come, with a strange name:
 To be inform'd the truth when the *King* sent.
Now, through the gaping streets, inviron'd came:
 With either *Sex*, and *Ages* different,
 The noble Men dispatched by the *King*
 The *Gen'rall* of the *Fleet* to *Him* to bring.

43.

And *Hee* (thus licenc't by the SAMORIM
 To disembarque) departs without delay,
 The noblest of his LUSIANS hon'ring *Him*
 As his bright Trayn (*himself* more bright then *They*)
 The sweet variety of colours trim
 Dazles the ravish'd people all the way,
 The compass *Oare* strikes, leisurely the *water*
 Of the *Sea* first; of the fresh *River* after.

Upon

44.

Upon the *Key* a potent *Officere*,
 Whom in *their Tongue* the *CATUAL* they call,
 Begirt with *NAYRES*, stood to welcome *There*
 The brave *DE GAME* with *Pompe* unusuall:
 Whom in his *Arms* himfelfe to land did beare,
 Then points him to a *Cowch Pontificall*:
 On which (*their custome* of most antient date)
 Upon *mens shoulders* he is born in state.

45.

Thus *Hee* of *Lusus*, *Hee* of *MALABAR*,
 Move to the place where *them* expects the *King*.
 The other *PORTINGALLS*, and *NAYRES* are
 Their *Infantry* advancing in a Ring.
 The *multitudes* (like *Baggage* in a War)
 Confused, pester one and t'other *Wing*.
 They would aske questions, but have not the pow'r:
 Their mouths were stopt for *that* in *BABEL's Tow'r*

46.

Ride talking *GAMA*, and the *CATUAL*,
 Of things which the *Occasion* ministred:
MONSAYDE the *Interpreter* of *All*,
 As understanding what by each is sed.
 Thus marching, and ariving where the tall
 And sumptuous *Fabrick* did erect it's head
 Of a rich *TEMPLE* in the *Citie's Center*,
 At the large two leav'd door abreft they enter.

47.

There stand the *Figures* of their *Deities*
 Carv'd in cold *stone*, in dull and stupid *wood*:
 In various *shapes* presented to the *Eyes*,
 In various *postures* as the *Feind* thought good.
 Some, in yet more *abominable* wile,
 (*CHIMERA*. like) with *shapes repugnant* stood.
 The *CHRISTIANS* (us'd t'adore *GOD-MAN*) deride
 To see *Men Beasts*, and *Monsters* deifide.

48.

One's humane Head a paire of *Horns* disgraces
 (*JUPITER HAMON* stood in *LYBIA* so):
Another had one *Body*, and *two Faces*,
 (Thus the old *ROMANS* did old *Fanus* show):
A Third, with hundred *Hands*, fifty *embraces*
 (Like *BRIAREUS*) pretends at *once* to throw:
A Fourth *Hee* grins with a *dogs Face* (the plain.
 Ador'd *ANUBIS* in *MEMPHITICK FANE*),

U

Heer

49.

Here, by the *barb'rous* people of that *Sett*
 Their *Superstitious Worship* being payd;
 Their course, without digression *Both* direct
 To where the *King* of these vain *GENTILES* stayd.
 The *Trayn* augments; through *Those*, who the aspect
 Of the strange *Captain* to behold, assay'd.
Women, and *Boys*, from all the *Houses* gaze:
 These tyle the *Roofs*; *Their Eyes*, the *Windows glaze*.

50.

Now they approach with slow and solemn pace
 The beautiful and oderiferous *Bow'rs*,
 Which barr'd the prospect of the *Royal Place*;
 In *structure* sumptuous, though not high in *Tow'rs*.
 For *They* their nobler *Buildings* interlace
 With fanning *Groves*, and aromatick *Flow'rs*.
 Thus liv'd enjoying that rude *People's King*
 In *City*, *Countrey*; and in *Winter*, *Spring*.

51.

On the fair *Frontispieces*, *Ours* descry
 The subtlety of a *Dædalian Hand*,
 Fig'ring the most remote *Antiquity*
 In lasting *Sculpture* of the *INDIAN-LAND*.
 So *lively* are presented to the *Eye*
 Those *Ancient Times*; That *They*, who understand
 From learned *Writers* what the *Actions* were,
 May read the *Substance* in the *Shadow* There.

52.

Appears a copious *Army*, which doth tread
 The *Oriental Land*, *HYDASPES* laves.
 By a sleek ruddy *Warriour* was it led,
 Fighting with *leavy Javelins* curl'd in waves.
NYSA stood by her *Founder*: by *Her*, slid
 The *River's* self, washing her *winy Caves*.
 So right the *God*, that *THEBAN-SEMBLE*
 (Had she been present) would have cry'd; 'Tis *HE* who

53.

Farther, a vast *Assyrian* multitude,
 That drank whole *Rivers* e're they quencht their thirst.
 A *Woman* Captain, with rare *Form* indude;
 And of a *Valour*, great, as was her *Lust*.
 By her side (never cold) her *Palfrey* chew'd
 The foaming *Bit*, and (fiery) paw'd the dust;
 (Her *NINUS's Rival*) with whom yet 'twas done
 More innocently, then she lov'd her *Son*.

Yet

53.

Yet farther, trembled in the *fancied* wind
 The glorious *Ensignes*, GREECE triumphant bore
 (The world's THIRD MONARCHY) spreading from YND
 One con'qu'ring wing to the *Gangetick* shore.
 A young man led them, of a boundless mind,
 From head to foot with *Lawrells* cover'd ore:
 Who would not bee (so high his Thoughts did rove)
 The son of PHILIP, but the son of LOVE.

54.

The LUSIANS feasting with these *Acts* their eyes;
 The CATAL unto the *Captaine* sayd,
 The time draws neer, when other *Victories*,
 Shall blot these out, which thou hast now surwayd,
 Heer shall be graven, *modern Histories*
 Of a strange people, that shall us invade.
 Such our deep *Sages* find to be our doomi,
 Poring into the things which are to come.

55.

By the black *Art* they doe moreover tell;
 That, to prevent so great approaching *Ill*
 By humane *wisdome*, tis impossibel:
 "For vaine, is earthly wit, against *Heav'n's will*.
 But, say withall; Those *strangers* shall excell
 So much in *Martiall* and in *civill* skill;
 That through the *World* it will in after story,
 Be fed: The *Conquerers* are the *Conquer'd's* glory.

56.

Discourfing thus they enter the gilt Hall,
 Where leans that EMPEROR magnificent
 On the rich *Couch* (which take it worke, and all)
 Could not be matcht beneath the *Firmament*.
 His Face and posture (that *Majestickall*;
 And this *secure*) his *Fortune* represent:
 His *Robes* are cloth of gold: A *diadem*
 Upon his head, with many a flaming gem.

57.

An old man (at his elbow) with grave meen
 Upon the knee did ever and anon
 Of a hot *plant* present him a leaf green;
 Which, as of custome, he would chaw upon.
 Then did a *Bramen* of no mean esteem,
 Approach DE GAMA with flow motion;
 To present Him unto the MONARCH great:
 Who there before him, nods him to a seat.

59.

DE GAMA seated neer to the rich Bed
 (*His*, keeping off) with quick and hungry Eyes,
 The SAMORIM upon the *Habit* fed
 Of his new *Guests*, their uncouth *bew*, and *Guyse*
 With an *emphatick* *Voyce* from a deep head
 (Which much his *embassie* did authorize
 Both with the *King*, and all the *People* there)
 The *Captain* thus accofts the *Royall* care.

60.

A potent *King* (who governs yonder, where
Heav'n's ever-rolling wheles the *day* adjourn,
 Benighting earth with earth; that *Hemisphere*
 Which the *sun* leaves mourning till his Return)
 Hearing from FAME (which makes an *Ecchoe* there)
 How this IMPERIALL CROWN by Thee is worn.
 (The sum'd up *Majestie* of INDIAN LAND)
 Would enter with thee into *Friendship's* Band.

61.

And (through long windings) to thy COURT sent me,
 To let the know; that *whatsoever* stores
 Goe on the *Land*, or goe upon the *sea*,
 From TAGUS there, to NYLÉ's enriched shores:
 All that by *Zeland Merchants* laden be:
 By tributary *Ethiopian-MORES*:
 From *seething River*, or from *froZEN Barr*:
 Heapt up and centered in his *Kingdom*, are.

62.

Then if thou wilt, with *leagues* and *mutuall Tyes*
 Of *Peace* and *Freindship* (stable and divine)
 Allow commerce of *superfluities*,
 Which bounteous NATURE gave *his Realms* and *Thine*,
 (For *Trade* brings *Opulence* and *Rarieties*,
 For which the *Poor* doe *sweat*, the *Rich* doe *Pine*)
 Of two great fruits, which will from thence redound,
 His shall the *glory*; *thine*, the *Gain* be found.

63.

And (if it so fall out, that this fast knot
 Of *Amitie* be knit between you two)
 He will assist thee in all adverse lot
 Of *Warr*, which in thy *Kingdom* may infuse,
 With *Soldiers*, *Arms* and *Shippes*; and coldly, not,
 But as a *Brother* in that case would doe.
 It rests, that thou resolve me in the close,
 What he may trust to touching this *propose*.

This

64.

This was the *Errand* of the *Captain* bold,
 To whom the *Pagan Monarch* answer'd thus:
Ambassadors from such farr parts, we hold
 No little honour to our *Crown*, and *Us*,
 Yet shall not in this case our *will* unfold)
 Till with our *COUNCELL* we the thing discuss:
 What this *King* is, informing our self well,
 The *people* and the *Land* whereof you tell.

65.

In the mean time repose you from the *Quoyle*
 Of labour past, and nauseating *Seas*:
 Whom we will back dispatch, within a while,
 With such an *answear* as shall not displease.
 Now *Night* (Task-mistresse of all *earthly* Toyle)
 Gives *humane* labours wonted stint; to ease
 Exhausted *lims* with sweet *Vici'situde*:
 Eyes, with the *leadens* Hand of *sleep* subdude

66.

In the most noble lodgings of the *Court*,
 The *PRIMERE MINISTER* of *INDIAN LAND*
 (With the Applause of people of each sort)
 Did feast *DE GAM A*, and his valiant *Band*:
 The *CATUALL* (that he may make report
 To his dread *Leige*, who gave him in command
 To find it out; which way the strangers came,
 What *Laws*, what *Faith*, what *Countrie*, and what *name*)

67.

Soon as he spies the fired *Axel-tree*
 Of the fayre *Delian* youth the day renew,
 Sends for *MONSAYDE*; upon *Thorns*, to bee
 At large informed of this *NATION* new.
 Prompt and inquisitive; he asks if *Hee*
 Can give him full *Intelligence* and trew,
 What these strange people are (for he did heare,
 That to his *Country* they are neighbours neer.)

68.

A punctuall accompt, of every thing
 He knew of them, he charg'd him to afford;
 As that which was a service to the *King*,
 Whereby to judge of the propos'd accord.
MONSAYDE answers: That which I can bring
 Of light thereto, is spoken in a Word.
 Thus much I know; *they* are of yond fame *SPAYN*;
 Where *PHEBUS*, and my *Nest*, bathe in the *Mayns*

69.

By them, a certain Prophet is ador'd,
 Born of a pure and incorrupt Mayd,
 Conceiving by the Spirit of the Lord,
 The Lord of life, by whom the world is swayd.
 Of them, that which my Parents did Record,
 Was that of bloody Warr the noble Trade
 To it's full pitch by their strong Arm is wound:
 Which to our cost their predecessors found.

70.

Them (arm'd with vertue above humane strayne)
 They threw out of their delectable Seates
 By golden TAGUS, and fresh GUADIANE,
 Through glorious and memorable Feats:
 Nor so content (ploughing the stormy Mayn
 Toth' Affrick side) ev'n in our owne Retreates
 Let us not live secure: but pull us out
 From our Strong walls, and there our Armies rout.

71.

Nor have they shown lesse strength of Hand and Brayn,
 In whatsoever other warrs did chance
 With many warlick Nations of their SPAYNE,
 And some that fell down by the way of FRANCE.
 So that, in fine, no story doth remayne,
 That ever they were quell'd by foreign Lance;
 Nor for those HANNIBALS. (I will be bound)
 As yet, was ever a MARCELLUS found.

72.

But if this Information (as I make
 Account it does) appear to Thee too short,
 Of them, let them inform thee. Thou mayst take
 (So doe they hate a lye) their own report.
 Goe view their Fleet, their Arms, and how they rake
 With founded Brasse, which tames the strongest Fort:
 And it will please thee, of the PORTINGALL
 To see the civill Arts, and Martiall.

73.

To see the things the MOOR exalted so,
 Now the IDOLATER is of a flame,
 Calls for his Barge in hast, for he will goe
 To view the ships in which DE GAMA came.
 Together from the cover'd shore they rowe:
 Cov'ring the sea, the NAYRES doe the same.
 They climbe the strong and goodly Ammirall
 By her long side aboard doth hand them Paul.

Her

74.

Her *waste-cloaths* Scarlet, and her *Banners* are
 Of the rich *Fleece* which by a *worm* is bred:
 In *them* are painted glorious deeds, in War
 Achiev'd by valiant Hands of *WORTHIES* dead.
Here a pitch-Field and *there a single jar*;
 Fierce one, and t'other: *Pictures* full of dread!
 From which, since *them* the *Pagan* first did spye,
 He never could recal his greedy *Eye*.

75

To know, the Things he sees, he doth beseech.
 But first, *DE GAMA* prays him sit, and prove
 A little of those delicacies, which
 These of the *Self* of *EPICURUS* love.
 The foaming *Goblets* with the *Liquor* rich,
 Devis'd by *NOAH*, swell, their banks above.
 The *Pagan* sits, but cannot *Eat* (he faith)
 Truth is, it cost a *praecept* of his *Faith*.

76.

The *Trumpet* (which in *Peace* doth represent
War, to the *Fancy*) rends the *Ayre*. In *Thunder*
 The fired *Diabolick-Instrument*
 Speaks audibly to it's infernal *Founder*.
 The *Pagan* observes *All*: but (most intent
 On the *Defunct*) seems to confine his wonder.
 To those brave *Deeds*, which in a little *spheare*
 Are by *Mute Poetry* described there.

77.

He starts upon his Feet, with *Him* (betwixt
 Whom, he was plac'd: *both* the *DE GAMES*: and, from
VASCO's ride side *COELLIO*. The *MOOR* fixt
 His Eyes, upon the warlike *Transcript* dumb
 Of an old man, who in his Face had mixt
 Something divine, nor, till the *World's* one *Tomb*,
 Shall ever dye. Clad in the *Greekish mode*.
 A *Bough* in his right hand, what he was shew'd.

78.

His right hand held a *Bough* — But O blind man
 I! That (unwise, and rude) without your clew
 (*Nymphs* of *MONDEGO*, and the *Tagan Stran*)
 A course so long, so intricate, pursue.
 I lanch into a boundless *Ocean*,
 With *Wind* so contrary, that, unless *you*
 Extend your favours, I have cause to think
 My brittle *Barke* will in a moment sink.

Behold

79.

Behold how long, whilst I strain all my *pow'rs*
 Your *TAGUS* singing, and your *PORTUGALE*;
FORTUNE (new *Toyles* presenting, and new *Sow'rs*)
 Through the *World* drags me at her *Charets-Tayle*:
 Sometimes committed to *Sea's* rolling *Tow'rs*,
 Sometimes to bloody dangers *Maritale*!

Thus I (like desperate *CANACEE* of old)
 My *Pen* in *this*, my *Sword* in *that hand* hold.

80.

Now by declin'd and scorned *poverty*
 Degraded, at *Another's Board* to eate.
 Now (in possession of a *Fortune high*)
 Thrown back again, farther then ever yet.
 Now scapt, with my life onely, which hung by
 A single *Thrid* (ev'n *that* a load too great):
 That 'tis no less a wonder, I am here,
 Then *JUDAS King's* new lease of fifteen yeere.

81.

Nay more (*my Nymphs*) I thus being made an *Isle*
 And *Rock* of *want* (surunded by my *Woes*)
 The same, whom I swam singing all that while,
 Gave me, for all my *Verses*, but course *Prose*.
 Instead of hoped *Rest* for long *Exile*,
 Of *Bays* to thatch my head (which bald now grows):
 Unworthy *scandals* they therein did hayle,
 Which laid me in a miserable *Jayle*.

82.

See, *Nymphs*, what learned *Lords* your *TAGUS* breeds!
 What *Patrons* of *good Arts* we live among!
 Are *these* the *favours*, and are *these* the *meeds*,
 For *Him* That makes *them* glorious with his *Song*?
 What *Precedents* are *these*, what likely seeds
 To raise in future curious *WITS* and strong,
 To register the *Acts* of all those men,
 That merit *Fame* from an *immortal Pen*?

83.

Then in this *Flood* of *Ills* let it suffice
 That *your* sole grace and favour I obtain;
 And chiefly *here*, where such *Varieties*
 Of honorable *deeds* I must explain.
 Give it me onely *you*: For (by your *Eyes*)
 On any, that deserves it not, one grain
 I will not spend: not flatter *Dukes*, nor *KINGS*,
 Pain of ungrateful to your *sacred Springs*.

Nor

84.

Nor think, O *Nymphs*, I'll waste your pretious *Fame*
On *Him*, who to his *King* and *Countrey's* weal
Prefers his *private interest* (The same
Will from the *Throne*, yea from the *Altar*, steale).
No, no *Ambitious man* shall hide his shame
Under my *leaves*, who mounts, that he may deale
More largely to his *Lusts*, and exercise
His *Office*, nor, but his *impieties*.

85.

No man, That stalks with *popularity*,
Thereby to catch the *Prey* he hath design'd:
Who, with the erring *Vulgar* to comply,
Changeth as oft as *PROTHEUS*, or the *Wind*.
Nor (*MUSES*) fear, that ever sing will I
Whom, with grave *Face*, grave *case*, grave *pace*, I find
(To please the *King* in the new *Place* he's in)
Fleece the poor *People* to the very skin.

86.

Nor *Him*, who finds it just (and so it is)
The *King's* Laws should be kept in ev'ry thing:
But does *not* find it just (and that's amis)
To pay the sweat of *those* that serve the *King*.
Nor *Him*, who *says his Book*, and thinks with *This*
(Though *unexperienc't*) he hath wit to bring
All to his *Rules*: and, with a niggard *Hand*,
Rates *services*, he doth not understand.

87.

Those (and those *WORTHIES* only) will I sing,
Who their dear lives have ventur'd and laid down,
First for their *GOD*, and after for their *KING*;
To be repaid with *use* in due renown.
Help me *APOLLO*, and the *Muses's* Ring,
With doubled *Rage* their *Lawrell'd* heads to crown:
Whilst (almost tyr'd) I *here* take breath a while,
So with fresh *Spirits* to renew my *Toyle*.

End of the seventh Canto.

X

Eighth

Eighth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

ON the first *Figure* stuck the HAGARENE,
Which in the waving *Flag* did come and go:
Upon a *leavie staffe* it seem'd to leane,
With a long combed *Beard*, white as the snow.
Who this grave *Warriour* is, and what should meane
That same *device* he bears, he longs to know.

PAUL tells him: whose wise words which here infuse,
MONSAYDE rendred, who both *Idioms* knew.

2.

These *FIGURES* all (which, *moving*, seem alive)
As fierce and warlike as they show, for here;
By the bright fame that doth of them survive,
In truth, and *Faith*, more fierce and warlike were.
They stand far off in time: Through *perspective*
Of cleer *WITS* yet, they loom both great and neer.

This thou now seest, is LUSUS, from whom *Fame*
Gives to our Kingdom LUSITANIA's name.

3.

He was that THEBAN'S Son, or else *Camrade*,
Who in so many Lands did *Lavrets* gain.
Following the Wars (which he did make his Trade).
This LUSUS built at length a *Nest* in SPAIN;
With those delicious *Fields* so well apaid
(Th'Elysian once) 'twixt DWARF, and GUARDIAN;
That there he set up his long Rest: He gave
A Name, to Those; and Thuse, to Him, a *Grave*.

4

The *leavy staffe* (he bears for his *Device*)
The *Thyrus* is, That BACCHUS self did beare;
Which is to Us, a letter of *Advice*
And this was his own Son, or Friend as deare.
Seest Thou Another, who long Seas did sice
With wand'ring *Keele*, and Lands by TAGUS there,
Where he a *Fane* to PALLAS sacred calls,
And is the *Author* of eternal Walls?

5.

It is *Ulysses*: who that *Temple* founded
 For *Her* with Eloquence his *Tongue* that gilded.
 If he in *ASIA* here fair *TROY* confounded,
 In *EUROPE* there great *LISBON* hath he builded,
 Who may this *other* be, which *dead* and *wounded*
 That sows the *field* (his sword with both hands weilded)
Death and *Destruction* on great *Hoasts* that flings;
 Where *painted Eagles* flye with *true ones* wings?

6.

Thus said the *Pagan*: Thus replyes *DE GAME*.
This, thou now see'st, a keeper was of *Ewes*
 (And know, that *VIRIATUS* was his name)
 But, better then a *Hook*, a *Sword* could use.
 With *this*, he did affront the *Roman Fame*,
 Invincible: nor *Fame* once got, did loose.
 No, *ROME* had ne're with *Him*, nor shall (that's more)
 That luck, with *PYRKHUS* which shee had before.

7.

By *Valour* not, but creeping *treachery*,
 They rob'd him of his life. Why doe'st thou wonder?
 In desp'rate Cases *MAONANIMITY*
 It self, doth teare it's proper laws in funder.
 Behold *Another* (for Indignity
 Receiv'd) with *Us* that did his *Countrey* thunder!
 To gain immortal *Honour* he chose well
 With *whom* to do it, if he must *rebell*.

8.

With *Us*, behold, *He* likewise puts to flight
 Those *Birds* that are the *Favourites* of *Jove*!
 So long ago, *Nations* of greatest might
 Knew how to yield, when *against ours* they strove.
 See with what *wyle*, and artificial *Slight*,
 Our People *he* to fight his *Quarrel* drove,
 Th'inspiring *Hind*, that helpt him with Advice!
He, is *SERTORIUS*: *she*, is his *DEVICE*.

9.

Behold that *other* Flag! *There* painted, see,
 Of our first *Kings* the great *Progenitor*!
 We make him an *HUNGARIAN*; but, there bee,
 That do affirm, he was a *LORRAIGNOR*.
 After that overcome the *MOORS* had *he*,
GALLEGOS, and the *LEON-WARRIOR*,
 Went holy *HENRY* to the *Holy Wars*:
 To *sanctifie* the *Trunk* whence our *Kings* are.

10.

Surpriz'd with wonder, *who is this* (demands)
 Tell me, *who this* is (cries the CATUAL)
 That doth, so many *Troops*, so many *Bands*,
 Destroy and scatter with a *Force* so small?
 So many *Battails* strikes with his own hands?
 With whose fierce *Rams* so many strong *Tow'rs* fall?
 That fights in *blood* up to the Saddle-bow,
 Whilst *Flags* and *Crowns* fall at his feet like snow?

11.

'Tis first ALPHONSO (doth DE GAME return)
 Who from the MOOR all PORTUGALL did take.
 FAME by the waters of black STYX hath sworn
 Ne're more to sing of ROMAN for his sake.
 He, lov'd of Heav'n, with love of Heav'n did burn;
 Whom GOD the scourge of MOORS (his Foes) did make:
 Their Throne and Walls broke down to let CHRIST in,
 And nothing left there for his Heirs to win.

12.

Had CÆSAR fought, had ALEXANDER GREAT,
 With such thin *Troops*, so slender, and so short,
 Against such num'rous *Armies*, as were beat
 By this brave *King*, of every kind, and fort:
 Believe't nor He, nor He, with Jove had eat;
 Nor their proud *Fames* made such a lowd report.
 But leave his *Acts* (too glorious to unfold!)
 His *Vassails* deeds are worthy to be told.

13.

This, whom thou seest upon his *pupil* (broke)
 All patience lost, casting an angry Face;
 Bidding him rally up his scatt'rd Folke,
 And turn again to justifie the place;
 Turns the *young man*, turns the *old man* That spoke,
 And turns with *them* the *day* in a small space:
 EGAS the name, which the brave old man hath,
 Tutor of MARS, myrrour of Subjects faith.

14.

There, how he marcheth with his children, look,
 (Barefoot, and Ropes about their Necks) t'his end;
 Because the *young man*, as he undertook,
 To pay CASTELL low *Homage* could not bend!
 He rays'd the *Seige* with *Craft*, and *Oaths* he took,
 When vain were *Arms* the *Rampire* to defend.
 He pays the *forfeit* with his *Babes*, and *Wife*:
 And, to preserve his *Master*, gives his *life*.

15.

Less did that CONSULL, who through folly was
Caught at the CAUDINE GALLOW'S in a Trap,
When *Him* insulting *Samnites* forc't to pass
Under that *shameful* yoke they there did clap.
He, (brave and constant) did *himself* disgrace,
To save his *Army* in so sad mishap:

This gives to *shame*, and *death*, *himself*, his deer
Children, and guiltless *Spouse*: the last goes near.

16.

Seest thou *this man*, who from an *Ambuscade*
Beats up a *King*, besieging a strong Town,
The *Leaguer's* rays'd, the *King* his pris'ner made:
A deed great MARS could wish had been his own!
See him again (now Head of an *Armada*)
Massacring MOROS upon the watry Downs!
Boarding their *Galleys*, carrying clear away
PORTUGAL'S mayden *Victory* at Sea!

17.

It is DON FUAS ROUPINIO; on the Land,
And on the Ocean, gaining equal Fame:
Which from the fired *Galleys* (neer the Strand
Of AVILA) shines glorious in their flame.
See, how content he fails by the same Hand,
The *Fortune* alter'd, but the *Cause* the same!
Like *Palme* (deprest in vain) through shafts of MOROS
His happy *Soule* to Heav'n triumphant soars.

18.

Seest thou not, landing *there* in strange Attire
From a great *Navy*, Troops *Auxiliar*;
Not without which, our first *King* did acquire
LISBON (their *Prologue* to the *Holy-War*)!
Of *these*, did HENRY (famous *Knight*.) expire.
Behold *Palms* sprouting from his Tomb! They are
CHRIST'S supernatural *Badge*, for Him to wear
Who, born a GERMAN, dyed a *Martyr* there.

19.

See a *Priest* brandish (not in vain) his Blade
Against ARRONCHEZ, with revenge sharp whet,
To quit for LEYRIA, which They taken had
Who couch the *Speare* in Rest for MAHOMET!
'Tis PRIOR TEUTON. — But, a *Seige* is laid
To SANTAREN. Look, how *Secure*, and *Great*,
That FIOUR plants upon her scaled wall
The ever-winning *Cinques* of PORTUGALL!

Behold

20.

Behold once more (where *SANCHO* overthrows
 In a fierce war the *ANDALUSIAN MOORE*.)
 He kills th' *Alferez* charging *through* the Foes;
 And makes *SEVILIA'S Standard* mat the floore.
MEM MONIZ 'tis; (How like his *Sire* he shows,
 The *Phoenix* of his *Ashes*?) worthy sure
 The *Royal Flag*, and *This*; who *his*, did put
 Up, with his *Hand*; the *Foe's* feld at his *foot*.

21.

See *Him*, that by his *Lance* descending slid
 With the two *Centenells's* two *heads* by night,
 To where he hath his men in *ambush* hid,
 With whom he gains the *Town* by force and *sight*!
 That takes for *Arms* the *Knight*, who take that did,
 And the cold *Heads* in one hand of the *Knight*.
 He, That achiev'd this unexampled deed,
 His name, is *GERRARD*: *Surname*, without *dreed*.

22.

Doest thou not see a wrong'd *CASTILIAN*
 By their *ninth King ALPHONSO* (for old gall
 To those of *LARA*) to the *MOORS* That ran,
 Making himself a Foeto *PORTUGALL*:
ABERANTES with those *Infidels* he wan
 With whom into our Country he did fall:
 But a bold *PORTINGALL*, with a small Force,
 Here takes him pris'ner; routed Foot and Horse.

23.

DON MARTIN LOPEZ is the man, that crops
 The *Lawrels* he was grasping. But behold
 An *Apostollick Warriour*, That chops
 For *Lance* of *Steel* his *Croriers staffe* of gold!
 See, how erect the *stagg'ring* minds he props!
 How hot to fight the *MOOR*, his men grown cold!
 Behold his *Vision* in auspicious skyes,
 With which the few he has, he fortifies!

24.

Then *SEVILL's King*, and *He* of *CORDOUA*, did
 With other *two*, Loe routed! Nor alone
 Routed, but slain! The strength that got this *Day*,
 Was not of *Man*: *GOD* claim'd it as his owne.
 See now *ALCACER* hath no more to say,
 Though, lin'd with *steel*, her *Battlements* of stone,
 To *MATTHEW* (*LISBON'S Bishop*) she submits:
 Who Sprigs of *Palme* into his *Miter* knits:

Behold

29.

Behold a *Master* poud'ring from CASTEL
 (A PORTINGALL by Birth) ALGARVES Land
 How he does conquer, his devouring Steel
 Incount'ring none that can the same withstand.
 Strong *Towns* (by broad day scal'd) *see*, what they *feel*:
 Such his good *star*, so certain is his *Hand*.
 Big with Revenge (Loe!) TAVILA he takes,
 And makes it finart for the SEVN HUNTERS's sakes.

30.

See, how of SYLVES Master he became
 By *Stratagem*! (the MOOR paid dearer for't)
 CORREA DON PELAYO is his name,
 In whom (to envy) *Wit* and *Force* confort.
 But the PAYR-ROYAL thou o'reseest of FAME,
 That did such Fears in *French* and *Spanish Court*.
 By *Fufts*, and *Tournaments*, and *Duels*, there,
 Immortal *Lawrels* they did win and weare.

31.

Loe, by the name of KNIGHTS ADVENTURERS,
 Into the *Kingdom* of CASTEL they come;
 Where, in BELLONA's sports, not one but beares
 The *prize* away (they prove *true jests* to some) †
 See, dead, the prow'd *Castilian Cavaliers*,
 That challeng'd one of them by sound of drum!
 RIVERS GONZAGUE was *He*. Propt with his *Sword*,
 His *Gyant-Fame* did LEIHE's River ford.

32.

Mark well that *Knight*, by FAME so lov'd and sung,
 That her old *Theames* are scorn'd, are out of date!
 Of his dear *Countrey*, by one thr'd that hung,
 On his strong shoulders he sustayn'd the weight.
 See, where (with *Anger* dide) a peale *be rung*
 To a cowl'd *People*, and degenerate,
 That they a *stranger's yoke* might from them fling,
 And take the *sweet one* of their *native King*.

33.

See, through this *Counsel*, and his *promises* too,
 Guided by GOD, and his good *star* alone,
 What was *impossible* in *humane* view,
 The vast *Castilian Army* overthrown!
 See, through his *Valour*, *force*, and *care*, a new
Cleer Victory (inferiour unto none)
 Over a *People*, fierce as numerous, Here
 Twixt GUADOANA and GUADALQUIVIR!
 Seeft

30.

Seest thou not *There* how almost routed is
 The *Lusitanian Host*, through the retreat
 Of this *Religious Leader* (whom they mis)
 Th'assistance of the *Lord of Hosts* t'intreat?
 See, with pale haste he's now found out by *his*,
 Who tell him, there's no dealing with so great
 A *Pow'r*; that he *himself* would look thereto,
 And with his presence cheer his fainting *Crew*!

31.

But see, with what a *holy carelessness*
 He answers them; 'Tis yet too soon to goe:
 As who, by *Faith*, already did possess
 The *Victory* which *GOD* will streight bestow.
POMPILIUS thus (his *Kingdom* in distress
 By suddain inroad of a potent Foe)
 To Them That bring him the *ill News*, replies;
 And I (ye see) am offering sacrifice.

32.

What his name is thou long'st to know (I see)
 That with such boldness on his *GOD* did seize:
 The *LUSITANIAN SCIPIO* it should bee,
 Were not a greater *NUNIO ALVAREZ*.
 O *Countrey* blest in such a *Son* as He,
 Indeed thy *Father*! whilst *SOL* compasses
 This *Globe* of *NEPTUNE*, and of *CERES* yellow,
 To mourn again, thou ne're shalt own his fellow.

33.

Victorious, see, in the same *war*, and *Cause*,
 Another *Captain* of a *Squadron* small!
 He routs *Commendum'd Knights*, and lays his paws
 On the great *Prey* they marcht away withal.
 See where his reeking *Blade* again he draws,
 Rescuing his *Friend* from *Foes* That lead him Thrall:
 His *Friend*, a martyr for his loyalty!
PEDRO RODRIGUEZ LANDROAL was *Hee*.

34.

See yon *Faith-breaker*, paying an old score
 And the base *pelfe* he up at int'rest took!
GIL-FERNAND-ELVAS plays his *Auditors*,
 And with the *Debtor's* death crosses the Book.
 Here drowns, in their *Castilian* Owners gore,
 The *SHERREZ-Fields* (their *sacks* they may go look).
 But see *PEREYRA*; who, like *Lightning* thrown
 Upon the *Foe's Armada*, shields his *own*!

Behold

35.

Behold, how poor *sev'n*teen of PORTUGALL
 (Upon a *Mountain*) brave resistance make
 Against *four* hundred of CASTELL, That wall
 Them in on ev'ry side, to sweep the Stake!
 But (to their cost) *these* find a crew so small
 More then *Defendants* in that bloody Wake.
 A deed deserving everlasting *Rimes*:
 Match it *elsewhere*, in *old* or *modern* Times.

36.

Of *Ours* (I grant) *three* hundred did ingagè
 And rout a thousand ROMANS, in that Time
 When VIRIATUS came upon the Stage,
 And his *Fame* lightned through each wond'ring *Clime*.
 Whence *Those*, who follow'd him in that brave *Age*,
 Left to their Race this *Legacie* sublime,
 Never to fear a *Foe* for *multitude*:
 Which, that we do not, pretty well w'have shew'd.

37.

Two *Princes* here (PEDRO, and HENRY) see
 Generous *Progenie* of our *first* JOHN!
 The *one*, forc'd FAME into HIGH GERMANIE
 To lacquay him (defrauding death of *one*):
 T'other, to trumpet Him through the wide SEA
 For *it's* *discoverer*, and (his *Pen* by thrown)
 Makes enter'd CEBUTA see on t'other side
 His *Lance* can prick the bladder of her Pride.

38.

Behold the Earle DON PEDRO, holding out
 Two *Seiges*, 'gainst the pow'r of BARBARIE!
 Behold another Earle, as strong, as stout,
 As MARS himself, and fam'd for *Chevalrie*!
 Who, not content (with Foes clasp'd round about)
 ALCACER to defend most gallantly,
 Of his KING too the pretious *life* defends;
 And (as his *Bulwark* there) his *own* expends.

39.

Many a FIGURE, in these *Flags* that wants,
 The PAINTER (truly) did to add intend,
 But *Pencils* he doth lack, lacks *Oyle*, and *Paints*:
 "Need, Honour, Favour, are *Art's* *Life*, *Nurse*, *Friend*.
 The fault in our degenerating *Plants*
 From those high *Trunks* of which they do descend.
 Of *Vanitie* we see sufficient *Flow'rs*:
 But where's the good *Fruit* of their *Ancestours*?

Y

Those

40.

Those *truly noble Ancestors* of theirs
 (From whom this swelling greatness had it's *Rise*)
 For VERTUE's love, digested bitter Cares,
 And of their *Houses* to inhance the Price.
 Blind! to *intaille* (with wealth) *float* on their *Heirs*
 (VERTUE supplying *fewel* unto *Vice*)

Disfig'ring them to boot: For, in this case,
 "The *Founder's Glory* is his *Seed's disgrace*."

41.

Others there are, with *wealth*, and *Pow'r* that flow
 Above their Banks; nor *nobly born*, nor *faire*.
 The fault of KINGS: who on one *Minion* throw
 (Sometimes) more then a thousand *worthier* share.
 Of *These* wouldst thou behold the *Pictures*? No:
 It is a *vanity* their Friends can spare.

As *monstrous* Creatures MYRRORS fly, or break:
 So *these men* hate the PICTURE that doth speak.

42.

I not deny, but *some* (whom I could name)
 Deriv'd from *great* and *worthy* Ancestry;
 By high and honorable *Parts* proclame,
 And correspond with, their *nobility*:
 Who, if the *light* of their *Fore-Fathers* Fame
 Their brighter *Vertue* do not *clarify*;
 Yet, keep it *in* they do. But, of this *Crew*,
 The PAINTER tells me there are very few.

43.

Thus PAUL DE GAMA blazons those great deeds
 Which *there* in various *Ink* are written *faire*;
 Which by a *Master's hand* (whose skill exceeds)
 In so clear *Perspective* there painted are.
 Th' *intensive* CATAL distinctly reeds
 The *History*, as legible, as rare:

A thousand times he *ask*, a thousand *heard*,
 The *Battails* delicate which *there* appear'd.

44.

But cleft was now the *Sun's* ambiguous light
 Between the one and t'other *Hemisphere*;
 In neither was it *day*, in neither *night*,
 But *morning's twilight* here, and *Ev'nings* there:
 When, from the warlike *Ship*, the FAVOURITE
 And noble NAYRES, to the *City* steer
 To court dull *sleep*, which *broods* all living Things
 Of fable *Night* under the downy wings.

Meane

45

Mean time the famous *Augurs* of the Land
 (Who falsly think, or so are thought at least,
 To see by *magick* all things beforehand
 In entrails of a sacrificed Beast)
 Do their *black office*, at the *King's* command,
 To scrutinize, what shall befall the *EAST*
 By the arrival through the hanfell'd *Maine*,
 Of these unheard of *Guests* from unknown *SPAIN*.

46.

Of *Lyes* the *Father* shews them *here* signes true;
 That a strong *yoake*, which they should ne're remove,
 Their endless *Bondage*, shall, this *People* *new*,
 Their *wealth's* consumption, and *their* people's prove.
 The frighted *AUGURS* with pale horror flew
 To tell the *KING*, that which infernal *JOVE*
 Made legible by their astonisht Eyes
 In the *red letters* of the *Sacrifice*.

47.

Confirming *This*, T'a *Priest* (a *Zealous* one,
 And pillar of the *Law* of *MAHOMET*,
 Whose Bosome with that Gall did over-run
 Wherewith both *Sells* against *CHRIST's Law* are set,
 In that *false Prophet's* shape, who from the Son
 Of Bond-mayd *HAGAR* did descend) the yet
 Inraged *BACCHUS*, and who never cleers
 His filthy stomach, in a *Dream* appeers.

48.

And, *guard you, guard you*, People *mine* (quoth *He*)
 From *Ills* provided for you by the *Foe*,
 That cuts a passage to you through the *Sea*:
Guard you, before the danger neerer grow.
 Th'amazed *MOOR* starts from his Rest, to see
 Who gave him this *Alarum*. Thinking *Tho*,
 'Tis but a *Dream* (like common *Dreams*, in deep
 Of *Night*) returns into the Arms of *sleep*.

49.

BACCHUS returns, and says: Know'st thou not (*MORE*)
 The great *Law-Giver*, who the *ALCORAN*
 Shew'd thy *Fore-Fathers*, without which Thy *store*
 Would fail, and half thy *Flock* be *CHRISTIAN*?
Rude, do I watch for *Thee*, and doest thou snore?
 Well, those *white Guests* (I'd have thee to know, than)
 Shall bring great dammage to that *Law*, my *Pen*
 Deliver'd over unto *stupid Men*.

Y 2

Now,

50.

Now whilst this People's strength is not yet knit,
 Think how ye may resist them by all ways.
 For, when the *Sun* is in his *nonage* yit,
 Upon his *morning Beauty* Men may gaze;
 But let him once up to his *Zenith* git,
 He strikes them *blind* with his *Meridian Rays*:
 So *blind* will ye be, if ye look not too't,
 If ye permit these *Cedars* to take root.

51.

This said: both *he*, and *sleep*, vanish at once.
 The *MOOR* remains: rockt in his Bed with fright.
 Th'infused *posson* working in his *fconce*,
 He starts, and to his servants cries a *light*.
 When the new light (which doth precede the *Sun's*)
 Disclos'd it self *Angelical*, and *white*:
 The *Chief* of that vile *SECRET* he did convoke,
 To whom his *Dream*e in every point he spoke.

52.

Then sev'ral, and cross Reasons they discourse;
 As they from *others*, or *themselves*, dissent.
 Secret *way-layings*, open *Feud*, and *Force*,
 And sev'ral ways of each they do invent.
 But, when *these* seem'd too *fine*, and *these* too *course*,
 To take a middle way is their intent.
 To do *their* buis'ness with *another's* Hand,
 They mean to bribe the *Grandees* of the *Land*.

53.

With *Gold*, and other *Presents* underhand,
 The *ruling men* they to their *Partie* gaine;
 Giving them *speciously* to understand,
 These *Guests* will put a *period* to their *Raigne*:
 That of lewd *Vagabonds* they are a *Band*,
 Who, plying to and fro the *Western Mayne*,
 Live on *Pyratick* spoyle, without (in fine)
 Or *KING*, or *LAWs*, or *humane*, or *divine*.

54.

O how a Perfect *KING* it doth behove
 To chuse his *FAVOURITES* and *COUNCELL* such
 As are lind through with *VERTUE*, and *her* love;
 As feel of *CONSCIENCE* a true *inward* touch!
 For *He* (who in the *bighest Orb* doth move)
 Of things *remote* can onely have so much
 Intelligence, whereby to judge, as *They*
 That are his outward *Organs* will convey.

Nor

55.

Nor ev'n on VERTUE let him so much dote,
 T'adore't in *picture*, or without *Controule*
 T'employ't; as some, who in a simple Coat
 Have trust an *Hypocrite* (a *preying Fowle*)
 And, if a *Saint* indeed, hee'l speak by rote
 In *worldly matters*: For the *Dove* like fowle
 Seeld with an ANGELL'S *Quill*, hath *Eyes* to find
 The way to *Heav'n*, but to the *Earth* is blind.

56.

But *here*, these avaritious CATUALS,
 Who did that *Pagan-Kingdom* rule and sway,
 Brib'd by *infernal* People to play false;
 The *Portugal-Dispatches* did delay.
 Now the wise *Leader* of the PORTINGALS,
 Of all the *Indian Prince* can do, or say,
 Caring for nothing back with him to bring
 But *news* of this *discov'rie* to the King:

57.

In *this alone* takes pains. For well he knew,
 When he should carry back *this news alone*,
 That *Navies*, *Arms*, and *soldiers* would insue
 From MANUEL, who fills the *Regal Throne*;
 With which to CHRIST, and *Him*, he would subdue
 The *Globe* of *Earth*, and *Sea*: That *Himselfe's* one
 Sent out but as a *Dove*, as a *Line* hurl'd,
 To *spy*, and *sound*, this OCEAN, and this WORLD.

58.

Resolv'd he is, the *Pagan King* to find,
 And pray *dispatch*, that he may take his leave;
 Which *now* he sees, those *spightful* People mind
 (If *they* can help it) he shall ne're receive.
 The *King*, who with *suggestions* of that kind
 Was *shook* and *startled* you must needs conceive
 (Too *credulous* to ev'ry *Augur's* word,
 Much more to *All*, and when the *Moores* concurr'd):

59.

Freez'd with this fear hath his ignoble Brest.
 On t'other side the *sacred Thirst* of *Gaine*
 (A *Vice* in *Him* that's *Paramount* the rest)
 Kindles a *fire* which *thaws* that *Frost* againe.
 For his *advantage* he sees manifest,
 If he with *cleer intentions* entertaine,
 And with *firm Actions* cherish, and pursue,
 The *League* which PORTUGAL invites him to.

60.

HIS COUNCELL then commanded to attend;
He found no *one* that did in this comply:
Because on *Those*, who should their judgements spend,
Money had done it's office pow'rfully.
For the magnanimous *Captain* he doth send.
To whom (arriv'd) with a *Majestick* Eye;
If, *here*, the pure and naked *Truth*, to me
Thou wilt *confess*; I pardon thee (quoth *He*).

61.

I am assur'd, th' *Ambassage* thou hast done
To *me* in thy *King's* name, is meerly coyn'd:
For that, nor *King*, nor *Countrey* doest *Thou* own,
But (*wagabonding*) sayl'dst with ev'ry wind.
From farthest *SPAIN's* remotest *Region*
Would any *King*, or *Prince* (in his right mind)
A *single ship* much less a *Navy* send,
Through so *incertain* ways to the *WORLD's* end?

62.

And, if *thy King* support his Majesty
Which great and potent *Realms*, which he commands;
Thy *unknown Truth* to prove and testifie,
What pretious *presents* knit this *friendship's* bands?
"In *Presents* rich, in sumptuous *Gifts* and high,
" *Kings* speak their loves: *Their Rhetrick's* in their *Hands*.
A *Hand*, that gives not *Any* falsifies:
Nor will a *Sea-man's* testing it suffice.

63.

If banisht from thy *native* soyle thou be
(As many a *man* hath been of great *Renown*)
Welcom, by *Jove*, both to my *Realms*, and *me*;
"For to the *Valiant* ev'ry *Land's* his own.
Or if, a *Pyrat*, thou infest the *Sea*;
Spare not through *fear*, or *shame*, to make *that* known:
"For in all times, a vital breath to draw,
" *NECESSITIES* hath been *exempt* from *Law*.

64.

He said. *DE GAMA* (finding this *new* Face
Of *Things*, is from the greedy *CATUALS*;
Suborn'd, by *ISHMAEL's* malicious Race,
The *Royal Ear* to poyson with things false)
With such a high *assurance*, as the Case
Requir'd, instead of fresh *Credentials*,
(Which *VENUS ACIDALIA* did inspire)
To his wife *Breast* (surcharged) thus gave fire.

If

65.

If the guilt *Cup of Lyes* (which *MAN* betrayd
 Out of his *Paradise*) had not *pledg'd* bin
 By our *first Parents*, and by them *conwayd*
 From *hand to hand* through foul *original sin*;
 Till in the *hand of MAHOMET* it stayd,
 Who suckt the very *dreggs* that were therein:
 Most mighty *King*, thou never had'st receiv'd
 This *Calumny* by that damn'd *Seet* conceiv'd.

66.

But, in as much as there's no *good* that's *great*
 Done without *great Contract*; and *Actions* tall
 (For man his bread in his *Brows* sweat must eat.)
 That stand *ontiptoe*, are tript at by *All*;
 Therefore *they* brand me for a *Counterfait*,
 Therefore doest *Thou* my *Truth* in question call,
 Although so *clear*, that *see it* needs thou must,
 Didst thou not *credit* whom thou shouldst *MISTRUST*.

67.

For, if I liv'd by robbing on the *Sea*,
 Or (wreck of *Fortune*) banisht my dear *Home*;
 What need I go so far to seek my *Prey*?
 For unknown *Mansions* need I hither roam.
 What *gain*, what *hopes*, could make me in this way
 To tempt the fury of the *waves* that foam,
Antarick colds, Heats of the *burning line*,
 Where *Aries* hangs, the *Equinoxial sign*?

68.

If on great *Gifts* of estimation high
 The *credit* due to me thou pin and cast;
 My coming now was onely to descry
 Where *NATURE* hath thy ancient *Kingdome* place:
 But to my *Countrey*, and *Dread Leige*, if I
 Through *Fortune's* goodness get, long *Seas* re-past;
 At my return I promise thee (*O King*)
 That such *CREDENTIALS* never man did bring.

69.

If unto *Thee* an uncouth thing it shew,
 That, where her farthest Arm *HESPERIA* flings,
 A *King* should send me to thee, *Thou* should'st *know*
 That nothing possible is hard to *Kings*.
 Then *Kings* of *PORTUGALS* (if *this* be so)
 May be allow'd, for spreading of their wings,
 Something of greater, and of larger scope,
 Then what is giv'n for *common Kings* to hope.

Know

70.

Know, that for sev'ral *Generations* past
 Our Kings have firmly purpos'd in their hearts,
 With all those *Toyles* and *Dangers* to contrast
 Where with *Heroick* deeds whole *NATURE* thwarts:
 And (Enemies to *soath*) of th'*OCEAN* vast
 Piercing into the undiscover'd Parts,
 Aspir'd to know the end of it, and where
 The farthest *Countries*, which it washes, were.

71

The worthy *Project* of the learned *Branch*
 Of that *victorious King*, who, to displant
 From his dear *Nest*, did through the *Sea* first lanch,
 Of *AVILA* the last *Inhabitant*.
He joyning *one* unto *another* planch,
 (As far from *Idle* as from *Ignorant*.)
 Discover'd all those *Parts*, which lighted are
 By *Argo*, *Hydra*, th' *Altar*, and the *Hare*.

72.

Gath'ring fresh courage *then* from the event,
 In that those first *endeavours* prov'd not vain,
 Discov'ring farther new *Adventurers* went
 Successively the secrets of the *Maine*.
 Th'*Inhabitants* of *AFRICK*, That frequent
 Her *SOUTHERN CAPE*, and never saw *CHARLS WAYN*,
 Were seen by *These*, leaving behind each *Isle*,
 And *Continent*, which Both the *Tropicks* broyle.

73.

With this so high *Resolve*, and fixt therein,
 Our *Nation* quell'd, and triumpht over *Chance*:
 Till *I*, now ending what *Those* did begin,
 The farthest *Pillar* in thy *Realm* advance.
 Breaking the Element of molten *Tyn*,
 Through horrid storms *I* lead to *thee* the *Dance*;
 From whom (to carry to my *King*) I ask
 Onely a *sign* that I have done my *Task*.

74.

This is *Truth* (*King*) For, for so doubtful gain
 So inconsiderable a *Content*,
 As (were it other) I could hope; so vain
 A *lye*, and formal, I would scorn t'invent.
 No, on the *refless Bosome* of the *MAYN*,
 To set my *Rest* up, I would first content
 Forever; and by *Pyracy* to get
 An unjust living out of others sweet.

So

75.

So that, O KING! if my great *Veritie*
 Thou hold (as 'tis) for single and sincere;
 Dispatch me to my *Prince* with brevity,
 Hold me no longer from my *Country* deare.
 But if the scruple still remain in thee,
 Ponder the *Reasons* I have render'd *Here*;
 I lay them in thy piercing *judgements scale*
 Secure: "For *great* is *truth*, and will prevail.

76.

The *King* markt all along the *Confidence*
 Which *DE GAME* ev'n proved his discourse.
 A full assurance of his *Innocence*,
 A perfect credit did this speech inforce.
 He weighs the copious *Words's* magnificence,
 Th'authoritie with which they fetch their source:
 Thinks now the *CATUALL* deceived is;
 But He is *brib'd*: and so he thinks amis,

77.

Added to this, his avaritious *Eye*
 Upon the gainful Trade of *PORTUGALL*
 Makes him obey; and rather to comply
 With the brave *Captain*, then the *Moorish* gall.
 In short, he bids *DE GAMA* presently
 Get him aboard his *Fleet*; and, without all
 Suspect of harm, whatever *Merchandise*
 To send ashore to sell, or truck for *Spice*.

78.

In fine, he bids him send of every thing
 That in *Gangetick Kingdoms* is not met;
 Ifought that fits them from that *Land* he bring
 Where the *Land* ends begins the *Ocean* great
 Now, from the awful presence of the *King*,
 Illustrious *GAMA* parteth; to intreat
 The *CATUALL*, That of the *Ports* had charge,
 (His *Own* from shore) to order him a *Barge*.

79.

A *Barge* he prays from this illustrious Lord:
 But this is more, then he is well content
 (As ruminating mischief) to afford:
 Pretending this and that impediment.
 Yet (as in order to his going aboard)
 Far from the *Royal Court* with *Him* he went,
 Where *he* (unnoted by the *King*) may write,
 To *Avarice* what *malice* did indite.

Z

Ha

80.

He tells him, yonder afar off, that He
Hath imbarcation fitter for his turn;
Or that to morrow it may better be,
If he till then his going will adjourn.
Now did abused G A M A plainly see,
By this *put off* unto another morn,
The *great one* too is in the *Moorish* plot:
Which t I. that instant he suspected not.

81.

This C A T U A L was *one* (and *first*) of Those
That were corrupted by that crooked *Sett*:
And whom the S A M O R I M (that lov'd him) chose
Th Affairs of all his *Empire* to direct.
In *Him alone* those *devils* now repose.
To bring their plotted Treason to effect.
He (who consents to break his *Master's* faith)
Steps not an inch beside *their* chalked path.

82.

To be dispatcht D E G A M A begs, and prays,
But begs in vain, in vain he pray'rs lets fall:
Protests th' *Embargue*, now will this please (he says)
The noble *Successor* of P E R I M A L.
Why these *Impediments*, why these *delays*,
When he should fetch the *Goods* of P O R T U G A L?
Since, what commands the *Sov'raign* of a *Land*,
None hath authority to countermand.

83

The bribed C A T U A L small reck'ning made
Of this *Protest*: rather in spiteful mood
Some never-heard of *Treason* (to be waigh'd
Out of the Stygian dam) within did brood.
Or, how he may imbrew his curfed Blade
In those detested veins, confid'ring stood:
Or, how the *Ships* he may blow up, or burn.
That they may never into S P A I N E return.

84.

Thats it (ev'n that they never see S P A I N E more)
For which the M O O R S infernal *Junta* bribe:
That so they may not wealthy I N D I A's shore
Unto the *King* of P O R T U G A L describe.
In fine D E G A M E goes not: the R E S I D O R E
Forbids, in favour of that bar'rous *Tribe*.
Nor without his permission can it be:
For a stop laid on all the Boats had He.

To

85.

To all the *Captain's* importunities,
 The *Pagan* bids him in a word, command
 (For the more ready truck of Merchandize)
 To have his *ships* brought close up to the Land.
 It is the way of *Thieves*, and *Enemies*
 (He says) at distance with their *Fleets* to stand.

"No sign so sure of one that *ill* intends
 "As to suspect *ill dealings* from his *Friends*.

86.

Wife *GAMA* understood by half a word,
 The Cause the *CATUAL* did ne'er desire
 To have the *Ships*, was, that with *fire* and *Sword*
 He *openly* might wreake on them his Ire.
 'Twas time (he thought) he *now* himself bestir'd,
 That he assemble *now* his Wits intire.

His *Fancy* musters, to defeat all plots:
 All things he fears, and all things counterplots.

87.

As of a *Mirror*, the reflected light,
 Of burnisht *Steel*, or *Cristal* without stain,
 Which struck by *SO L* (as if in fell despight)
 Strikes the next *man* it meets, on *Thing* again:
 And (mov'd by nimble Hand of some young *spright*
 About the House, who is in gamefome *vain*)

Skips on the *Floor*, the *Roof*, the *Wall*, the *Chaire*,
 And has you *here*, and *There*, and *ev'ry where*.

88.

So shot the wav'ring *Fancy* to and fro
 Of circumspect *DE GAMA*; imagining
 That possibly the Boats, *COELLIO*
 Might to the shore (as he had order'd) bring.
 Back to the *Navy* (if that were) to row,
 He sends to Him forthwith advertising;
 On *Him*, or *That*, left ought attempted be
 By the *MOORS* cruel *Infidelitie*.

89.

Such should be *All*, who in *war's* Trade profound
 Would imitate and match illustrious men;
 Fly like the *Needle* all the *Compass* round,
 First divine *Dangers*, and prevent them *then*,
 With martial skill try ev'ry depth, and ground,
 And for the *Foe's* one fence-play shew Him *ten*;
 Believe all *is*, that *maybe*: For (in briefe)
 "To say, *I thought* is ugly in a *CHIEFE*.

90.

The MALABAR protests, that he shall rot
 In prison, if he send not for the *Ships*,
 He (*constant*, and with noble *Anger* hot)
 His haughty *menace* weighs not at two chips.
All, that base *malice* dares or do, or plot;
 When her black trailing bowels forth she rips,
 Alone hee'l bear, e're he will dis-ensure
 His *King's Armada*, which he hath secure.

91.

All that long *night*, and *part* he *there* was held
 Of the next day, when to the SAMORIM
 He means again to go, but was withheld
 By a strong *Guard* plac't in the entry dim.
 The *Pagan* (seeing how he still rebell'd,
 And fearing lest the *King* should punish *Him*)
 In case he knew, as know he must e're long,
 If this restraint proceed, the barb'rous wrong)

92.

Bids him then send for, and expose to sale,
 Not *some*, but *all* the *Merchandise* he brought;
 That men may buy and truck in open scale:
 "For where *free Trade* is barr'd there *war* is fought,
 DE GAMA (though he pierce through this thin vaile
 And plainly views the *Evil* of his *Thought*)
 Consents thereto: because he well doth see
 That with his *Goods* he buys his *libertie*."

93.

Th'agreement is, that *Boats* the *Pagan* find
 Such as are fit to Land the *Merchandise*,
 For to send *his* the *Captain* doth not mind
 To be embark'd, or sunk by *Enemies*:
 To fetch such *Spanish wares*, as *Vend* in *YND*,
 Are soon dispatcht, the *Indian Almadies*.

The *Captain* to his *Brother* writes, to lade
 The *Goods* with which his *Ransom* must be payd:

94.

Landed they are: which wondrously doth please
 The CATUAL's infamous *Avarice*:
 Therewith doth DIEGO stay, and ALVAREZ
 With pow'r to truck, or sell them at a price.
 That (*more*, then *KING*, *Prayers*, *Honor*, or *All these*,
 Upon a soul infected with that *Vice*)
 A *Bribe* can do, the *Pagan* heer doth show:
 Who, for the *Goods* did let DE GAMA go.

For

95.

For *Those*, he lets *Him* go: before he quit
 The *Pawn*, on which he *now* hath layd his hand,
 Meaning a better penny thence to git
 Then if he kept the *Captain* still on Land.
He (scapt out of the *Trap*) thinks it no wit
 On t'other side, to come within command
 Again: but (safely got aboard his *Fleet*)
 In his own *Nest* takes sleeps secure, and sweet

96.

At leisure *then* he walks upon his *Decks*,
 To see what *Time* and *Patience* will bring forth.
 No *Ruler* hath he *there* to make him vex,
 Imperious, brib'd, without or *shame*, or *worth*.
 Now let the judging *Reader* mark what *Rex*,
 The *Idol Gold* (which all the *World* ador'th)
 Plays both in *Poor* and *Rich*: by *Money's* *Thurst*
 All *Laws* and *Tyes* (Divine, and *Humane*) burst.

97.

Slain by the *Tracian King*, to feize a vast
 Intrusted *Treasure*, *POLIDORO* was.
 When stern *ACRYSIUS* thought his *Daughter* fast,
 A *Show'r* of *gold* did pierce a *Tow'r* of *Brass*.
 The yellow *Bracelets* of the *Foes*, did cast
 Such tempting beams on the *TARPEIAN LASS*,
 That she, for *Those*, the *Tow'r* of *ROME* unbarr'd:
 Who brain'd her with the *Bribe* for a reward.

98

This strongest *Fort*s subverts, and overthrows:
 Makes *Kindred*, *Kindred*; and *Friends*, *Friends* betray.
This noble-men ignobly doth dispose:
 Delivers *Captains* to their *Foes* a *Prey*.
This blasts of pure *Virginitie* the *Rose*:
 Trampling on *Fame* and *honour* by the way.
This bribes ev'n *LIBRALL ARTS* (it's power is such)
 Makes *JUDGEMENT* have no *sight*, *CONSCIENCE* no *touch*.

99.

This, in unheard of *Sences Text* doth take:
This makes and unmakes *Laws* in the same case:
This perjures *Subjects*, and *This* *KINGS* doth make
 Stoop to the *Lure*, like *Eagles* from their place.
 Ev'n *golden minds* (of *those* That *All* forfake
 For *GOD*) this *Antichrist* doth debase
 To vilest mettle: with this *Diff'rence* though,
 That still *These* glister with a *holy show*.

End of the eighth Canto.

Ninth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

Long in the *City* the Two *Faſtors* lay,
 Without diſpatching off the *Merchandiſe*.
 So many *rubbs* are ſcatter'd in their way
 By the falſe *INFIDELS*, that no man buyes.
 All, *Theſe* deſign thereby, is to delay
INDIA'S *Diſcov'ers* There (whom *they* call *ſpyes*)
 Arriv'd till they the Fleet of *Mechaſee*,
 With which this *other* overwhelm'd may be.

2.

At the far end o'th'*ERITHREAN SEA*
 Where (calling it by his dear *Siſter's* name)
 The goodly *City* of *ARSINOE*
 (Which afterwards to be call'd *Suez* came)
 Was founded by *EGYPTIAN* *PTOLOME*,
 The Port of *Mechaſee* lyeth: which hath it's fame
 From *MAHOM's* ſuperſtitious *Lavatory*,
 Promiſing *Heav'n* through watry *Purgatory*.

3.

GIDDA the Port is call'd, in which did meet
 The *Trade* of that *RED SEA* and flouriſht moſt:
 The *Gain* whereof was not a little ſweet
 To *EGYPT's* *Soldan* who then rul'd that *Coaſt*.
 From hence to *MALABAR* a warlike *Fleet*
 Of *INFIDELS* the *Indian Ocean* croſt
 Each year, in that *EMPORIUM* to find
 Health-giving *Drugs*, and *Spices* of each kind.

4.

The *Ships* expected by the *Moors*, are *Theſe*,
 With which (not onely *great*, but built for *Fight*)
Them, who ſupplant their *Traffick* in thoſe *Seas*,
 To wrap and burn in crackling flames and bright.
 In this *Sure Card* themſelves they ſo much pleaſe,
 That, all they wiſh to gorge their *Appetite*,
 Is, that the *Strangers* will but ſtay ſo long
 Till from ſam'd *Mechaſee* come this *Navy* ſtrong.

But

5.

But the GREAT GOVERNOR of *Heav'n* and *Earth*
 (Who, for what *He* before all Time did doom,
 Likewise decreed fit means, which to the birth
 Should bring the same when the full Time should come)
 Kindled unlikely love on the cold Hearth
 Of a MOOR's breast (MONDAYES) sending whom
 Before, *He* to DE GAMA gave advice
 Of *All*, and for his payns had PARADISE.

6.

This man (of whom the MOOR's had no suspicion,
 Being *one* himself, but on the contrary
 To all their secret *junta's* gave admission)
 Did to the Captain this *foule play* descry.
He visits oft the Fleet, and repetition
 Makes of his visits oft, though far it lye:
 To heart he lays the danger it is in,
 Through the black Project of the SARACENS.

7.

He tells the cautious GAMA of the Fleet,
 Which from ARABIAN MECHA comes each yeere.
 And how those Countrey men do thirst to see t,
 As a sure Engin to destroy him there.
 That it comes stult with Soldiers, and in *It*
 Doth horrid Thunderbolts of VULCAN beare:
 So that confid'ring, how his own is brust.
 It may thereby be overpowr'd and crust.

8:

DE GAMA, besides *this*, confidering
 That now the time it self calls him away;
 And that for better answer from the King
 (Who loves the MOORS) he may till doomsday stay:
 Sends one ashore, the Factors summoning
 To come aboard forthwith; and, lest that *They*
 Be stoppt, if their intent perceiv'd should be,
 Commands them do it with all secrecie.

9.

But long it was not e're a rumour went
 (And it fell out to be a rumour true)
 That the two Factors were to prison sent,
 'Cause from the City they by stealth withdrew.
 The Captain, seeing which way the world went,
 Seiz'd (by Reprisal) without more ado
 Some, That were then aboard his ship, lin'd well
 With Precious Stones which they desir'd to sell.

Grave

10.

Grave *CitiZens*, and wealthy were *These* all;
 Well known, and well allide in *CALICUT*:
 Therefore, to see them bound for *PORTUGALL*,
 Into an *uproare* did the *City* put.
 For streight to work the sturdy *Sea-men* fall:
 The *Capstone* roles, their *sew'ral* strengths set to't
 In *sew'ral* manners: *some* the *Cable* halling,
 With the *Bar* others their hard *bosoms* galling.

11

This, hangs by the *main-yard*; and now unties
 The flowing *Saile*, with a great *cry* displayd:
 When to the *SAMORIM* with greater *cryes*
 Is told how hastily the *CAPTAIN* waigh'd.
Their Wives and *Children* (trust up in this wise
 That are) a noyse, as they were murder'd made
 In the *KING*'s hearing; screaming they should lose,
These their dear *Fathers*: their deare *Husbands*, *Those*.

12.

The *Lusitanian Merchants*; with the *Wave*,
 (There's no delaying) freely he remands,
 Although thereat the *MOORS* do stamp and stare,
 Or else his *own* must visit uncouth Lands.
 With all *excuses*, to make things look faire,
 Sends to his *King*. *DE GAME* (who understands
 The *Restitution*, better then the *Cringe*)
 Returns some *BLACKS*, and gives the *ships* their swinge.

13.

He *coasts* it homewards, fully satisfy'de
 That he in vain solicits with *that King*
 A *peace* and *friendship*, to be ratify'de
 By mutual Trade, as he propos'd the thing.
 But, having now that noble Land descry'de
 Which lay much hid under the *Morning's* wing,
 For his deare *Countrey* with this *news* is bound:
 Carrying sure *signes* of that which he hath found.

14.

He carries *MALABARS*, retain'd by Him
 Perforce, of *Those*, who the stopt *Factors* brought
 Aboard from the inforced *SAMORIM*.
 He carries burning *Pepper*, which he brought;
Nutmegs (the which their own dry'de flow'rs up trim)
 From *BANDA*; the black *Clove* (for which is fought
MOLUCO'S ISLE) and *Cinnamon*, through which
CAYLAN is noble, beautiful, and rich.

15.

All *these* provided by the diligence
 Of good MONSAYDE, whom he carries too :
 Who fir'd with *Evangelick* influence
 To have his name writ in CHRIST'S book doth sue.
 O happy AFRICAN! whom PROVIDENCE
 DIVINE, out of *infernal darkness* drew;
 And, so far from thy *Countrey*, found a way
 To thy *true Countrey* to reduce thee, stray.

16.

Thus vanish from the spicy Territory
 The happy *ships*, whose *Prows* directly stand
 OF GOOD HOPE pointing at THE PROMONTORY
 (*South-Bound* of NATURE fixt by her own Hand);
 Bearing the evidence and welcom story
 To LISBON of the *Oriental Land*:
 Once more committed to the rude annoy
 Of *Seas* uncertain betwixt *fear* and *joy*.

17.

That they are going to their *Countrey* deare,
 To their dear *Parents*, and *Aboads* at last,
 To tell their wond'rous *Navigation*, there,
 The various *Nations* seen, and *Dangers* past;
 That now the *Harvest* of their *Toyles* is neare,
 The *Fruits* of their *Adventure* ripe to tast;
 Is such a joy as cannot be *express'd*
 By their faint *Tongue pent* in their narrow *Brest*.

18.

But CYPRUS'S *Queen*, who by the *King* of HEAV'N
 Was made the LUSITANIANS'S *Patroness*,
 And for a *Guardian Angel* to them giv'n,
 To whom the many yeers hath prov'd no less;
Glory, for which they have so *bravely* striv'n,
Amends for their so *well indur'd* distress,
 Means them by way of *earnest* beforehand;
 And in sad *Seas* the *Pleasures* of the *Land*.

19.

Having a while revolved in her thought
 The world of *Sea* which they have back to pass,
 The world of *Woes*, that God on them had brought
 In AMPHIONIAN THEBES twice-born that was:
 It is her purpose, *joys*, so dearly bought
 With *Griefs*, to fill them in an ample glass;
 To cook them some *delights*, find them some nest,
 Where in the rolling *Empire* they may rest.

Aa

In

20.

In fine an *Inn* of pleasure by the way
 To bait and strengthen tyr'd Humanity :
 To give her gallant *Sea-men* (not their Pay,
 But) the use here of fair ETERNITY.
 She means to tell't her Son, and well she may ;
 For, with his shafts it is, she makes the high
 GODS, stoop to the base ground : and, with his fire,
 Unworthy mortals to bright Heav'n aspire.

21.

This well digested, she resolves in fine
 There, in the middle of the briny frost,
 To have in readiness an *Isle* Divine,
 With flow'rs on green enameld and imboist :
 For she hath many in those Seas, which joyne
 To that blest Land which our first mother lost ;
 Besides those sweet ones in the Midland Seas,
 Impounded by the Gates of HERCULES.

22

There will she have th' *Aquatick maids* prepare
 To these rare men their graces to impart ;
 All that are honor'd with the name of *Faire*
 (The glory of the Eye, Bane of the Heart)
 With Balls, and Banquets blithe and debonayre :
 For she inspires into their breasts the dart
 Of secret love, that they with all their might
 Of their Gallants may study the delight.

23

Such once her Project, for the man she bare
 To TROY'S ANCHISES neer to SIMOIS'S flood ;
 To get him welcome in that City fair
 Which in the compass of an *Oxe-hide* flood.
 Her boy she seeks (for, without Him, her rare
 Beauty is nothing) CUPID giv'n to blood :
 That, as to Him of yore she recommends
 Her sailing son, so now, her sailing Friends.

24.

She yokes those Birds unto her Coach of gold
 Which sing their own sad Dirge with long white necks :
 And those, into the which was turn'd of old
 PERISTERA, That gather'd flow'rs by pecks.
 The flying Goddesses These in Rings enfold,
 Exchanging kisses with lascivious Beaks.
 She, where she passes, makes the Wind to lye
 With gentle motion, and serenens the skye.

Over

25.

Over *Idalian* Mountains *now* she hung,
 The *winged Boy* residing in that Land,
 To get an *Army* up of *Bow-men* young.
 For a great *War* which he hath then in hand,
 Against the rebel *W O R L D*; where late have sprung
 Much *Weeds*, as he is giv'n to understand:
 Loving those things, wherewith 'tis richly stor'd,
 To be made use of, not to be ador'd.

26.

He sees *A C T E O N* hunting, so inclin'd
 To that mad *sport*, and brutal *exercise*,
 That a deform'd *wild-beast* to follow (blind)
 The Beauty of a *humane* Face he flies:
 And (to torment him with a *Fair Unkind*)
 Shews stript *D I A N A* to his gazing eyes.
 • *Now*, let him take good heed he do not prove
 A *Prey*, ev'n to those *Hounds* he doth so love.

27.

He sees the *great ones* of each Land, that none
 Have *Publike Good* so much as in their *Eye*:
 Sees they love nothing but themselves alone;
 Which is part *Intrest*, and part *Philantye*.
Courtiers he sees (men That besiege a *Throne*)
 How for *true Doctrine* they vent *Flattery*.
 'Tis husbandry *these* like not in a *King*
 To weed the *Flow'rs* out of his *Corn* in *Spring*.

28.

He sees, how *Those* that owe a *vowed* love
 To *Povertie*, and *Charitie* to *Men*,
 Love *Riches* onely, and to floate Above,
 Pretending *justice*, and a *Conscience* clean.
 They tell the *People*, what doth *Them* behove;
O B E D I E N C E, in the *deed*, the *Tongue*, the *Pen*.
Laws they set up in favour of the *C R O W N*,
Laws in the *People's* favour they pull down.

29.

He sees, in fine, none love that which they should
 But onely what complies with some vain lust:
 Therefore his hands can *be* no longer hold
 From *punishments* that may be *sharp*, yet *just*.
 His *Captains* prick, his *Soldiers* are inrol'd
 Fit for a *War* which undertake *he* must,
 With the misgovern'd *World*: whereby to quell
 All that persist against him to rebel.

30.

Swarms of these little *How'ers* (newly flown)
 At several *works*, busie as *Bees*, are all:
 Some whetting *Arrow-Heads* on bloody *Hone*,
 Others the shafts of *Arrows* having small,
 Working they sing, and sing of love alone,
 And then that *Love* it is *Seraphical*:
 In *Parts*, and in the *burthen* all do joyne;
 The *Ditty* excellent, the *Tune* Divine.

31.

On the immortal *Anvils* (where their *Arts*
 They use, the *steeld points* to forge, and fit)
 Instead of *Embers* there are burning *Hearts*,
 Which bring their *Bellows* with them (panting yit):
 The *streams*, with which they temper their *steeld darts*,
Tears, which from miserable *LOVERS* flit:
 The sparkling *flame*, the never-quenched *fire*,
 (Which *burns*, and not *consumes* them) is *desire*.

32.

Some of these *Archers* exercise their *Hand*
 On the hard *Bosomes* of the *Vulgar* rude;
 The *bor'd Ayre* *bis't* (by this we understand
 The *fighings* of the wounded *multitude*);
 For *Surgeons*, *Nymphs* to *Cure* them ready stand,
 With *Sov'rain Vertue* to this end indu'd:
 Who, to the *Hurt* not onely life can give,
 But make, ev'n *them* that ne're were *born to live*.

33.

Some of these *Nymphs* are faire, and some are not,
 According to the *Nature* of the *Wound*:
 Into the *blood* if once the *Taint* be got,
 Oft ugly *Treacle* gives the *Patient* sound.
 There are, whom *Spells* and *Philters* do besot;
 Nay'd to their *Seates*, they wiss not how and bound:
 Where *this* is, *Love* hath us'd against fraile *Hearts*
Unlawful weapons, shooting *poyson'd darts*.

34.

From these *raw Soldiers*, out of *ranke* and *life*,
 A thousand *rash*, and *senceless Darts* are sped:
 A thousand *senceless loves* are born the while
 In the low *People*, to be pittied.
 Ev'n amongst *Those* in *higheft Forms*, of *vile*
 And *horrid Love* are thousand *patterns* read:

BIBLIS, and *MYRRA*, for *one sex*; for *t'other*,
Th'ASSYRIAN SON, and the *JUDEAN BROTHER*.
 And

35.

And *you* (Great *Lords*) by *Shepherdesses* meant
 Under the yoke of *LOVE* have oft been brought,
 And *you* (great *Ladies*) with rude *Clowns* unclean
 In *VULCAN*'s subtle *Nets* have oft been caught:
Some, watching the dim fall of the *Serene*;
Some, pitchie *Night*, o're *Tiles*, or *Walls* to vault.
 Though for these *sordid fires* (if *right we did*)
 More then the *Son* the *Mother* should be chid.

36.

But the swift *Coach* now softly on the *Green*
 The white *Swans* (ballanc't in their *Harnes*) put;
 On which *DIONE* (in whose *Cheek* is seen
 The *Snow-mixt Rose*) sets light her milky foot.
 The *Archer* meets her with a jocund meen
 Who shoots at *HEAV'N*, and doth not miss the *But*.
 With *Him* in *Squadron* his *SUB-CUPID*'s move,
 To do their *Homage* to the *QUEEN OF LOVE*.

37.

she (not to spend the pretious time in vain)
 Snatching her *Child* up, confidently said;
 Dear *Son*, in *whom*, and whose strong *Arm*, I reign;
 And the *Foundations* of my *Pow'r* are laid;
Son, in *whom* all my *strengths* always remain;
Who feard st not *Them*; That made great *JOVE* afraid;
 I have a special buis'ness to be done,
 In which I greatly need *thy pow'r my Son*.

38.

The *LUSITANIANS*, harast out, behold!
 Who are *my Care* of long *Antiquity*;
 Because my *Friends* (the *Fates*) to me had told,
 Wheree're *They* go, my worshipt name should fly.
 And, for they imitate my *ROMANS* old
 In all *Heroick Actions*, therefore *I*
 Resolve, for them to do a *Guardian's* duty,
 And raise the *Posse* of the *Realm of Beauty*.

39.

And, since the malice of the God of *Wine*
 Spun them new troubles upon *Indian-ground*,
 When from the furies of the swelling *Brine*
 They crope out weather-beaten, and half-drown'd;
 Therefore in middle of the *Sea* (in fine)
 Which they their bitter enemies have found,
 And neer that *INDIA*, I would have them breathe,
 And of their *Labours* the *first-fruits* receive.

As

40.

As wanton *Fishes* then therein are strook,
 So do *Thou* strike the fair *NEREIDES*;
 That on these *LUSITANIANS* they may look
 With *amorous* eyes, who carry home the Keys
 Of their discover'd World. Sick with the Hook
 Let them on shore an *Isle*; an *Isle* (in *Seas*
Immense) which *I* have deckt with all the Flow'rs
 Or *ZEPHYRUS* breathes, out; or *FLORA*, pow'rs.

41.

There with a thousand *dishes* delicate,
 With *oderiferous Wines*, and *Roses* sweet,
 In crystal *Palaces* immaculate,
 In *lillie sheets* (they whiter then the sheet)
 In fine with thousand joys past *Vulgar* rate,
 Let the obliging *Nymphs* their *Heroes* meet
 (wounded with *love*) and yield up *Nature's* treasure,
 To be all ranfact at the *Vistor's* pleasure.

42.

In *NEPTUNE'S Realm* (to which *I* owe my birth)
 A fair and manly *off-spring* would *I* have;
 To serve for *pattern* to the Bastard-Earth,
 Which with rebellious Heart thy *pow'r* doth brave:
 That men may know, From *Thee*, the *Foe* of mirth
Hypocrisie, nor *walls of brass* can save.
 Ill can it be resisted on the *Land*,
 If in the *Sea* burn thy immortal *Brand*.

43.

She had not ended when the *Wag* her Son
 Prepares himself to do as he was told:
 Calls for his *Iv'ry Bow*, engrav'd upon,
 Whose *Arrow-points* are tagg'd with heads of *Gold*.
 Ravisht with joy the *CYPRIAN PARRAGON*
 Sets the *Boy* by her, in her *Coach*, which troll'd,
 The rains enlarged to those *Birds*, whose *Song*
 The death of *PHAETHON* laments so long.

44.

But we do want a certain necessary
 Woman, to broke between them *CUPID* said;
 Whom, though to *Him* she had been oft contrary,
 Yet, of his side, he had as often made:
Rash Boaster, who both *Eyes* and *Truths* doth carry,
 Sister to *Them* that did the *Gods* invade,
 Who with a thousand *Tongues* spreads where she flies,
 That which she saw but with a hundred eyes.

Her

45.

Her find they out, and make her go before :
 Who with a rattling *Trumpet* doth proclame
 The *Praises* of the *Navigators* more
 Then of all else she e're vouchsaf't to name.
Now in the hollows of the *Rocks* did roare,
 And the hoarse *Waves*, the piercing voice of *FAME*.
Truth she relates, and *Truth* esteem'd to be,
 For with the *Goddeſs* went *CREDULITY*.

46.

Brib'd with this *Praise*, this excellent *Report*,
 The *Gods* (whom *BACCHUS* so inflam'd had erst
 Against these gallant men, in *NEPTUNE's Court*)
 With passion for them are a little pierc'd.
 The *female Breasts* (that quit with less effort
 The prejudices they receiv'd at first)
 Now call it an ill *Zeale*, a cruel *mind*,
 Which to such *Vertue* made them prove *unkind*.

47.

The bloody *Boy* strikes while the *Iron's* hot.
 Shafts, follow shafts, the *Sea* roares with his shoots.
Some, through the fickle *Waves* point blank are shot :
Some, hit on *Rocks* ; nor, to be rocks, it boots.
 Down drop the *Nymphs*, each hath her deaths wound got,
 All dart out burning sighs from their heart-Roots ;
 No *Face* yet seen: " For Shafts, which *LOVE* lets flye,
 " Kill in the *Eare* as sure as in the *Eye*.

48.

With doubled force the *Lad*, that tam'd was never,
 Makes the two *horns* meet of his *Iv'ry Moon*.
 More, then of *All*, he aims at *THETY's* Liver :
 For more then *All* hath she against him done.
Now not one shaft is left in all his *Quiver*,
 In all the *Sea* *NYMPH* left alive not one:
 Or if (being hurt) they *live*, it is for *This*,
 That they may feel how sweet such *dying* is.

49.

Make room, ye azure Billows of the *DEEP* :
 Loe! *VENUS* comes, and brings the *Med'cine* with her !
 The pregnant *Sayles* on *NEPTUNE's* surface creep,
 Like her own *Swans*, in *Gate*, *out-chest*, and *Fether*.
 That their *desires* like equal pace may keep,
 And *neither* to great *LOVE* complain of *either*,
 The *Mens* bold *fires* shall preſs chaste *HYMENS* bands;
 The *Female-Blush* do *BEAUTY's QUEENS* commands.

All

50.

All the faire *Quire* of the *NEREIDES*
 Is now prepar'd, and in a lofty *Dance*
 (After their *loving* custome) through the *Seas*
 To th' *Isle* by *VENUS* shew'd, at once advance.
 The skilful *Goddeſſes* there erudiate *Theſe*
 In all *ſhe* did, when *LOVE* her *Breaſts* did lance.
They, whom the *Sea* had conquer'd, are not nice
 To liſten to the *Mother's* ſweet advice.

51

The lofty *ſhips* went cutting the vaſt *Sea*
 In their long *Voyage* to their *Countrey* deare,
 Leaft *that*, they had, ſhould fail them by the way,
 Prolling about for water *freſh*, and *cleare*.
 When (to their ſuddain joy) at break of day
 Th' *inamour'd* *Isle* doth to them *All* appeare.)
 Streight *MEMNON's* mother, delicate and faire,
 Spread all her ſweetneſs through the purged *Ayre*.

52.

They ſee *Aloofe* the *Island* freſh, and green,
 Which *VENUS* carries floating on the *Main*,
 Juſt as the *Wind* does their white *ſayles*; and ſeen
 The *ſhips* are from the *Isle* too, but not plain.
 For, left by *Theſe* o'reſhot it ſhould have been,
 Making her *Wiſh*, and *Preparations*, vain;
 (What cannot *VENUS ACIDALIA* do?
 She mov'd it *plum* in the *Armada's* view.

53.

But fixt it; when ſhe ſaw, *They* ſaw, and fought
 The *Island* with their *Keels*: ſo, on the *Floods*
 Was *DELOS* fixt, when forth *LATONA* brought
APOLLO, and the *GODDEſſE OF THE WOODS*.
 Thither through ſliced *Seas* their way they wrought
 Where a calm *Bay* the crooking *ſhore* includes,
 Whoſe gliſſ'ning *Sands* with interfuſed *vains*
 Of purple *Cockles* *CYTHÆREA* ſtains.

54.

Three goodly *Mountains* with a graceful pride
 Thrust their majeſtick *Heads* into the *Ayre*
 (With green imbroydred *Hangings* beautify'de)
 In this gay *Isle* delicious, freſh, and faire.
 From their three *Tops* three cryſtal *Springs* did glide,
 Lacing the *Liv'ry* their rich *Margents* ware.
 Jumping on *ſeabeds* while their *Cryſtals* brake:
 Such *Muſick* never *Water-works* did make.

55.

In a pure *Valley* which those *Hills* divides,
 As by appointment the three *Currents* meet,
 Shaping a *Table* with proportion'd sides,
 Broad, and beyond imagination, sweet.
 A *Frenge* of *Trees* hangs over it, and prides
 It self, in so cleer *Glass* it self to greet:
Now prancks its *locks* therein, and *now* retires;
Now looks again, and its own form admires.

56.

A thousand gallant *Trees* to *Heav'n* up-shoot
 With *Apples*, odoriferous, and faire:
 The *Orange-tree* hath in her sightly *fruit*
 The colour *DAPHNE* boasted in her *Haire*:
 The *Citron-tree* bends almost to her Root
 Under the yellow burthen which she bare:
 The goodly *Lemmons* with their *button-Caps*,
 Hang imitating *Virgins* fragrant *Paps*.

57.

The *savage-trees* (That doe the *Forest* there
 With *leavie-Haire* innoble and adorn)
 Are, *Poplars* of *ALCIDES*; *Laurels*, deare
 In vain unto the *GOLDEN GOD UNSHORN*;
Myrtles of *VENUS*; the proud *Pine* severe,
 That *CYBELE* for meaner love did scorn.
 The speared *Cypress*, from this *vale of Vice*,
 Stands pointing at *CELESTIAL PARADICE*:

58

The fruit *POMONA* gives, *NATURE* bestowes
Heer lib'rally, and in the kinds all good;
 Better then *elsewhere* it in *Gardens* growes,
 'Tis *heer* undrest, unplanted in the *Wood*;
 The *Cherry*, that begs *outside* from the *Rose*;
 The *Mulberry*, stain'd with *true-Lovers* blood;
 The *Peach*, translated from its *Mother-soile*
 In *PERRIA*, and made better by *Exile*.

59.

Th'ingenuous *Pomgranat* shews his Heart,
 With which Thou, *Rubie*, lovest thy esteem:
 From her lov'd *Elme* the *Vine* doth not depart,
Her Clusters loading *Him*, some red, some green:
 And, *Pear* pyramidall, if loth thou art
 To dye before thy time, hide thee between
 The Leaves; for to anticipate thy Fate
 Ten thousand *feather'd-Minstrels* lye in waite.

B b

The

60.

The fine and noble *Carpets* then (which *there*
 Lye to be trod on by the meanest Plant)
 Make those of *PERSIA*, *course*; and *pleasanter*
These of the gloomy Valley *All* will grant.
NARCISSUS, there, over the water cleere
 Hangs his sick head, who what he had, did want.

There flaunts the *Grand-child-Son* of *CYNARAS*,
 For whom Thou, *PAPHIAN QUEEN*, cry'st yet, *alas*!

61.

It was not easie to be understood
 (The self-same *colours* seen in *Skies*, and *Bow'rs*)
 Whether *AURORA* lent the *Flowers* blood,
 Or borrowed *complexion* of the *Flow'rs*
There, *ZEPHYRUS* and *FLORA* painting stood
 The *Violet*, with the *Pale* of *Paramours*;
 The *Flow'r-de-lis*, with *blew*; the lovely *Rose*,
 Just *such*, as in a *Virgin's* cheek it blows.

62.

The *Lilly*, white; in whose pure snow the print
 Sits of the *Morning's* Tears: and *Marjorame*:
 The doleful *ay*, read in the *Hyacinth*;
 A *Flow'r* *LATONA's* son loves for the name.
FLORA bets high *POMONA* knows no flint;
She Vyes with *Flow'rs*, with *fruits* This sees the *Game*:
 Nor *Flow'rs*, and *Fruits*, are *All* that place affords;
 The Earth hath *Beasts* besides, and the *Ayre Birds*.

63.

Along the *Lake* the snowy *Swan* did sing,
Him *PHILOMELA* answers from a *Bough*;
ACTEON drinks out of the crystal *Spring*,
 Nor fears the shadow of his *horned* Brow.
Here the close *Hare* (to whom her fear gives wing)
 Starts from her *Form*; or, from a *Brake* the *Row*:
 The wanton *Sparrow*, there, to his dear *Nest*
 Bears in his *Bill* the little *Chirpers* feast.

64.

The *second* *ARGONAUTS* now disembarked
 From the tall *ships* into an *EDEN* green.
There, in this *Iste*, this *Forest*, or this *Parke*,
 The fair *Nymphs* hide, with purpose to be seen.
Some touch the grave *Theorba* in shades darke,
Some the sweet *Lute*, and gentle *Violeens*:
Others with golden *Cross-bows* make a show
 To *hunt* the *Bruits*, but do not *hunt* them though.

Thus

65.

Thus counsell'd them *their Mistress*, and her *Art's*:
 That so, the more their own desires they Master,
 And seem a *flying prey* to their *sweethearts*,
 It might make *them* to follow on the faster.
Some (who are *Conscious* that their *skins* have darts,
 And put their trust in *naked Alabaster*)
 Bathe in *Diaphane* streams, their *Roabs* by-thrown,
 And ask no *Ornament*, but what's their own.

66.

But the bold *Striplings* setting on the sand
 Their nimble feet, which long'd to touch the ground.
 (For not a man of them but came a land
 To see what *Savage Game* might there be found)
 Dreamt not to finde *Game* ready to their hand,
 In that sweet *Forest* (without snare, or Hound)
 So *Debonayre*, so tender, so *benigne*,
 As was there hurt by means of *ERICKINE*.

67.

Some (who with *Guns* and *Cross-bows* make account
 The *Royal Stag*, and *Lordly Buck*, to slay)
 Through the sharp *Bushes* resolutely mount,
 And lofty *Forest*; where no *Foot-path* lay.
Others in *Shades* (which *PHIBUS's* Arrows blount)
 Walking, or resting, while the *Heats* away
 By those sweet *Brooks*, which (stumbling as they past
 Over white *Peebles*) to the *Sea* did hast.

68.

When suddainly, thorow the *Green-wood* leaves,
 Variety of *Colours* they descry;
Colours, which soon the judging eye perceives
 Are not of *Roses*, or fresh *Flow'rs* the dye:
 But, of fine *wool*; or *That*, the rich *worm* weaves:
 Of which *LOVE* makes his *Lure*, and *Sawces* high;
 Of which their Garments *Humane* *Roses* make,
 To make the *Bird* sell for the *Feathers* sake.

69.

Amaz'd *V E L O S O* with a lowd voice cry'd;
 Strange *Game* (my masters) in this *Forest* rise:
 The ancient *Poets* *Tales* are verify'd,
 And this *Isle* sacred to the *D E I T I E S*.
 Nay, what to *humane-fancy* is deny'd
 To hope, or comprehend, see with your *Eyes*!
 And see, what *wonders*, what great *blessings* then,
 The *world* and *Nature* hide from *vulgar* men!

70.

Chafe we these *Goddeffes*; it shall be seen
 If they be *Real* or *Fantastical*.
 This said (more swift then *Bucks* o're *Pastures* green)
 Through the rough *Brakes* and *Woods* darted they *All*.
 The *Nymphs* went flying the thick boughs between,
 Yet not so *Swift*, as *Artificial*.
 Skreeking, and laughing softly in the close,
 They let the *Greyhounds* gain upon the *Does*.

71.

One's golden *Tresses* up the wind did blow,
 The light *coats* of *Another* as she fled:
 The *desire*, kindled by the *naked Snow*,
 Upon the dainty *Prospect* (greedy) fed.
 This falls on purpose, and whilst she doth go
 To rise (with *kindness*, more then *Anger*, red)
 He that *pursues*, falls over her; like *one*
 That rubs the *Mistress* when his *Bowle* is gone.

72.

Others (who *Game* in other *Parts* did seek)
 Chop on the *Goddeffes* that bathing were.
 These suddainly begin a fearful shreek
 As if they wonder'd to see *Mortals* there.
 Some (sliding through the *Laund* their *Bodies* sleek,
 As who should say; *shame* less, then *force* We fear)
 Scud to the *Cops*, exposing to the *Eye*
 What to the greedy *Hand* they did deny.

73.

There *is*, That (hiding with a *Veile* of *Glass*
 (*DIANA*-like) if not her *Lims*, her blushes)
 Sinks where she stands: There *is*, That (on the *grafs*
 Snatching her *Cloaths* that lye) shoots through the *Rushes*.
 Amongst the *Rest*, an eager *Lad* there *was*,
Rayments and all, into the *Bath* that brushes
 (For, whilst he stript, he feard to lose the *Game*)
 To quench in *water* his tormenting *flame*.

74.

As a rough *Water-dog*, to fetch and seek
 That's us'd, and wait upon his *Master's gun*,
 Seeing *him* lay the *Steel-Cane* to his *Cheek*,
 Aym'd at a *Duck*, or *Teal*, to *him* well known;
 Before the *blow*, into the *stream* or *creek*
 (Sure of the *Quarry*) doth impatient run,
 And, barking, swims: The *Lad* so, from the shore
 Swam to the *Nymph* whom *Love* had shot before.

Another

75.

Another (L E O N A R D) whom *Books* adorn,
 Stout, noble, handfom, amorous, and young;
 On whom G O D C U P I D had not cast *one* scorn,
 But *all* his *gall* into *his* *potion* wrung;
 So that he well might think, he was not born
 To any luck in loving; yet, among
 His *faults*, 'twas *one*, that *on* he still would play
 (As *Gamesters* use) in hope 'twould turn one day.

76.

'Twas *here* his fortune, in pursuit to fall
 Of fair E P H Y R E (L O V E's own *sister-Twin*)
 But *one*, who would give dearer then they *All*,
 What *Nature* gave to *Her* to give *agin*.
 On *Her*, *He* (spent with running) lowd doth call.
 O *Cruelty*, lodg'd in too fair an *Inn*,
 If to thy *Shrine* (quoth *he*) I'm vowed whole,
 Stay for my *Body*, since thou hast my *soul*!

77.

All (out of breath, and weary) *Nymph* divine,
 Are yielding to the pressing *Enemy*.
 Through Bryers and Thorns *Thou* onely still fly'st *Thine*:
 Who told thee, I am *I*, that follow thee?
 If thou wert told it by that *star* of mine,
 Which, where'soe'er I fly, *shoots* after me;
 Ah! do not credit *That*: For when as *I*
 Did so, thou canst think how it would lye.

78.

I tire with tiring *Thee*, my *spirits* waft;
 And if thou *fly*, thereby to flye my touch,
 I can assure thee (fair one) *stay* thou may'st,
 And yet I ne're the neer, my *star* is such.
 Stay, if thou please; and see but (if thou *stay'st*)
 The *sight* of *hand*, the which my *Fate* (so much
 In vain deplor'd) will finde at last, to reare
 A *Wall*, between the *Sickle* and the *Eare*.

79.

O flye me not! So may *Time* never flye
 Thy *Beauty* out of sight. For, do but turn;
 Dalt with the beams of thy *Majestick Eye*,
 No *sawcy* fire in me will dare to burn.
 What K I N G could break the force of *destiny*?
 What A R M Y conquer it? and *mine* hath sworn
 To thwart *me* still. Yet stay: I'm happy than:
 And thou shalt do what K I N G s, nor A R M I E s can.

With

80.

With my *malignant star* doest *Thou* take part?
 To help the stranger is not *nobly* done.
 Carriest *Thou* with thee my *Grief-loaden* heart?
 Send it me back, and thou wilt faster run.
 That *Soul* of mine, grown heavy with long smart,
 Hang'd in those *Tresses* which out-shine the *Sun*,
 Does it not *clog* them? Or, since it came *there*,
 Hath it chang'd *mood*, and weighs but for one *Here*?

81.

With this *hope* onely thy white feet I trace,
 That either *Thou* her weight will not indure,
 Or *she*, by being in that *heav'nly* place,
 Will change her *luck*, and *better stars* procure.
 And, if *that* change, flye never such a pace,
 LOVE can hit *flying* I am very sure;
 And, if he hit, *Thou*'t stay; and, on *this* score,
 If thou do stay, of *Heav'n* I ask no more.

82.

The fair *Nymph* now fled not so much to sell
 The *Jewel* dear, for which the *Lad* pursu'd her;
 As, the sweet *Tunes* to *hear*, that from him fell,
 And amorous *laments* with which he woo'd her.
 Her *Eyes* (now bath'd in *smiles* and *tractabell*)
 Turn'd upon *Him*, who with his *charms* subdu'd her;
 All melted in pure *love*, languidly *sweet*,
 She lets her self fall at the *Victor's* feet.

83:

O what *devouring Kisses* (multiply'd)
 What *pretty whimprings*, did the *Grove* repeat!
 What *flattering Force*! What *Anger* which did *chide*
Itself, and *laught* when it began to *threat*!
 What more then this the blushing *MORNING* spy'd,
 And *VENUS* (adding *Her's* to the *NOON's* heat)
 Is better *try'd*, then *gues's'd*, I must confess:
 But *Those* who cannot try it, let them *gues's*.

84.

For first with all the *Rites* of *wedlock* joyn'd
 Were the *lov'd Sea-men* to th'*AQUATICK POW'RS*:
 What gentle *Tongue*, and what white *Hand* could bind,
 The *Nymphs* had added in those *sacred Bow'rs*.
 And now their *Lovers* heads they crown'd (kind)
 With *gold*, and *Lawrel*, and abounding *Flow'rs*:
 Promise, to keep them company for ever;
 Whom *life*, or *death* with *honor*, shall not sever.

85.

The *Chief* of them (whom all the *rest* went after,
 And did obey in all things her behest,
 Of URANUS and Holy VESTA Daughter,
 As by her Face was easie to be guest,
 Filling with wonderment both *Earth*, and *Water*)
 Th'illustrious *Captain*, worthy of the Best,
 With grave and Royal Ceremonies took :
 Shewing her Greatness in her Pompe and Look.

86.

HIM (whom she first acquainted with her name,
 Then, in a kind *exordium* mixt with state,
 Gave him to understand she *Thither* came
 By the immutable decree of *Fate*;
 To *Him* of the promiscuous *Globe* and *Frame*
 Of the vast *EARTH*, and *OCEAN*, to relate
Parts undiscover'd, by *Prophetick Spirit* :
 Which *He* alone, and his brave SPANIARDS merit)

87.

Taking up with her by the hand, she led
 Unto a *Mountain's* top, high and divine ;
 Where a rich *Pyle* erected the proud head,
 Of crystal all, with massive gold and fine.
Here all the live-long day they rioted
 In full delight, and sports to sports that joyn.
 Within the *Palace* she enjoys her love :
 The others *theirs* within the flow'ry *Grove*.

88.

Thus, the fair *Bevy*, *thus* the Valiant *Crew*,
 Divide the *How'rs* by innocent, by chaste
Delights, and such as *Mortals* never knew,
 In recompence of so long labours past.
 And *thus* the *meed*, to such high Actions due
 Of noble *Prowess*, ev'n the *World* at last
 Pays (in despite of *Envy*) with the sound
 Of a great *Name* ; which *Time*, nor *Place* shall bound.

89.

For these fair *Daughters* of the *OCEAN*,
*THE*TYS, and the *Angellick* pensil'd *ISLE*,
 Are nothing, but sweet *Honour*, which *These* wan ;
 With whatsoever makes a *life* not vile.
 The *priviledges* of the *MARTIAL MAN* ;
 The *Palm*, the *Lawrell'd Triumph*, the rich *spoile* ;
 The *Admiration* purchac't by his sword ;
These are the joys, this *Island* doth afford.

90.

So those *false Godships* which *ANTIQUITY*,
 To all *illustrious Men* a zealous Friend,
 In *Starry Heav'ns* created, to which *shee*
 Made them on towring wings of *Fame* t'ascend,
 For honorable *Acts* they did, for free
 And noble *Suff'rings* (*VERTUE's path*, the end
 Whereof, is *smooth* and *pleasant* like our *Isle*,
 Though it self *craggie*, *steep*, and full of *toile*.)

91.

What meant they, but an *Immortality*
 Giv'n by the *World* for *Actions* Sovereign,
 To *such* as *ARTS*, or *ARMS*, advanc'd t'a high
 And *heav'nly* pitch, being born of *humane* strain?
 For *JOVE*, *APOLLO*, *MARS*, and *MERCURY*,
ÆNEAS, *ROMULUS*, the *THEBANS* *TWAIN*,
JUNO, *DIANA*, *CERES*, *PALLAS*; *All*
 Dwell (as *you* doe) in brittle *Earthen* Wall.

92.

But *FAME* (the *Trumpet* of deeds great and good)
 Gave them *new* Names and *Titles* on the Earth;
 Gods of the *whole*, and Gods of the *half-blood*,
 Gods by *Adeption*, and Gods by *Birth*.
 If ye love *Fame* then, if make *These* ye wou'd,
 (As *Men*) your *patterns*, though (as *Gods*) your *Mirth*,
 Fly *Sloth*; by *which* the *Soule*, which *Heaven* gave
 To be the *Body's Queen*, becomes its *Slave*.

93.

Curbe, with a *Bit* of *Iron*, *AVARICE*;
AMBITION curb, to which y'are too too prone;
 And curb the black and detestable *Vice*
 Of *TYRANNY*, and base *OPPRESSION*.
 " For these *vain Honours*, this *false Gold*, give price
 " (Unless he have it in *himself*) to *none*,
 " Better *deserve* them, and to goe *without*;
 " Then *have* them *undeserved*, without doubt.

94.

Either in *peace* promote *impartiall Laws*,
 That so *great Fish* devour not the *small Fry*;
 Or (armed) tear out of the *Great TURKS* jaws
 The *Christians* prey, on which he stretcht doth lye.
 The *Kingdom's greatness*, by this means ye'll cause;
 Nor *lessen*, but *augment*, your *own*, thereby.
 In *Riches* merited ye will abound;
 And with *true Honor* have your *Temples* crown'd.

And

95.

And to your KING ye so pretend to prize;
 Ye shall bring honour; *now*, with *Councils* grave:
Now, with your *Swords*, which will immortalize
You, as they have done your *Fore-Fathers* brave.
 I ask you not *Impossibilities*:

“He That *will*, always *can*. Then, *each* shall have
 A HERO's place: or (if *that* more may move)
 Be *Deniz'en'd* into this ISLE OF LOVE.”

End of the ninth Canto.

Tenth Canto.

STANZA I.

BUT now the *Larissian* Lasses Frend
 (Who for a wealthier *Lover* did foregoe
 The *God of Verse*) his setting Steeds did bend
 O're the great *Lake* of silver MEXICO;
 SOL's burning Rays FAVONIUS did suspend
 With that cool breath which makes, where it doth blow,
 Becalm'd *Fesamines* erect their heads,
 And naked *Lillies* sit up in their *Beds*:

2.

When the fair *Nymphs* and *Lovers*, two abreast,
 Now Friends and well contented, hand in hand
 Towards the *Palace* bright their steps addrest,
 Which upon *Pillars* of pure gold did stand;
 To a most splendid and *Opiporous Feast*
 All summon'd thither, by the *Queen's* command
 Who had prepar'd it for them, to repaire
 Consumptive *Nature* with delicious Fare.

3.

There, in rich *Chaires* of substance *crystalline*
 They sit by *Two's* and *Two's*, *Gallants* and *dams*.
 At th'upper end, in *osier* of gold fine,
 Sits the fair *GODDESS* with renown'd DE GAMER.
 With *Viands* delicate in *sauce* divine
 (Such as to CLEOPATRA'S *Board* ne're came)
 Are heapt the *dishes* of red burnisht gold:
 Part of the *Treasure* which *their Senses* infold.

C c

The

4.

The fragrant Wines not onely are above
Falernian Liquor of *Italian* growth,
 But that choice-*Nectar* sent about by *JOVE*
 When Rebel *Giants* felt *IMMORTALS* wroth.
 In *Di'mond-Cups* (tempting to mirth, and love)
 The *Ruby* sparkles : bubbles the curl'd froth
 With the pow'r'd spring. Thus, of their *Lovers* true
 The greatest *Foe*, the *mastry Nymphs* subdue.

5.

A thousand pleasant *Arguments* they touch,
Still-laughters pass, quick witty *Repartees*,
 'Twixt *dish* and *dish*, whereby, without too much
 Of *Those*, to whet the appetite to *These*.
Musical Instruments not wanting (such,
 As to the damned *spirits* once gave ease
 In the dark *Vaults* of the *Infernal Hall*)
 Joyn'd with a *SIREN'S Voice* *Angelical*:

6.

The fair *MUSE* sang, and with her shrill *Accents*
 (Which from the lofty *Battlement* rebound)
 Inequal harmony the *Instruments*,
 Keeping just time, their softer *Notes* confound.
 A sudden *Silence* curbs the *Winds*, indents
 With the hoarse *waves* to whisper under ground.
 And the *bruit Creatures* in their *Houses* (made
 By *Nature's* hand) asleep are sung and playd.

7.

With a sweet *Voyce* she raises to the skies
 Rare men to come into the world; whose cleare
Ideas were beheld by *PROTHEUS* wife
 In a *Diaphane* and *Phantastick Sphere*,
 Which in a *Dream* *JOVE* shew'd to his shut Eyes;
 And after, *He*, by *Prophecy* appeare
 Made it *humid Realms*: where this *Nymph* (took
 Therewith) got the brave story without book:

8.

Matter for *Buskin* 'tis, and not for *Sock*,
 In the *VAST LAKE* that which the *Mermaid* heard;
 Beyond what *POPAS* knew, or *DEMODOKE*:
 This King *ALCINOOS*'s, That Queen *DIDO*'s *Bard*,
 Now, my *CALIOPE*, I Thee invoke
 To my last *Labour*: begging, for reward
 Of all I write (which I in vain pretend)
 I may come off with a good *tang* it's end:

9.

I sink into the *Vale* of years; and, past
 My *Summer's* pride, to *Autumn* speed again.
 And my *Wit* (more than years) *MISFORTUNES* blast;
 Which *Wit* I own not now, nor boast my *Vein*.
Sighs blow me to that *Port*, where all must cast
 The *Anchor* never to be weigh'd again.

Yet, great *Queen* of the *MUSES*, grant that I
 May close my *NATION's Poem* ere I dye.

10.

The *SIREN* sang, how from the *Tagan* shore,
 Through *Seas* first open'd by *De Gama*, now
 Should *Navies* come; which all within the *Rore*
 Of *Indian Seas* shall to that *Empire* bow:
 And how each *Pagan King*, who the sweet *Lore*
 And *yeak* those *Guests* will bring, shall from them throw;
 With *fire* and *sword* by their brave *Arm* so bit
 Shall be, that they shall yield to *Death*, or *It*.

11.

She sang of *One*, who (being dignify'd,
 With the *High-Priesthood* of all *MALABAR*)
 Because, the knots of *Friendship* he had ty'd,
 He would not break with men so singular;
 Shall let his *Fields* and *Cities* be destroy'd
 With *fire* and *sword*, and all the rage of *war*,
 Before him, By the potent *SAMORIM*:
 So hateful shall those *strangers* be to *Him*.

12.

And sings, in *BETHLEEM* there, how shipt shall be
 The *Sov'raign remedie* of this *Disease*;
 The great *PACHECO* knowing not, that He
 Carries with *Him* the *Pelian Lance* through *Seas*.
 But the *Sea* shall; when, to such great *Guests* the
 Unus'd, shall feel his *weights*: The *groaning* Trees
 Of his *proud ship* shall know't, which two foot more
 Shall draw of water, then it did before.

13.

But, treading now the *Oriental Strand*,
 And left, the *Pagan King* of spoyld *COCHIM*
 Toayd, of *PORTINGALS* with a small Band,
 Upon the salt and crooked *River's* Brim;
 Rout shall he, at the pass of *CAMBALAND*,
 Th'infernal *NAYRES*, That there set on Him:
 Turning with fear the burning *ORIENT* cold,
 So much done with so little to behold.

Cc 2

The

14.

The *SAMORIM* shall raise an Army new;
 The *Kings* shall come of *BIPUR* and *TANORE*
 From Highlands of *NARSINGA*; what they'll do
 For their *chief Lord*, making large Brags before.
 All the arm'd *NORTH* he shall assemble too,
 Which lyes 'twixt *CALICUT* and *CANANORE*,
 Of both *Religions*, 'gainst the *True* that band,
 The *MOORS* by *Sea*, the *PAGAN POWR's* by *Land*.

15.

And once more *All* defeats on *Land* and *Mayn*
 The bold *PACHECO*, Thunderbolt of War;
 The multitude unnumberd of the slain
 Amazing all the *Realms* of *MALABAR*.
 The undespairing *Emperor* again
 Shall haſt to try his Fortune militar;
 Rating his *Men*, pouring vain *pray'rs* and *tears*
 To his vain *Gods* That have nor *eyes* nor *ears*.

16.

Your *Troops* shall *paſſes* now no more defend,
 But burn the *PAGAN's Houses, Towns, and Fanes*.
 The *Dog* (inrag'd to ſee they make no end
 Of laying flat his goodly *Towns*) ordains
 His *Men*, whom he doth prodigally ſpend,
PACHECO's then divided in two *Lanes*,
 To charge between them. *He* together brings
 His *Faws*, and makes two *Pincers* of his *Wings*.

17.

In perſon then the *SAMORIM* ſhall come
 To ſee what's done, and reinforce his men.
 Daſht (by a ſhot which through the *Aire* doth humme)
 In his high *Chair* with blood he ſhall be then.
 That *Force*, nor *Policy* can overcome
 This *Warriour*; now he ſhall to ſee begin.
Treaſons, and *Poiſons* baſe he ſhall invent;
 Which *Heav'n* (*PACHECO's* keeper) will prevent.

18.

That a *ſev'nth* time he ſhall return, ſhe ſings,
 To fight the brave unconquer'd *PORTINGALL*;
 Whom no *Toyls* tyre, who dreads no dreadful Things,
 Yet this a little *diſcompose* him ſhall.
 To horrid battail the fell *Tyrant* brings
Engines of Wood, dire and unſuall,
 To board the *Caravels* upon the *Mayn*,
 Which he till then ſhall have aſſay'd in vain.

19.

Mountains of Fire shall on the water float
 The little *Navy* to consume with flame.
 The great *PACHICO* (like himself) this hot
 And fierce *Bravade* shall in a trice make vain.
 No *Master* in the *Art* of War (That got
 Never so high upon the wings of *Fame*)
 With all his *Palms* can neer this *WORTHY* come:
 Pardon me noble *GRECE*, and nobler *ROME*.

20.

For with a hundred men, or little more,
 Unto the end so many *Battails* fought;
 With such high *Stratagems* unseen before,
 On *Warlike-Hoasts* so many wonders wrought;
 Seem either *Fables* dreamt by men that snore,
 Or that *celestial Quires* (with *Pray'rs* down brought)
 Their *Champion* in those *Exigencies* Ayd
 With *Wit*, *Sleight*, *Force*, and courage undismayd.

21.

He, who in *Marathonian* Fields of old
 O're vast *DARIUS*'s pow'rs victorious was;
 Nor *He*, who, with three hundred *SPARTANS* bold,
 Of fam'd *THERMOPILE* maintain'd the *Pass*;
 Nor *ROME*'s young *COCLUS*, who at bay did hold
 All the prowd *Tuscan* pow'r, till cut he has
 The *Bridge* behind him: nor old *FABIUS* is
 Or *wise*, or *valiant*, when compar'd with *This*.

22:

But at this point, her high and ratling tone
 The *Nymph* abasing, made it hoarse and sad;
 And with low *Voyce* (drown'd in her *Tears* did moan
 Of so strange *Valour* a Requitall bad.
 O *BELISARIUS* (said she) That art *One*
 Who by the *MUS* will still in price be had;
 If *MARS* himself *affronted* were in *Thee*,
 Here is a man that may thy *Comfort* be.

23.

Here thou a *Rival* hast, as in thy *Deeds*,
 So in their cruel and unjust *return*;
 In *Thee*, and *Him*, misused *VERTUE* bleeds:
 In *Thee*, and *Him*, doth begging *VALOUR* mourn:
 Both Bulwarks of your *KINGS*, Both of your *CREEDS*:
 Both dye in *HOSPITALS* ragged and torn.
This those *Kings* do, whose *justice* is their *will*;
 Their *Evidence* what *MALICE* shall infill.

This

24.

This those *Kings* do, who (with smooth Tales misled
 Of *Flatterers*, by whom asleep th'are sung,
 Give the *Rewards* by *A J A X* merited
 Unto the fraudulent *U L Y S S E S*'s tongue.
 But 'tis reveng'd at full, when, hand o'rehead,
 They deal their *Boons* those *SYCOPHANTS* among:
 By *whom*, of their ill choice they will be made
 Ashamed first, and afterwards betray'd.

25.

But *Thou*, That such a man couldst leave, to *S C O R N*
 And *W A N T*, O *K I N G* unjust in *this alone*!
 If *Thou*, to build *his Fortunes* were't, not born;
 He was, to give to *Thee* a potent *Throne*.
 And (credit me) whilst *P H E B U S*'s locks unshorn
 To light the *Earth* and *Heaven* shall be known,
 Like that *Sun* glorious shall *P A C H E C O* be,
 And *Thou* in *this Eclipse* thy *Majesty*.

26.

Another, loe! (proceeding in her *Song*)
 Comes, with a *Regal Title*, and his *Son*;
 Who, on the *Sea* shall do such things e're long,
 As by no ancient *R O M A N* were out-done.
 They *Both*, shall win by armed Hand and strong
 Wealthy *Q U I L O A*, and shall sack it, won:
 Placing therein a mild and loyal *King*
 For a false *Tyrant*, whom they out shall fling.

27:

Also, the City of *M O M B A S S A* (Crown'd
 With sumptuous *Houses*, and aerial *Spires*)
 Shall by them *Both* be levell'd with the ground,
 For an *old fault* which a *new rod* requires.
 But, afterwards, upon the *INDIAN SOUND*
 (Cover'd with *Ships* and *Artificial Fires*
 T'o overwhelm the *P O R T I N G A L L S*) with Oare, and Sayle,
 Alone the young *L O R E N Z O* shall prevail.

28.

The *C A R A C K S* of the potent *E M P E R O R E*
 (Peopling the scorched Ayre with *Iron Ball*
 Which from the burning *Brafs*, like *Thunder*, roare)
 Tear shall be, *Canvass*, *Rudder*, *Mast* and all.
 His *grappling-hooks* thrown resolutely o're
 Her lofty *Decks*, *Himself* their *Admiral*
 Shall enter first; and cleer, with *Lance* and *Sword*
 Four hundred *M O O R S* she will have then aboard.

But

29.

But GOD (whose secret *doom* is over *All* :
 Best judge, of what's his service, and *Man's* good)
 Shall bring him *then*, where *Wis* nor *Prowess* shall
 Have pow'r to stop his Foes prevailing Flood.
 Neer CHOU L (where cheaply yet he shall not fall :
 The purpled Sea *there* boyling o're with blood)
 He will be forc't, to leave his life behind,
 By *Fleets* of EGYPT and CAMBAYA joyn'd.

30

There shall *ennumerable* Enemies
 (Who, with *great* force alone, *great* *Virtue* tire)
 The *Wind* that fails, *Danger* that multiplies,
 Upon the *Sea* ; against him *All* conspire.
 Now from their *Graves* let all the *Antients* rise,
 A *pattern* to behold of noble *Ire* :
 They shall behold another *SC EVA*, skill'd
 How to *dye* piece-meal, but not how to *yield*.

31

Rob'd of a *Thigh* (which an unlucky *shot*
 In splinters with it through the ayre shall beare)
 Still does he use his *Arms* ; These fail him not,
 Nor his great *Heart*, incapable of *Fear* :
 Until another *Bullet* breaks the knot
 Wherewith his *Soul* and *Body* marryed were.
 The *prison* open, she escapes : and straight
 Doth find her self in a triumphant state.

32.

SOUL E, go in *Peace* ; from furious *War* retire,
 In midst of which *Thou* inward *Peace* shalt find.
 The BODY, *Him* who got it will inspire
 With *high* *revenge*, when he shall see't disjoyn'd.
 I hear a rumbling *storm*, I see the *fire*
 Of *Sacres*, *Drakes*, and *Basilisks*, combin'd
 With fell and home-destruction to rebuke
 The fierce CAMBAYAN and black MAMALUKE.

33.

Behold ! the *Father* comes a mad man like,
 In whom for ma st'ry *Grief* with *Fury* vyes ;
 Whilst at one time paternal love doth *strike*
Fire on his *Heart*, *pumps* *water* from his *Eyes*.
 A noble *Anger* whispers him, his *Pyke*
 Shall blood his *Foes*, so that the *Tyde* shall rise
 In their drown'd *Decks* knee-deep : NYLUS shall bear,
 INDUS shall see his *Blows*, and GANORS hear.

As

34.

As a *Corrival'd Bull*, That (practising
 For a fierce *duel*) fences with the *Oakes*;
 Or, at the Trunk of abroad *Beech*, doth fling
 In Thrusts, and with his *Horns* the Ayre provokes:
 So *DON FRANCISCO* (e're his *Fleet* he bring
 In swoln *CAMBAYA'S Gulph* to desp'rate strokes)
 On *DABUL'S* wealthy City whets his Blade,
 The *Mountain* of her *Pride* a *Level* made:

35.

Then enters (horrid with *her blood*) the *Bay*
 Of *DIO*: fam'd for *Steges*, and *pitch-Fields*.
 The great but *Coward-Fleet* his look doth fray
 Of *CALICUT*: which *Oars* for *Lances* weilds.
 That of *MELIQUE YAZ* (which makes away
 More slow) with *Bolts* of *VULCAN* he unbuilds;
 To the low bottom of the *OCEAN* sent:
 Cold *matrice*, of the *humid Element*.

36.

But that of *MIR HÖZEM* (which with close *bords*
 The rowzed wrath of the *Avenger* stands)
 Shall swimming see, ith' *Ocean* of their *Lords*,
Hands without *Bodies*, *Bodies* without *Hands*.
 The rage-blind *Victors*, waving their bright *Swords*,
 Shall seem to tofs so many *flaming Brands*.
 What there shall be perceiv'd by *Ears*, and *Eyes*,
 Will be *Smoke* onely, *Iron*, *Fire*, and *Cryes*.

37.

But ah! Of a defeat great *MARS* might boast
 (Bound for his Native-*Tagus* back again)
 The Fame and glory shall he lose almost
 By a sad traverse I foresee too plain.
 The *CAPR OF STORMS* (which in it's Desert Coast
 His *Bones* and *Memory* shall ay retain)
 Shames not to ravish from the world a *Soule*
 Whole: *INDIA* could not, and *EGYPT* whole.

38.

By savage *CATRES*, there, shall *that* be done
 Which dext'rous *Enemies* could not perform:
 And by rude *Clubbs* (hardned with fire) alone,
 What *Arrows Show'r* could not, *Bullets* storm.
God's secret judgements are not to be known.
 Vain *GENTILES* (being a *Book* above their *form*)
 Call it ill *Fate*, cros *Fortune*, *star* maline;
 Being solely, purely, *PROVIDENCE DIVINE*.

39.

O! What *new light* beginneth *there* to bud
 (The *SIREN* said, and rais'd her *Voyce* thereat)
 From the *Melindian* Sea, dy'd with the blood
 Of *LAMO*, *OCHA*, *BRAVA*, all laid flat
 By great *DE CUNIA*; who through all the *Flood*
 Which laves the *Southern-Isles* and *shores* (but *That*
 Of *MADAGASCAR* chiefly) the wide mouth
 Of *FAME* shall fill, and threat the unknown *South*.

40.

This *light* is of those *flames* and glitt'ring *Arms*
 Wherewith the stubborn *PERSIANS* of *ORMUZE*,
 Spurning the *yoake*, and valiant to their harms,
 Fierce *ALBURQUERQUE* afterwards subdues.
There shall the hissing *Shafts* (like living swarms)
 Turn'd in the *Ayre*, their *shooters* *Helmets* bruize;
 That they may see, with *Eyes* though ne're so dim,
 How *GOD* will fight for *Them*, that fight for *Him*.

41.

The *MOUNTAINS* then of *SALT* will not be able
 To keep those *Bodies* from corruption
 Which on the *Coasts* shall lie out (miserable)
 Of *CALAYAT*, *MASCATE*, and *GERUN*;
 Until the easie *yoake* and honorable
 They learn (with all their fierceness) to put on:
 Forc't by the *Conquerours*, to pay to *Them*,
 Rich *Tribute* of their *Pearles* of *BAHEREM*.

42.

What glorious *Palms* do I see weaving *There*,
 With which his forehead *VICTORY* will crown
 When without shadow or least touch of fear
 He shall win *GOA's* Isle of bright renown!
 But then (the *Storm* obeying) will not bear
 So great a *Sayle*, and takes that *Bonet* down:
 To reattempt the thing in fitter season:
 "FORTUNE and MARS fear *Valour* joyn'd with Reason.

43.

And (see) he does it; charges undismay'd
 Through *walls*, through *Pykes*, through *Bullets*, and through *fire*:
 Opens the quilted *Squadrons* with his *Blade*
 Of *MOOKS* and *PAGANS* knit in *Leagues* intire!
 His gallant *Soldiers* in more blood shall wade
 Then *Lions* pin'd, *Bulls* prickt with love and Ire;
 Upon the *Feast* (as pat as by designe)
 Of *EGYPT's* *Virgin Martyr*, *KATHERINE*.

D d

Nor

44.

Nor *Him* shalt *Thou* (though potent) scape, and *Aye*,
(Though sheltred in the Bosome of the *Morn*)

MALACCA (and the Apple of her Eye)

Prowd of thy wealthy Dow'r as her *first-born*.

Thy *poysen'd Arrows*, those *Auxiliary*

CRYSSES I see (thy *Pay* That do not scorn)

MALACCANS amorous, valiant *JAVANS*,

Shall all obey the *LUSITANIANS*.

45.

More *Stanza's* had the *SIREN* in the praise

Of the illustrious *ALBULQUERQUE* sung;

But she remembers one harsh *Act*, which weighs

Him down, though through the *world* his *Fame* be rung:

"A great *Commander* (whom to crop bright *Bays*

"On precipitious *Cliffs* his *Fate* hath hung)

"Should to his *Men* a *Camrade* rather be,

"Then a *Fudge* made up of *Severitie*.

46.

But in a time of *Famine*, and hard *Toyle*,

Of *Sickness*, *Arrows*, and of thund'ring *Ball*,

Of *Season* sad, of *discommodious* *soyle*,

And the poor *Soldier* patient under *All*;

It seems to me of *Savage* *Breasts* the style,

Of an *inhumane* and *insulting* *Gall*,

To make a *Man* for such a fault to dye

As *Love* and *humane* frailty qualifie.

47.

Incest's detested *Brand* it shall not be,

Nor boyst'rous *Rape* upon a *Virgin* pure,

Nor blot injurious of *Adulterie*,

But with a *Slave* lascivious and obscure.

Then whether fir'd with *Zeale*, or *jealousie*,

Or else to keep his bloody hands in *Ure*,

Against his *own* he give his rage the reins,

With a *black* *Action* his *white* *Fame* he stains.

48.

With his *CAMPASPE* *ALEXANDER* spy'd

APELLES took, and upon *Him* bestows

Her cheerfully: being not his *Soldier* try'd

Nor serving at a *Siege* of desp'rate *Foes*.

That sower *ARASPAS* in the *Rays* is fride

Of his fair Charge *PANTHEA*, *CYRUS* knows;

Having profest to be her *Guardian* true,

And that no ill desire should *Him* subdue.

But

49.

But the illustrious PERSIAN, seeing love
Is in the fault ('gainst whom there's no defence)
Acquits him straight, and onely doth remove,
Where he may serve him well in recompence.
The Iron BALDWIN (much his Rank above)
By stealth Espouses JUDITH; yet th' offence
Her great Sire pardons (needing such a man)
And gives them FLANDERS, whence those Earls began.

50.

But her long Song the Nymph continuing,
Of SUAREZ (who his Standard doth display
On the red coast of ARABIE) did sing:
ABASIA's hindmost shore, and BARBORA
(Neighb'ring ZEYLA's Emporium) fear the Thing
She feels; nor less then Mecha, and GIDDA,
Filthy MEDINA quakes, where MAHOMET
In his Steel-Hamac lies in a cold swee.

51.

Allo the noble Isle of TAPOERANE:
For by that name it was as fam'd of yore
As by another now 'tis Sovereign
Of the hot fragrant Barke, of which 't has store.
Of which, she to the STANDART LUSIANE
Shall pay sweet Tribute: when (percht proudly o're
COLUMBO's highest steeple) that shall be
More fear'd by Her, then by her Neighbours, she.

52.

Through the Red-Sea SEQUEYRA a new way
To Thee, vast Land of PRESTER JOHN, shall show;
CANDACE's Nest, and Her's, who, to survey
The Wisdom of great SOLOMON, did go.
From Cisterns water'd, He, shall see MACUA:
Shall see her neighb'ring Port of ARCHICE:
And cause new Isles to be discover'd, which
With Modern wonders shall the World enrich.

53.

MENESES comes the next, whose sword shall serve
In AFRICK for the wreaths he here shall weare.
He prowd ORMOOZ (That from her faith will swerve)
A double Tribute shall constrain to beare.
Thou GAMA too (who wilt it well deserve
Which two exiles) the third time thou com'st there
(An Earl, Vice-Roy, and Admiral) the Land,
Which thou hast now discover'd, shalt command.

D d 2

But

54.

But then that rude *Necessitie* (which none
 Can scape, who from a humane womb doth spring)
 Arrests thee in thy *Robes*, and painted Throne,
 Where thou shalt out the person of thy *King*.
 Streight will another *MENNES* (old alone
 In *wisdome*) have the *Sov'raign* managing
 Of the *Affairs*: (And Happy *HENRY* shall
 Behind him leave a name perpetual.

55.

For he shall quell not onely *MALABARS*,
 Razing *PANANE* and *COULET*'s walls,
 Incounting *Cannon*, clapping on *Petars*,
 And hurling *wild-fire* in sulphureous Balls;
 But (arm'd with *Vertues* past the *Sphere* of *MARS*,
 Quell the *SOULE*'s *Enemie*'s sev'n *Generals*:
 Quell *Avarice*, quell foul *Incontinence*,
 In a *young man* the sum of excellence.

56.

His *Stars* now calling *Him* to tread on *Them*,
 Thou, valiant *MASKARENIAS* shouldst succeed:
 But (if usurpt on) know, a *Diadem*
 It self, thy *brighter honor* will not need.
 Thy courage, *Admiration* and *Esteem*
 (Although not *love*) ev'n in thy *Foes* shall breed,
 If unjust *FORTUNE* shall deny the *might*,
VERTUE will give the *merit*, *LAW* the *Right*.

57.

Great *Actions* in the *Kingdom* of *BINTAN*
 Thou shalt perform, *MALACCA*'s *Foe*: her *score*
 Of *Ills* in one day *paying*, which *That* ran
 Into, for many a hundred year before.
 With patient courage, more then of a man,
Dangers, and *Toyles*, sharp *Spikes*, *Hills* always hoare,
Spears, *Arrows*, *Trenches*, *Bulwarks*, *Fire* and *Sword*,
 That thou shalt break, and quell, I pass my word.

58.

Meane while *Ambition*, *Avarice* to boot,
 In *INDIA* setting up with open face
 Against *GOD*, and his *justice*, are a Root
 Of *discontent* to thee, but not *disgrace*.
 "To trample on *weak Right* with a proud Foot,
 "Presuming on the pow'r, and upper place,
 "No *Conquest* is: He conquers with *Renown*
 "Who dares be just ev'n though it lose a *CROWN*.

Yet

59.

Yet I deny not, but *SAMPAYO* shall
 Be of rare Valour for all this; on *Seas*
 Shewing himself a thund'ring *GENERAL*;
 Which he shall people with Foes Carcasses.
 In *BACANORE* begins he to appall
 The *MALABAR*, that he may after tease
 (Prepar'd with that rough *Prologue* to submit)
 Bold *CUTIALE*, and his num'rous *Fleet*:

40

Ev'n that of *DIO* (for *resolv'd* and great
 That *his* at *CHOUZ* will give it self for lost)
 By *HECTOR OF SILVEYRA* shall he beate,
 And to *peccavi* turn their furious boast.
 The *LUSITANIAN HECTOR*: who shall get,
 Upon the always-arm'd *Cambayck Coast*,
 A name, that *He* doth *GUZARAT*s annoy,
 No less then *GREEK*s the *HECTOR* did of *TROY*.

41.

CUNIA is fierce *SAMPAYO*'s successour.
 The *Ship of State* he long doth wisely steer.
 Of *CHALE* he erects the lofty *Towr*,
 Whilst famous *DIO* quakes to be so near.
 The strong *BAZAIN* shall render to his pow'r,
 But with much blood; *MELIQUE* groaning here
 To see a way o're his prowd *Rampire* made
 By the sole dint of *Lusitanian Blade*.

42.

After *Him* comes *NORONIA*, whose good *Star*
 From *DIO* the fierce *RUMES* packing sends:
DIO, which the through-practis'd *Breast* in *War*
 Of *ANTHONY SILVEYRA* well defends.
Death's Writs upon *NORONIA* served are:
 When a brave *Branch of Thine* (*O GAMA!*) bends
 His shoulders to the *Government*; the fright
 Of whose great name shall turn the *red Sea* white.

43.

Out of thy *STEPHEN*'s hand shall take the rain
 One in *BRASILE* before high fame that wan;
 The great *French Pyrat* overcome and slain,
 Who shall be terror of that *Ocean*.
 Made after *Gen'ral* of the *INDIAN MAIN*
 The no less prowd, then fortifide *DAMAN*,
 He enters first: where, having made a *breach*,
 'Tis clos'd with *Flames*, and *Shafts*, his way t'impeach.

To

64.

To *Him* CAMBAYA'S King, proud above measure,
 Of wealthy DIO gives the famous *Fort*;
 Against the GREAT MAGUL, mighty in treasure,
 To ayd him his *Dominions* to support.
 Then doth he in his yet unquencht displeasure,
 The Pagan King of CALICUT take short
 That would have past him: with no little loss
 Sending him home again by weeping cros.

65.

Destroy shall *He* the City REPELIM
 Making her *King* with many quit the place,
 And after by the *Cape* of COMORIM
 Perform a deed that shall the *Nine* disgrace.
 The *Navy Royal* of the Samorim,
 That thinks it may to all the world give chace,
 With fire and sword he overcomes, and breaks.
 In BEADALA shall his *Blade* play *Rex*.

66.

INDIA, thus weeded with his *Sword* of Foes,
 He comes to rule with *Scepter* afterward;
 Finds dangers *none*, finds none so bold t'oppose.
 All hush, *All* tremble like a Lark that's dar'd.
 Onely BATICALA a longing shows
 To fare as well as BEADALA far'd.
 She's fill'd with blood and Trunks in dead heaps cast:
 With fire and Ball disfigur'd and defac't.

67.

This shall be MARTIN, or a little MARS,
 From whom his *Deeds* he'l take, as well as *name*:
 As *stout* for execution in all wars,
 As *wise* to play the fairest of his Game.
 CASTRO succeeds; advancing to the stars
 Of PORTUGAL the *Standart* and the *Fame*.
 Fit successeur to MARTIN: DIO'S *Fort*
 The one shall raise, the other shall support.

68.

Fierce PERSIANS, *Abasins*, RUMES (who boast
 Their name from ROME) complexions various,
 And various *Modes* (for to this *Leaguer* post
 A thousand *Nations* keen and furious)
 Heav'n to the world accuse with labour lost,
 That so few men should nestle in their House.
 In blood of PORTUGALS, by their *no faith*
 They swear, their turn'd up whiskers they wil bathe.

Drakes

69.

Drakes, horrid Bafilisks, Engines of Wood
 As bad as *either, secret Mines and Plots,*
 Hath MASCARENIAS with his Men withstood,
 Meeting their certain Deaths with willing Throats:
 When, in the utmost strefs of Flesh and Blood,
 CASTRO (their Freer) his two Sons devotes,
 That everlasting Honour they may gain,
 And *Sacrifices* to their GOD be slain.

70.

FERNAND (this lofty *Cedar's* highest *Bough,*
 Where with a hideous crack a clofe *Mine* sprung
 Th'unrooted Wall into the Ayre will blow)
 Shall in a sheet of Fire to *Heav'n* be flung.
 ALVAR, when *Winter* swathes the Earth in Snow,
 And hath on humid Gates cold Padlocks hung;
 These burst, through dangers to seek dangers goes,
 And fights the *Elements* to fight the *Foes*.

71.

Loe, now the *Father* follows with full sail,
 And the Remainder of the *Lusian* force!
 He with strong *Hand* and *Head* of more avail,
 Gives a brave lucky Battail to the *MORIS*.
 Where no way is, he makes one with his Flail;
 And where there is, the *Rampires* are his dore.
 Such that day's *Feates*, so terrible the *Blowes*,
 They will not stand in *Verse*, nor lye in *Prose*.

72.

Then (loe!) he to the great CAMBAYAN KING
 Presents himself a *Victor* in the Field:
 Pale *Fear* into the *Face* of him doth fling,
 And of his furious *Horse*, which ground shall yield.
 Nor HYDALCAN shall from the Conquering
 Army, with all his might, his Country shield.
 DABUL sack'd on the *Coast*; *Inland* PONDIA
 Scapes not it self, by being out of the way.

73.

These, and the like, into all *Quarters* hurl'd,
 (All worthy wonder, and *Fame's* strongest blaft)
 Making themselves brave *MAREES* in the *World*,
 The joyes of *VENU's* Isle shall fitly tast;
 Trayling triumphant *standarts* through the curl'd
Amphitheater of the *Ocean* vast:
 And they shall find those *Nymphs*, these *furnisht Bords*,
 Which are the *Harvest* of *Victorious Swords*.

74.

Heer the NYMPH ended: And the others All
 Give their applause with an Harmonious noyse;
 Congratulating this grand Nuptiall:
 Where, look how many *Heers*, so many *joys*.
 THOUGH FORTUNE STANDS UPON A TOTTERING BAL
 (They all reiterate as with one Voyce)
 RENOWNED PEOPLE YOU SHALL NEVER LACK,
 WEALTH, VALOR, FAME, till the WORLDS HENGES CRACK:

75.

When now Corporeall Necessity
 Suffic'd with noble Nutriment they had;
 And seen the Acts the Nymph did prophecy
 In *Musickall Poetick Raptures* clad:
 THEYES, adorn'd with grace and gravity,
 (That she of *glory* may new *quilts* add
 To the high blifs of that triumphant day)
 Unto the Happy GAMA thus did say.

76.

The SUPREME WISDOME hath vouchsaf'd thee, *Knight*,
 The grace to see with thy corporeall Eyes
 What the *vain Science*, what the *erring Light*,
 Of miserable *Man* cannot comprize.
 Thou, with the rest, up this dark *Cops* forth-right
 Follow me, strong and constant, stout and wise:
 This having said, shee hands him through a *Wood*,
 Steep, thick with Thorns, and hard to flesh and blood.

77.

They marcht not long, when of the arduous Hill
 They gain the top; where an inameld *Flat*
 (In a *Field Em'rauld*) powdered *Rubies* fill,
 Making them think old PARADICE was *That*
 Heer, in the Ayre a *GLOBE*, (by wondrous skill
 So fram'd with *Thorough Lights*) they contemplat,
 That th'unresist'd Eye the *Center* sees,
 As plainly as the *superficies*.

78

The matter of it did their Eye-fight pose:
 That it confist'd yet discern'd they well
 Of *orbs*, which the *Divine Hand* did compose,
 And in the middle did the *Center* dwell.
 Rouling, it *sometimes fell*, and *sometimes rose*,
 And yet it *never rose*, it *never fell*:
 Throughout *one Face*, throughout its *period*,
 Begins throughout. In fine, the Works of GOD.

Infinite,

79.

Infinite, perfect, uniform, self-poiz'd;
 Brief, like the ARCHITECT that made the same.
 Seeing this admirable *Globe*, surpriz'd
 With wonder and desire was our DE GAME.
 To whom the GODDES thus, Epitomiz'd
 I shew thee heer the UNIVERSALL FRAME,
 That thou maist read, in *Print* and *Volume* small,
 Whether Thou goest, and shalt goe, and Thine shalt

80.

The WORLD'S great *Fabrick* thou dost heer descry
Heav'nly and *Elementall*: for just so
 'Twas made, by that *All-wisdome*, that *All-eye*,
 Which no *beginning* knew, no *end* shall know:
 Which *interweaved* in each *part* doth lye,
 And round the fair *Work* like a *Border*.goe:
 'Tis GOD: But what GOD is, poses *Man's* wit,
 Nor can *short Line* fathome the INFINIT.

81.

This, which is *first*, and doth (as in a *Nest*
of Boxes) all the other *Orbs* comprize,
 Darting such radiant *Beames*, as *Mortall Brest*
 Cannot *conceive*, much less behold *Mans Eyes*;
 Is call'd the EMPYREAN, where the *blest*
 Enjoy that *good*, the *World* wants *similies*
 To cast a shadow of, and which *good* None
 Can understand, except *it self* alone.

82

There is no *true*, no glorious GOD, but *There*:
 For SATURN, JANUS, JUNO, JOVE, and I,
 Vain *Creatures* only, and blind *Figments* were
 Betwixt *Mans* pride, and *Mans* Idolatry,
 To stick as *Stars* in the *Poetick Sphere*:
 From whence again w' are borrow'd, by and by,
 For to distinguish the *true Stars* in *Heav'n*,
 To which ASTRONOMERS our Names have giv'n.

83

As likewise because HOLY PROVIDENCE
 (Which shadow'd is by JUPITER in Verse)
 Doth by a thousand *Ministers* dispence
 His *Gifts* to the supported UNIVERSE,
 And sacred *Prophets* oft impart their sence
 In mystick *Parables* which they reherse;
 And tell us Men are favoured by the *good*,
 By the *ill spirits* hurt, unless withstood.

E c

Now

84.

Now comes THE POET, who would *teaching please*,
 And *pleasing teach*, and mix *variety*;
 And He the self-same Names bestows on *These*
 The HEATHENS did upon their *Genii*.
 And *feigned* Gods; for I can shew with *Ease*,
 That ANGELLS ev'n in *holy* Poetry
 Are called *Gods*; nor *Sacred Writ* denies
 That ev'n the *IH* this *glorious Name* belyes.

85.

In fine ALMIGHTY GOD (who rules the round
World, by his *Second Causes*) He commands.
 But (to return to open the profound
 And heav'nly *operations* of his *Hands*)
 Within this *Spheare*, where the *pure Soules* abound
 In endless *Bliss* (which sphere *unmoved* stands)
 Another runs so *swiftly*, and so *still*,
 'Tis not perceiv'd: 'Tis the FIRST MOVABLE!

86.

The *motion rapt* of this FIRST MOBILE draws
 All the rest after, which with it are linkt.
 The hurried *Sun* from his own bent and laws
 Makes *Night* and *day* by this RAPT ORB's instinct.
 The NINTH moves next, so curb'd, with so great pawse,
 That whilst SOL's lamp (which never is extinct)
 Ends it's *true* course about the ZODIAKE
 Two hundred times, *This* but one step doth make.

87.

Behold the EIGHTH goes under *That* imboist
 With *Sleek* and *radiant Bodies*! These likewise
 Besides the *motion rapt* with which they poise.
 Move on their *proper Axe* with twinkling Eyes.
 See with how rich a *Belt* this orb is crost!
 How broad, how glitt'ring with *Embroideries*!
 Where the twelve *Starry Animals* do make
 The *Sun's* twelve *Houses* in the ZODIAKE.

88.

Behold in other Parts what knots of Gold
 This FIRMAMENT displays! the DRAGON there
 Behold! CHARLES-WAYN, and CYNOSURA cold!
 ANDROMEDA, and her old *Sire* severe!
 CASSIOPEA's sparkling eyes behold!
 And turbulent ORION, Sea-mens fear!
 Behold the SWAN, which dying is not mute,
 The HARE, the DOG, the SHIP, and the sweet, LUTE.
 Under

89.

Under this great and spangled Canopy,
 Loe, in the SEVENTH dull SATURN takes his place!
 Propitious JOVE inthron'd in the SIXTH sky:
Next (Foe to *Man*) MARS rides with fiery Face:
 Plac't in the MIDDLE is the WORLD'S GREAT EYE:
 The QUEEN OF BEAUTY the THIRD ORB doth grace:
 Eloquent HERMES rules the SECOND SPHEAR:
 Three-shapt DIANA marches in the Rear.

90.

In all these PLANETS motions different
 Thou maist perceive, some *speedy*, and some *slow*:
Now climbing nearer to the FIRMAMENT,
Now stooping closer to the Earth below,
 As seem'd best to the OMNIPOTENT,
 Who made the Fire and Ayre, the Wind and Snow:
Those (clos'd within the Heav'ns) each other enter,
 And both the Waves, and Earth: the common Center.

91.

Upon this Center is the seat of MAN:
 Who, not content in his presumptuous pride
 T'expose to all Earth's Mischiefs his life's span,
 Trusts it to the unconstant Ocean wide.
 Behold the various Parts that Ocean
 With interfused dangers doth divide!
 Where various Nations dwell, various Kings reign,
 Who various *Worships*, various *Laws* maintain.

92.

See CHRISTIAN EUROPE, higher by the head
 In Arms and civil Arts then all the rest!
 See untill'd AFFRICK, covetous, ill-bred,
 Wanting ev'n things whereof thee is possest,
 With her great CAPE (by you discovered)
 Which NATURE towards the South-Pole address'd
 See all this Neck with People infinite
 Almost, who neither *doe* nor *know* what's right!

93.

See the great Empire of MONOMOTAPÉ;
 With naked savage People black and grim;
 In which the good GONSALVO shall not scape
 A cruell death for CHRIST, who dy'd for Him!
 In this blinde HEMISPHERE (short of the CAPE)
 The Mettle grows for which pale Mortals swim
 Through Seas of Sweat, and Blood. See that great Lake
 From whence, with QUAMA, NYLE this way doth make!

94.

Behold the N E G R O E S Houses, without doores,
Whom both the Poverty of their *Straw-nests*,
The *Laws*, and *justice* of their King secures,
And the black *Candor* of their Neighbours Brefts.
Loe, a vast Army of these bruitish M O O R E S,
Like a dark Band of *Stares* (devouring Guests)
Against S O F A L A's batter'd Fort will bend
Their strength, which N A Y A bravely shall defend.

95.

See *there* the very *Spring*, and *Head* of N Y L E,
Which fled (though dearly fought) the A N T I E N T s eys!
See how it laves (spawning the C R O C C O D Y L E)
The A B B A S I N, who upon C H R I S T relies!
See where (a better Fence then *Walls*) a File
Of *Hills* they *man* against their Enemies!
See M E R O E, an *Ile* of ancient Fame:
Which now N O V A the *Natives* of it name!

96.

In this *In-land* a *Son* of *Thine* great fame
Shall win against the proud C I R C A S S I A N;
And D O N C R I S T O V A L shall be *that Son's* name:
But against *Fate* can stand no mortal man.
See, see, that way thy shatter'd *Navy* came
M E L I N D E's dear and hospitable stran!
Mark well the R A P T O (Natives call't O B E)
Which at Q U I L M A N C E rous into the *Sea*.

97.

See the *Cape* call'd of old A R O M A T A,
But G U A R D A F U which now the *Dwellers* call;
Where the R E D-S E A (so famous) doth Embay,
Dy'd with her Bottome's shade! This is the *Wall*
Or running *Boundarie*, which A S I A
Divides from A F F R I C K: And the principal
Cities, that on the *Affrick-side* are seen,
Are A R C H I C H O, M A C U A, and (chief) S U A N Q U E N.

98.

See farthest S U E Z, H E R O P O L Y S of old,
City of Heroes (so do some conceive)
Others, that this was the A R S I N O E hold:
But E G Y P T's *Navies* it doth now receive!
The very place great M O S E s past, behold,
When with his *Rod* he did the *Waters* cleave!
A S I A begins. Her self she doth present
In *limits* vast, in *Kingdoms* opulent.

99.

Mount SINAI see, and tremble ev'ry lim,
 From whence when MOSES came his face did shine!
 See TORO, and GIDDA, in *wealth* that swim,
 Yet want *Spring-water* pure and crystalline!
 See the *Streight's* other jaw, having for Brim
 The Realm of dry ADEN; which doth confine
 With *Mountains* of ARZIRA, which (they tell)
 Are all one Rock, whereon *Raine* never fell.

100

Behold the THREE ARABIAS, so wide-spread,
 All *Tawny-Moors*, All *Thieves* therein that dwell:
 Whence come the *Horses* for the *Warriour* bred,
 Of noble Race, Fleet, lasting, terrible.
 Behold the *Coast* by which thine Eyes are led
 T'another *Gulph* (the *Persian*) there to swell
 Into a CAPE; which by FARTAQUE's name
 (Ow'd to the *there* known *City*) shuts the same!

111.

See famous DOPAR, which did ever boast
 The sweetest *Smoke* to make the *Altar* steam.
 Mark *here* (where ROSOLGAT your eye hath lost
 And barren shores) begins ARMUZA's *Ream*!
 It lyes extended all on the *Sea-Coast*,
 And shall fit FAME with an immortal Theam,
 When TURKS's fierce *Fleet*, and blushing *Moons* dismayd,
 Shall see unsheathed CASTELBRANCO's Blade.

112.

Behold the CAPE OF ASABOR, they call
 At present MOSANDAN who sail that way;
 At bottom of the *Gulph*, which hath for wall
 Rich PERSIA here, There BLEST ARABIA!
 Mark well BAREM, an *Island* bord' red all
 With *Pearls*, whose colour mocks the springing day.
 In the salt waves commanded by her eye
 The famous TIGRIS and EUFRATES dyes

113.

The noble *Empire* of great PERSIA see,
 Always on horse-back, always in the War:
 Who think it base to have *Artillerie*,
 Or Hands not hardned with the *Cymetar*!
 But mark the Isle GERUN, what a proof *she*
 Is of the pow'r of TIME to *make*, and *mar*!
 Of ORMUZE City (which was once elsewhere)
 She *now* the *glory* and the *name* doth beare.

Here

104.

Heer DON PHELIPE OF MENESES shall
 Approve himself a glorious *Man at Arms*,
 When with a very few of PORTUGALL
 He shall at LARA quell whole *Persian* swarms.
 Likewise shall SOUSA on their Quarters fall,
 Give them bold *charges*, give them sharp *Alarms*,
 And the *Reversion* of that *Sword*, whose dint
 Struck fire before, on raz'd AMPAZA'S flint.

105.

But let us leave the *Streight*, and *Cape* well known
 Of JASQUES (call'd CARPELLA anciently)
 With all that *Land* (which *Nature* doth not own
 By any Act of *Liberality*)
 Whilom CARMANIA, *Habitation*
 Of the old ITIOPHAGES. Now wipe thine Ey,
 And see fam'd INDUS, born in yonder Mountain,
 Near which flows GANGES from a higher Fountain:

106.

See *keer*, where *Nature* prodigall hath bin,
 The Kingdom of ULCINDE; and the long
Bay of JAQUETE, where the *Waves* flow in
 With speed incredible, as fast out-throng!
 CAMBAYA see, where this *Gulph* doth begin,
 In wealth and people infinite and strong!
 A thousand *Cities* here un-nam'd I leave,
 Which shall the yoke of PORTUGALL receive.

107.

See where the celebrated *Indian* shore
 Runs Southward to the CAPE of COMORE
 (Call'd in old time CORRE) which lyes right ore
 Against CRYLAN (TRAPROBANE anciently)
 Along this Sea the LUSIAN (who, with more
 Forces shall be dispatched after Thee)
 Lands, Victories, and Cities shall obtain,
 In which they many Ages shall remain.

108.

Behold in various *Countreys* (plac'd betwixt
 These Rivers) Nations almost infinite:
 Some Pagans, some Mahumetans (well mixt)
 To whom the Devil did their Laws indite!
 Behold NARSINGA'S Realm, to which is fixt
 A holy Relique of a blessed Wight,
 St THOMAS'S body, who was not deny'de
 To thrust his Fingers into JESUS'S side!

Here

109.

Heer stood the City call'd MELIOPORT,
 Beautifull, wealthy, and magnificent;
 The *Idols* ancient she did adore
 As still doe those of her prophane descent:
 Farr was she seated then from the Sea-shore,
 Whenas the *Gospel* through the whole world sent,
 THOMAS came preaching there; and did the same
 In all the *Provinces* through which he came.

110.

Arrived preaching, and administring
Life to the dead, and *health* unto the sick;
 The sea chanc'd hither on a day to bring
 A floating *Tree*, unmeasurably thick.
 For a vast *Pyle* in hand desires the King
 To frame a *Beame* of this prodigious stick;
 And makes accompt on shore to drag it then,
 By force of *Engines*, *Elephants*, and *Mens*.

111.

So heavy 'tis, *All these* have not the might
 To stir the *Log* that on the Water lyes.
 But the true CHRIST's true *Nuntio* hath a slight
 To doe it without trouble, without noyse.
 He draws it to him like some Matter light
 With a small *Cord*, which to the *Trunk* he eyes:
 Wherewith a *sumptuous House* for GOD to raise,
 To stand a *pattern* for succeeding days.

112.

Full well he knew, with lively faith if Hee.
 Should say unto a Mountain deaf, *Remove*;
 Ev'n that deaf *Mountain* would removed bee:
 As CHRIST once said, and THOMAS now doth prove.
 This doe the people stand aghast to see;
 The BRAMENS know it must be from Above:
 Seeing his *Miracle*, seeing his *life*,
 These fear the fall of their prerogative.

113

They are the HEATHENS PRIESTS; in whom alone
 Envie the bowels of her Gall hath shed;
 A thousand plots and Trains they think upon,
 How THOMAS may be silenced, or be dead.
 A horrid Act performs, as ere was known,
 The Chief of These That wear the Triple-shred;
 Which proves, "No *Foe* so bloody, to *sewers*,
 "As *Hypocritick Vertue* to *sincere*."

Ha

114.

He murders his own Son, and charges it
 Forthwith on THOMAS who was innocent:
False witness brings (*There* nothing hard to git)
 Through which, the *Man's* condemn'd incontinent.
 The *Saint* (having no way to be acquit,
 But by *Appeal* to the OMNIPOTENT)
 Resolves, in prefence of the *King* and *Court*,
 To work a *Miracle* of the great sort.

115.

He bids the *Corps* be laid in view of *All*,
 That it may rise and be examin'd *There*
 Touching the question'd *Fact*, and whom *that* shall
 Accuse, let *him* be held the *murderer*.
 In name of JESUS crucifi'd, i' th' *Hall*
 They see the *Towth* stand up, record to bear:
 Who (thanking THOMAS for his life) descride
 His *Father* to have been the *Homicide*.

116.

This struck such fear, that streight his *Christendome*
 The *King* receives, and *many* with the *King*.
Some kiss the *Hem* of THOMAS garment, *Some*
 The praises of the *God* of THOMAS sing.
 The *BRAMENS* swell with such an *odium*,
 Through *Envy's* now imposthumating sting,
 That (thereunto perfwading the blind *Rout*)
 They vow to put so bright a *Taper* out.

117.

One day, as preaching to the same he was,
 They feign'd a quarrell' mongst the multitude
 (For CHRIST himself hath sign'd him now his *Pass*
 To climbe to *Heav'n* by way of *Martyr-hood*)
 A showre of *Stones*, which *GOD's* commission has,
 Flies in his *Face*: who all their *Tempest* stood.
One (whose *Blond-thirstiness* could not abide
 Delay) with cruell *Spear* did broach his side.

118

GANGES and INDUS did Thee, THOMAS, weep;
 Wept thee the Countreys all which thou hadst trod:
 But, *holy Shepherd*, wept thee most thy *sheep*,
 Whom thou didst deck with *Faith*, (the *Cloth* of *GOD*).
 Only the ANGELS holy-day did keep
 For Thee, whom *God* did comfort with his *Rod*:
 Laughing, and Singing, These thy *Soule* transport
 With *golden sailes* to her *celestiall Port*.

119.

You then, who claim the honor (like this *Saint*)
 To be the great *Ambassadors* of *God*;
 (Pray give me leave) why are ye lame, and faint,
 When with your *Errand* ye should go abroad &
 If, y^e are the *Salt* oth^r *Earth*, and at home taint
 (No *Prophet* being esteem'd in his *Abode*)
 Who now shall salt (I bayte you *Paganism*)
 So much of *Hereſie*, ſo much of *Sciſm*.

120.

But tread we light a bog ſo dangerous,
 Returning to the *Coaſt* from whence we ſtray'd.
 With this great *City* and illuſtrious,
 Begins the *GULPH GANGETICK* to be made;
NARSINGA, next, lies rich and populous;
 Next *ORYXA* her cloth of gold doth lade;
 Fam'd *GANGES* at the bottom of the *Bay*
 To the *Salt Realm* doth *Silver Tribute* pay:

121.

GANGES, in which his *Borderers* dye lav'd;
 Holding it as a certain principle
 That (be they ne're ſuch *Sinners*) they are ſav'd,
 Bath'd in thoſe ſtreams that flow from *Sacred Well*.
 The *City CATHIGAN* would not be wav'd,
 The faireſt of *BENGALA*: who can tell
 The plenty of this *Province*? but *it's poſt*
 (Thou ſeeſt) is *Eastern*, turning the *South-Coaſt*.

122:

The *Realm* of *ARRACAN*, *That* of *PEGU*
 Behold, with *Monſters* firſt inhabited!
Monſters, which from a ſtrange commixtion grew:
 Such ill effects oft *Solitude* hath bred.
Here (though a barb'rous miſbegotten Crew)
 Into her way was erring *Nature* led
 By an invention rare, which a *Queen* fram'd,
 To cure the *Sin*, that is not to be nam'd.

123.

Behold the *City* of *TAVAY*, with which
 The ſpacious *Empire* of *SIAM* begins!
TENASSERI! *QUEDA*: with pepper rich
 For which the praiſe ſhe from all other wins!
MALACCA ſee before, where ye ſhall pitch
 Your great *Emporium*, and your *Magaſins*:
 The *Rendezvous* of all that *Ocean* round
 For *Merchandiſes* rich that *there* abound.

Ff

From

124.

From *this* ('tis said) the Waves impetuous course,
 Breaking a passage through, from *Main* to *main*,
 SAMATRA's noble *Isle* of old did force,
 Which *then* a Neck of Land therewith did chain:
 That *this* was *CHERSONESE* till that divorce,
 And from the wealthy *mines*, that *there* remain,
 The *Epishite* of *GOLDEN* had annex:
Some think, it was the *OPHYR* in the *Text*.

125.

But, at that *Point* doth *CINGAPUX* appeare:
 Where the pinch *Streight* leaves *Ships* no room to play.
Heer the *Coast*, winding to the *Northern Beare*,
 Faces the fair *AURORA* all the way.
 See *PAN*, *PATANE* (ancient *Realms* that were)
 And long *SYAN*, which *These*, and *more*, obey!
 The copious *River* of *MENAM* behold,
 And the great *Lake CHIAMAY* from whence 'tis roll'd!

126.

In this vast *Tract* see an *Infinite*
 Of *Names* and *Nations* to your *WORLD* unknown!
LAOS, in *Land* and *men* That potent bee!
AVAS, *BRAINAS*, in those long *Hills* o'regrown!
 In yon far *MOUNTAINS* other *Nations* see
 (*GUEROS* they're call'd) and savage ev'ry one!
 They eat *Mans flesh*, and paint their *own* in knots
 With *fire*, as ye doe *Rooms* with *watering-pots*.

127.

The *River MECON* (which they *Captain* style
 Of *Waters*) see; *CAMBOYA* on his brink!
 He overflows the *Land* for many a mile:
 So many other *Rivers* doth he drink.
 Set times he hath of *flowing* (like cool *NYL*):
 The near *Inhabitants* *brushtly* think,
 That *pain* and *glory*, after this *Life's* end
 Ev'n the *brute Creatures* of each kind attend.

128.

Upon his soft and charitable *Brim*
 The wet and ship-wrackt *SONG* receive shall *Hee*
 Which in a lamentable plight shall swim
 From shoals and *Quicklands* of tempestuous *Sea*,
 (The dire effect of *Exile*) when on *Him*
 Is executed the unjust *Decree*:
 Whose repercussive *LYR* shall have the *Fate*
 To be *renowned* more then *Fortunate*.

Heer

129.

Heer, (mark it!) runs the Coast that's call'd CHAMPA,
 Whose Groves smell hot of Calambuco wood:
 Heer CAUCHINCHINA, and heer AYNAM's Bay;
 Both *one* and t'*other* little understood.
 Heer the great Empire (famous for large sway,
 And its vast Wealth's unfathomable Flood)
 Of CHINA runs: calling all *this* her *owne*
 From burning Cancer to the frozen Zone.

130.

See the stupendious Monster of a WALL
 'Twixt *this* and the TARTARIAN EMPIRE set:
 A witness to the World perpetuall
 Of Regall Pow'r immeasurably great!
 The KING these have, was *born* no Prince; nor shall
 Reign after him the Children he shall get:
 But one chose by the People of Renown
 For *qualities* proportion'd to a CROWN.

131.

Much of the WORLD being now conceal'd from *You*
 A time will come when it shall *all* be show'd.
 But by all means the Islands thou must view,
 Where Nature seems most cost to have bestow'd.
This, shadow'd half, which CHINA answers to;
 (By which, at distance flanking it, 'tis Wood)
 JAPAN is, yeelding the best Silver-mine:
 Which th' *Evangellick* Furnace shall refine.

132.

Through all these *Oriental* Seas behold,
 Sown infinite of Isles that have no name!
 TIDORE see! TERNATE, whence are roll'd
 (Holding black *Night* a Torch) thick *Plumes* of *Fame*!
 See *Trees* of burning *Cloves*, that shall be sold
 For LUSIANS blood, and water'd with the same!
 Heer are those *golden* *Birds*, which to the ground
 Never descend, and only *dead* are found:

133.

See BANDA's Isles, inameld curiously
 With various Colours which the *red* *fruit* paints;
 With various *Birds*, from Tree to Tree that fly,
 To take their *tribute* of the NUTMEG-PLANTS!
 Behold BORNEO likewise, in which dry
 Coagulated Liquor never wants
 From a fat Tree which CAMFORA they name,
 For which this Isle is in the *Book* of *FAME*!

134.

There (look you!) is *TIMOR*, that sends the Wood
 Call'd *Saunders*, *Physicall* and *Odorous*.
 See *SUNDA*, painted at half face, so broad
 That the *South-side* lies now quite hid from *Us*!
 The *Natives* here (and *Those* who from abroad
 Travail the *Land*) of a miraculous
River report; which, where it slides alone,
 The wood that falls therein, converts to *Stone*.

135.

In *that* (which *TIME*, I told you, made an *Isle*;
 Which likewise trembling flames with smoke expels)
Two wonders see, a *Fountain* that runs *Oyle*;
 And *Balsamum* that from *Another* wels,
 Sweeter then *that*, *ADONIS* Mother vile
 Weeps in the *BLEST ARABIA* where she dwels.
 And see, how having *these* (which none else have)
Shee with soft *silk* too, and fine *Gold* is brave!

136.

See in *CEYLAN* a *mountain* whose proud Head
 Above the Cloudy Region doth appear!
 The *Natives* count it *holy* for the tread
 Of a *Man's* foot which on a *Stone* is *there*.
 In the *MALDIVA ISLES* a *Plant* is bred
 (Of vertue under-water) which doth bear
 The *COCO-APPLE*, against working *Bane*,
 An *Antidote* approved Sovereign.

137.

Against the *RED-SEA'S* mouth *SOCOTORA*
 Fam'd for the bitter *Aloes* behold!
 See other *Isles* of sandie *AFRICA*,
 Whose Coast too ye shall conquer! Hither roll'd
 That *Lump* is, which Divine *PANCHAYA*
 Out-smels: of unknown birth, more rare then *Gold*.
 Behold *St LAWRENCE* his renowned *Isle*,
 Which otherwise they *MADAGASCAR* stile!

138.

Thus hast thou all the *Regions* of the *EAST*,
 Which by *Thee* giv'n unto the *WORLD* is now:
 Opening a way with an undaunted Brest
 Through that vast Sea which none before did plough.
 But it is likewise reason, in the *WEST*
 That of a *LUSIAN* too one Action Thou
 Shouldst understand; who (angry with his *King*)
 Atchieves a great and memorable Thing.

139

See *there* another *WORLD*, which from the *North*
 Extends it self to the oppos'd *Pole*,
 And shall be one day proud to have brought forth
 The *Ore*, that imitates the beams of *SOL*!
 Your Friend *C A S T E L* (as *guerdon* of her worthy)
 Shall throw the *Collar* on this ragged *Foale*:
 Where various *Nations* dwell, various *Kings* reign,
 Who various *worships*, various *Laws* maintain.

140

But *PORTUGALL* shall have her share there too,
 Mark't with *red wood*, and *SANTACRUZ* call'd than;
 Descry'd by the first Fleet, *she* after *you*
 Shall send, by Tempest thrown upon that stran.
 Alongst this *Coast* (to find out, and to view
 The end thereof) shall wander *MAGELLAN*;
 Who in reality of *Fact* shall be
 A *PORTINGALL*, but not in *loyaltie*.

141.

When he shall thus have past above half way
 Towards the *POLE ANTARTICK* from the *LINE*;
 Men of *Gigantick* bulk he shall survey,
 Inhabiting the *parts* which *there* adjoin;
 And (farther on) that *STREIGHT*, which shall for ay
 Be honor'd with his name. *This* leads in fine
 To a new *Sea*, and by a new *Land* brings,
 Which the *South-wind* will hide with his cold wings.

142.

Thus farr, O *PORTINGALS* ye are allow'd
 Your *Nation's* future *Actions* to survey,
 Which through the *Sea* by *you* left ope, her prow'd
 And never wearied *Ensigns* shall display.
 Now then, since ye have found not to be bow'd
 Under *Herculean labours*, is the way
 To please your *Angell-Spouses* bright and fair,
 That knit immortall *Garlands* for your *Hair*.

143.

Ye may embarque (for *Wind* and *Weather* fit,
 And the *Sea* courts you) for your *Countrey* dear.
 Thus said *shee* to them; and *they* forthwith quit
 The *Ile of Love*, the *Harbour* of good chear.
 Noble *Provisions* they take out of *It*;
 Take their desir'd desirous *Nymphs* to bear
 Them company: Whom nothing shall divorce,
 Whilst in the *Heav'ns* the *Sun* shall run his course.

Thus

144.

Thus went *They* ploughing the appeased MAIN
 With always *prosperous Gale*, and always *fair*;
 Till fight long wish't, much long'd for, they obtain
 Of that dear *Earth* where first they suck't the *Ayr*.
 Sweet TAGUS's Mouth they enter once again:
 Where to their *King*, and *Master* (whom they fear
 And love) for having sent them, the *Renown*
 They give; and add *new titles* to his CROWN.

145.

No more, my MUSE, no more; my *Harp's* ill strung,
 Heavy, and out of tune, and my *Voyce* hoarse:
 And, not with *singing*, but to see I've sung
 To a deaf people and without remorse.
Favor (that wont t'inspire the POET's tongue)
 Our Countrey yeilds it not, she minds the *Purse*
 Too much, exaling from her gilded *Mud*
 Nothing but *gross* and *melancholy* blood.

146.

Nor know I by what *fate*, or duller *Chance*,
 Men have not now that *life*, and gen'ral *gust*,
 Which made them with a cheerfull countenance
 Themselves into perpetuall *Action* thrust.
 You then, O KING! whom *Heav'n* reserv'd t'advance
 At this time to the *Throne* to scoure our Rust;
 Behold (mark else what other *Nations* doe)
 The Best of *Subjects* doe belong to You!

147:

Behold how cheerfully, a thousand ways,
 Like *fearlesse Lions* and *wilde Bulls* they run;
 Expos'd to *watch* whole *Nights*, to *fast* whole *days*,
 To *fire* and *sword*, the *Arrow* and the *Gun*:
 To *torrid Regions*, and to *frozen Bays*,
 To *MOORS*, and People that adore the *Sun*;
 To unknown perils a *new World* to find;
 To *Whales*, to *shipwracks*, to *tempestuous Wind*!

148.

To *doe* and *suffer* All for You prepar'd;
 And to obey in the remotest *Land*
 (Though ne'r so *bitter*, and though ne'r so *hard*,
 Without *Reply*, or *stop*) what You command.
 With You they'll charge the *Deville* and his *Guard*
 Ev'n to the *Gates of Hell*, did You but stand
 A meer *Spectator* by: and never feare
 But they will make you too *Victorious there*.

Then

149.

Then warm and glad them with your *present* Rayes,
Sweetly majestic, and *severely* kind:
 Their shoulders of their *heavie Taxes* ease:
 Thus, thus, the path to *Honour* you shall find.
 Men of *Experience* to your COUNCILL raise,
 If with *Experience* they have goodnes joyn'd:
 For such have a more certain *Rule* to tell
 The *How*, the *When*, the *Where* to do things well.

150.

In their respective PLACES count'nance *All*;
 But choose Men rightly qualifi'd thereto.
 Let REVEREND CHURCHMEN to their *Prayers* fall,
 That GOD would blest the *Government* in you;
 And (for the NATION'S sins in generally)
 To *Disciplines* and *Fastings*: for the true
 CHURCHMEN (exempted from *Ambition's* heat)
 Seeks neither to be *Rich*, nor to be *Great*.

151.

Your NOBLES and your GENTRY highly prize,
 For *they* their boyling blood undaunted spend,
 Thereby not only *Christianitie's*,
 But ev'n your *Empire's* limits to extend:
 And *He* who to a *Clyme* so distant flies
 Your *Royall Service* duely to attend,
 O'recomes *two* Enemies, the *Living first*,
 Excessive Toile the *second* and the worst.

152.

Great Sir, let never the astonisht GALL,
 The ENGLISH, GERMAN, and ITALIAN,
 Have cause to say, the fainting PORTUGALL
 Could not advance the GREAT WORK he began.
 Let your ADVISERS be *experienc'd All*,
 Such as have seen the *World*, and studied *man*.
 For, though in *SCIENC*E much contained bee,
 In speciall Cases *PRACTIC*E more doth see.

153

PHORMIAN (an elegant *Philosophar*)
 You may have read how HANNIBALL did foole;
 When, in *his presence*, of the ART OF WAR
 He made a long Discourse by Square and Rule.
 No, no, the brave PROFESSION MILITAR
 Is not learnt, SIR, by *Fancy* in the Schoole,
Dreaming, *contemplating*, to *spelling* held;
 But *seeing*, *sweating*, *fighting* in the FIELD.

But

154

But I, who speak in rude and humble *Ryme*,
 Not known nor dreamt of by my *LIBRE* as all;
 Know yet from *mouths of little ones* sometime
 The praise of *GREAT ONES* doth compleatly fal.
 I want not *honest studies* from my *Prime*;
 Nor *long Experience* since to mix withal;
 I want not *Wit* (such as in *this* you see)
 Three things, which rarely in *Conjunction* be.

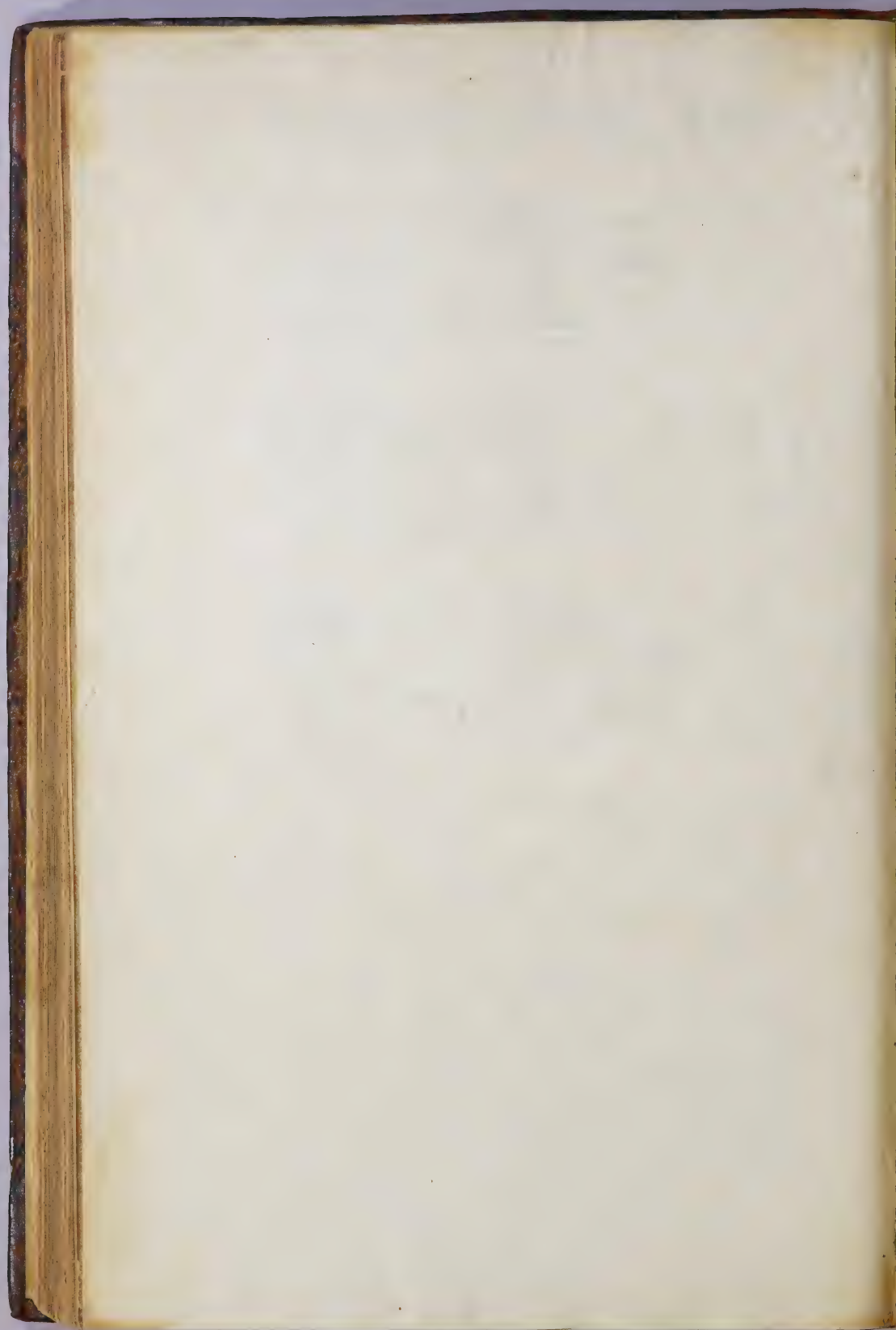
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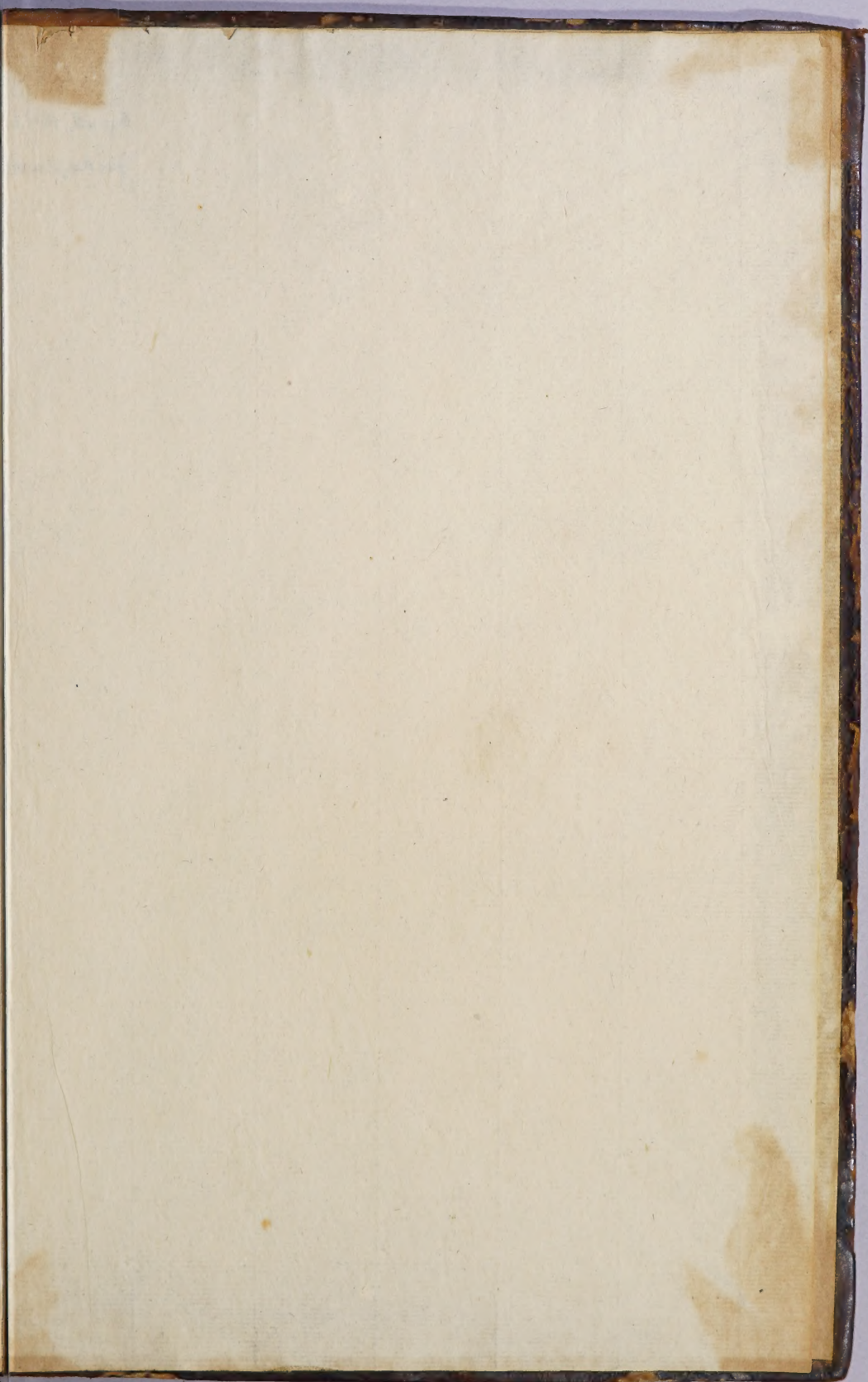
An *Arm* (to serve you) trayn'd in *War* have I;
 A *Soul* (to sing you) to the *Muses* bent;
 Onely I want acceptance in your *Eye*,
 Who owe to *VERTUE* fair encouragement.
 If *HEAV'N* afford me, *This*; and *you*, some high
 And brave *EXPLOYT*; worthy a *Monument*
 Of *Verses*, as my *prophetick* Thoughts preface
 By what I see now in your tender *Age*;

156.

Making *MOUNT-ATLAS* tremble at your sight,
 More then at *that* of dire *MEDUSA'S* Head;
 Or putting in *AMPLEUSIAN FIELDS* to flight;
 The *MOORS* in *FEZ* and black *MOROCCO* bred;
 I'll gage my *MUSE* (then in *esteem* and *plight*)
 You in such manner through the *WORLD* shall spred,
 That *ALEXANDER* shall in *you* respire,
 Without envying the *MEONIAN LYRE*.

FINIS.





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April, 1946

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